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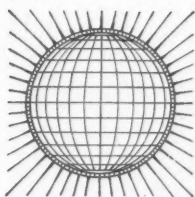
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Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol. LIII November, 1912 No. 6



Next Month—A New Chambers Serial

*In December Cosmopolitan will begin a new serial by **Robert W. Chambers** which suggests "**The Common Law**" and more nearly approaches it in point of interest than any other novel Mr. Chambers has written. It will be illustrated by **Charles Dana Gibson**.*

*"The Common Law" was the most successful serial ever published. The Chambers-Gibson combination was a leading factor in making Cosmopolitan the best selling magazine in the world. A "top-notch" list of contributors has continued the high record. The policy of publishing the best pays—you and us. **Look for Cosmopolitan November 9th**—tell a friend.*

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The World's Wish

By
Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by
Charles A. Winter

A PERMANENT International Congress is to hold its first meeting in San Francisco in 1915. Its business will be to create a public sentiment among the people of all nations in favor of policies that have in mind the happiness, now and hereafter, of children, women, and men in all countries.

Permanent peace among the nations, and peace with honor, is the one consuming wish of the world.

The cost of war outlasts its oldest pensioner. A pension expires with the pensioner, but war fixes in the blood of a people a taint that works a havoc beyond that of its most persistent fighter.

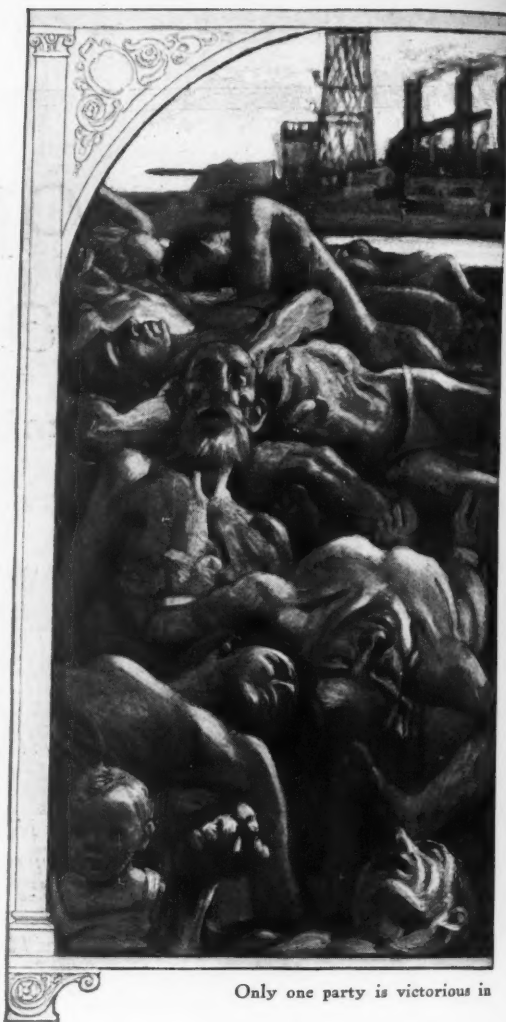
The man too weak for war remains at home and perpetuates his kind. The warrior, unfitted by wounds and disease to longer fight, returns home to assist the man who escaped conscription through weakness, and these two march their disabilities adown the winding ways of time. And thus does the nation that conquers lose, no less than does the one that was overcome.

Only one party is victorious in war, and that is Lucifer and his allies, Woe, Want, Hate, Fear, Disease, and Death.

To-day the strength of a nation does not turn on its ability to fight, but on its power to render a service to other nations. It is productive skill that counts, not destructive ability.

Nations to-day are interdependent. Each one fulfils a certain economic purpose.

Permanent prosperity for all nations turns on permanent peace. Our solicitude is for the happiness and prosperity of the individual, not the ambition of its so-called rulers. And hap-



Only one party is victorious in

piness, health, and prosperity for individuals demands disarmament.

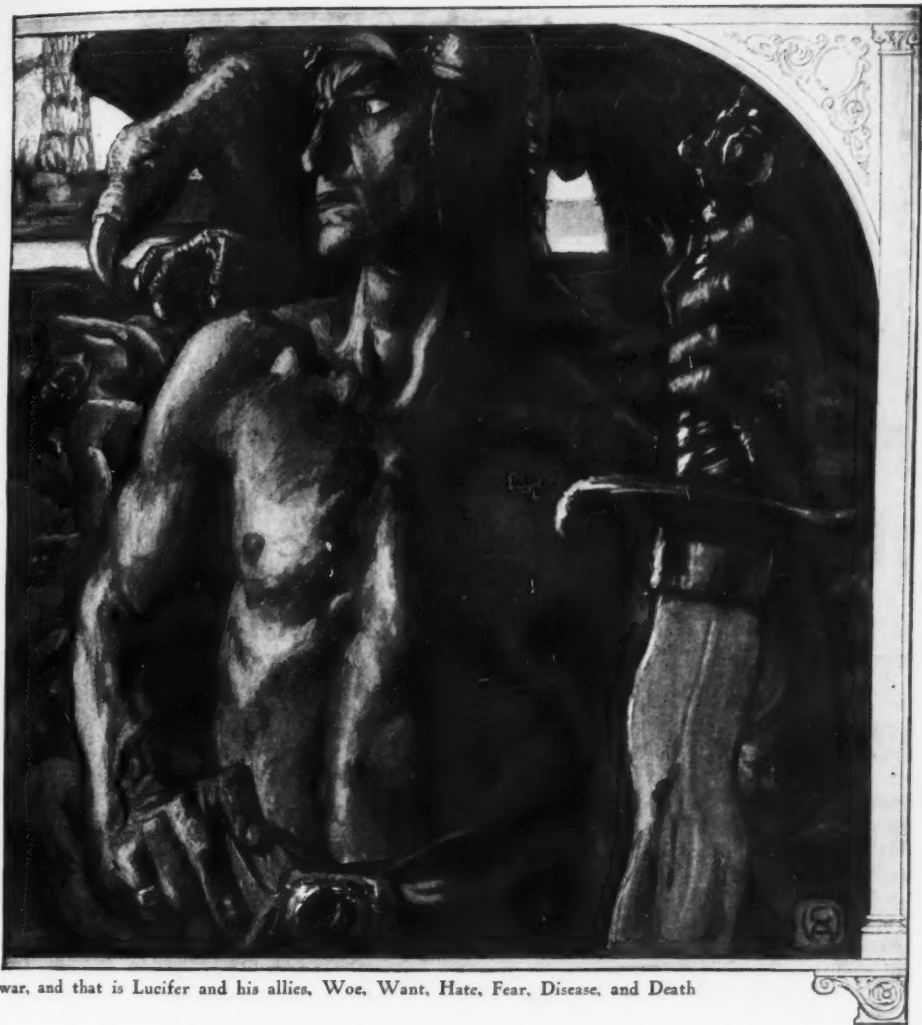
Creation, production, distribution, industry, economy, health, and happiness—these are the things that are redeeming the world.

This International Congress will stand for international justice and universal common sense.

Big bodies of armed men are the greatest violation of common sense that can be imagined.

They are recruited and maintained by the forces of production, in order to destroy that which labor creates and human hearts hold dear.

Only selfish interests maintain armies. The



war, and that is Lucifer and his allies, Woe, Want, Hate, Fear, Disease, and Death

world-vision beholds the folly and the futility of war. To-day we have generated a world-spirit, and it only remains to give this world-spirit a voice, through an International Congress, to make it effective as a counselor and conciliator.

This Congress will not endeavor to correct the wrongs of the world, save by calling attention to them. It will thus allow each nation, without humiliation, to correct its own faults.

No nation now can afford to slight a world-wide public sentiment. All nations want the goodwill of all other nations, simply because the prosperity of the people demands amicable trade relations. The interests of the two countries are now so involved that if Germany should land an

army in Great Britain and loot the Bank of England, it would ruin every bank in Berlin.

To make war on a country destroys that much of your market. To injure another is to harm yourself. And the country that works the undoing of another is making the first move toward its own dissolution. The nation that sins shall surely die. And these are the things that the International Congress will emphasize.

We are ruled by public sentiment. And as no individual can succeed in an enterprise with public sentiment against him, so no nation can hope to achieve success and prosperity unless it is moving in accordance with the best ideas of the best people of all other nations.



THE fly that is crawling, insolently independent, across the bread-plate there on your dinner-table has recently come from a garbage-pile, or perhaps from the putrescent carcass of a dog or other animal. There are thousands of bacteria on the body and feet of the fly. Among them are perhaps some germs of typhoid fever or dysentery or tuberculosis. You are quite aware of this, yet you tolerate the fly, and run the needless risk of becoming its victim.

Nor is the fly the only disease-carrier that invades your household more or less through your negligence or indifference. Observe, for example, that your dog is scratching himself. You know that he is pestered by fleas, and the thought gives you no great concern. But suppose that these fleas chance to have come to the dog from the body of a rat that is infected with the plague. Suppose, then, that one of the tiny acrobats springs to the body of your child as it plays with the dog. As a sequel, the child may presently develop a mysterious and fatal illness, and the malady may spread till every member of your household is stricken.

"The thing is utterly impossible," you say. On the contrary, it lies well within the possibilities.



The result of a fly cruise—Within a few years the from a disagreeable visidangerous enemy—a very and old—to be killed on in his breeding-places. fly: kill

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Science has issued an edict manly, should be as unalterable as the laws of the is, "Kill every creeping, flying thing that asks you look the rat." Various insects and rodents have with death—to be, in fact, the only means whereby lent diseases are carried from victim to new victim. against them is the only way to rid man of these only to be let alone to crowd him off the earth. The the activities of most of the messengers of death should be waged, against which should be directed won't let you alone; get after them. And don't let

You must have read not long ago of the finding of a plague-infected rat at New Orleans and another at Philadelphia. Where one or two such rats are captured, there may very well be hundreds that escape detection. Indeed, it would be absurd to suppose that the health authorities have captured the only infected specimens. Nor can we suppose that the two ports named are the only ones at which infected rats have entered. Once ashore, the rat can travel



PHOTO GREENWOOD & UNDERWOOD

sade in a Texas town. status of the fly has changed tor to be driven outdoors, to a messenger of death to young sight—more, to be exterminated Don't wait to "swat the his ancestor

which, for the good of hu- Medes and Persians. It for board—and don't over- been found to be in league some of the world's most viru- Persistent, never-let-up warfare dangerous enemies, which need following warning article describes upon which an exterminating war all the batteries of science. They mercy temper your warfare. Kill!

fast and far in freight-cars, so he may readily invade the interior of the country. And through the agency of the flea the vir- ulent disease to which the rat is subject may be transmitted to man.

It was with reference to this disease, and to the necessity of ridding the country of the rats and fleas that transmit it, that the *Journal* of the American Medical Association recently uttered the warning that the danger is imminent, and that it will be greatly enhanced when the

The Messengers of Death

by
Dr. Henry Smith Williams

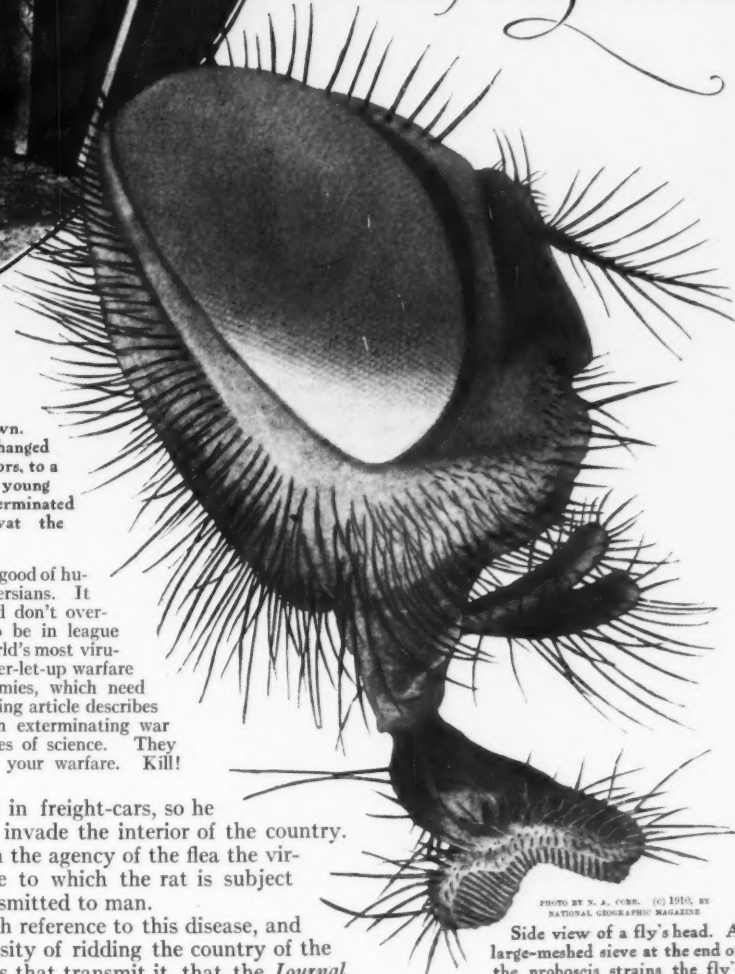


PHOTO BY N. A. CURRI. (C) 1915, BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

Side view of a fly's head. A large-meshed sieve at the end of the proboscis strains the fly's food, but allows germs to pass. As the fly takes in only liquid foods, solids are first dissolved by saliva. This saliva may be- frequently is—laden with dangerous germs

The Messengers of Death

opening of the Panama Canal brings an influx of ships from the western coast of South America to our ports.

The disease in question is known as bubonic plague. It is a disease with a history. When it swept across Europe in the middle ages, it devastated entire populations, and was remembered in aftertime as the "Black Death," or the "Great Mortality." In a single epidemic, in 1348-49, it is estimated to have claimed twenty-five million victims, about one-fourth of the entire population of Europe. The epidemic of 1665 caused 70,000 deaths in London, and drove the survivors to the open fields outside the city.

All this you have doubtless heard; but it seems remote and impersonal. You know that in those old days the streets of a city were filled with refuse, seeming to invite disease; and if you have given the matter a thought you have assumed that there could be no possible repetition of such disastrous epidemics in our sanitary age. Be advised, then, that recent discoveries tend to disturb the composure with which hitherto most people have contemplated the records of the Black Death. It is now known that the disease has no direct connection with filthy or unsanitary conditions; that its cause is a particular bacillus which flourishes in the system of the common house-rat, and which may be transmitted from rat to rat, or from this host to a human being, by that familiar pest, the flea. Therefore, any region where the rat is found may be subject to invasion by the plague, for the rat is almost never without its insect parasite. So the matter comes directly home to you and to me.

The false security in which we have rested has been due to the fact that there has been no severe epidemic of the plague in Europe for more than a hundred years. It is not quite clear why there should have been such

a long interval of quiescence. But there is abundant evidence that there is now impending an epidemic which, if it is not combated, may readily rival the historic outbreaks that have made the name so

dreaded. About fifteen years ago the disease began to spread

from an infection-center in China. In 1893 it appeared in Hongkong, and in 1896 in Bombay.

In the ten succeeding years it caused about six million deaths in India. Then it began to crop out in the western hemisphere; first at Santos, Brazil, in 1899; then at San Francisco.

By this time the investigations of the British Plague Commission in India had established the manner of transmission of the disease. It was shown that infected rats might transmit the disease from port to port, even though no human passenger

on the ship became infected. So war was waged on the rats by the health authorities in San Francisco. More than a million were killed in 1907, and many were found to be infected with the plague bacillus. The disease was spread, through the agency of fleas, from rats to the ground-squirrel; and in a few cases, through the same agency, to man. The strenuous warfare on the rats prevented anything like a general epidemic, however; and the same vigilance at other ports in the United States, as well as in Europe, Australia, and Japan, has been similarly rewarded. But the plague has very recently gained a foothold in Porto Rico and Cuba, where a few deaths occurred during the past summer, leading to an immediate reinforcement of the rat-killing squad of the Health Department. The acuteness of the danger is now emphasized by the finding of infected rats in our Eastern seaports.

Of course health officers everywhere are on the *qui vive*, and the world-wide systematic attack on the rat cannot fail of



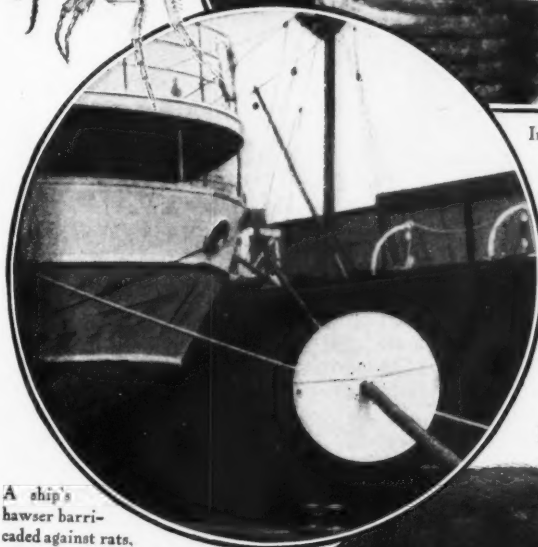
A house-fly, natural size, and a fly's foot, many times enlarged, showing the claws and the hairy pads between them

some results. Concrete wharves and buildings with cement foundations are making life less easy for the rodents. In some regions, as the Panama Canal zone, houses are built on pillars of concrete, or on posts with inverted metal shields at the top, in imitation of the familiar expedient

The carrier of the plague—a rat-flea



Investigator combing a plague-infected rat for fleas. The plague is a disease of rodents, and is transmitted to man by fleas. Therefore no rats and fleas, no plague



A ship's hawser barricaded against rats, which infest every port of the world and climb anything they can get their claws in

by which farmers protect their corn-cribs against the same pests. Ships in tropical ports are sometimes required to

have rat-guards on all ropes or hawsers reaching ashore.

But all these measures must be supplemented with the co-operation of householders in general if the desired extermination of the rat is to be effected. And until we are well rid of these prolific little rodents we shall never be quite free from the danger of a world-wide visitation of the Black



Shut him out, starve him out, kill him. He is always and everywhere dangerous. The flea is always with him, and will leave him for you the first chance he gets

Death, for it is obviously impossible to eradicate the flea except through the destruction of its host. Here, then, is a task of the utmost importance, in which almost everyone can lend a hand.

Of course it has been known for some time that most diseases are due to definite germs; that you can no more have consumption or typhoid fever or diphtheria, unless the germs of these diseases are sown in your system, than the farmer can raise crops of wheat or corn or rye without sowing these grains in his soil. But it is only within the past few years that we have begun to get a clear notion as to the way in which the transfer of germs from one human being to another is carried on. It is now clear that there are many kinds of germs which do not float in the air, to be disseminated by every chance breeze, but which must be carried from person to person as definitely as grain is carried to the field by the farmer. There are even germs, particularly those of animal nature (so-called protozoa; to be distinguished from the bacteria, which are classified in the vegetable kingdom), that depend for their existence upon the good offices of a particular type of insect, and must perish as a race if that insect is not at hand.

ANOPHELES—CARRIER OF MALARIA

As the best known example, take the case of the microscopic protozoal organism called a plasmodium, that is the sole cause of malaria. This pestiferous microbe leads a double life in a very literal sense. At one prolonged stage of its history it maintains a celibate existence, lodging in the red blood-corpuscles of the human body, and multiplying solely through the formation of spore-like divisions of its substance. The setting free of a generation of spores ("merozoites," they are called) coincides with the onset of the characteristic chill that marks the disease. The germ thus makes its human host most uncomfortable, and even causes the death of many thousands of individuals each year; yet the plasmodium itself does not come to its own, so to speak, so long as it remains in the human system. It completes its life cycle only when sucked into the stomach of a mosquito. Nor can any and every mosquito serve the purpose: it is only mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles* that can serve as host. But in the system of this particular insect the plasmodium takes on a new lease and a new manner of

life, multiplying sexually, and developing a generation of offspring that will lodge in the salivary glands of their host, thence to be transmitted to any human subject that the mosquito chances to assail.

Such being the life history of the malaria germ, it follows that by destroying this particular type of mosquito we should eliminate the plasmodium race and rid mankind of the disease malaria. You may reside if you wish on the borders of the most "miasmatic" swamp; wade in or imbibe its waters; breathe in its air day and night—and there is not the remotest chance that you will be stricken with malaria so long as you are guarded against the attacks of the mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles*. Such is the accepted and demonstrated fact to-day. The ferreting out of the secret was chiefly done by Dr. Ronald Ross, of the British army in India, as recently as 1897; and subsequent practical experiments of Dr. Bignami in Rome and Dr. Manson in London were required to overcome the incredulity of the medical profession. The suggestion that a mosquito may play this extraordinary rôle had indeed been made some years earlier by the American physician, Dr. H. F. A. King; but proof was not then forthcoming, and the suggestion was ignored or openly discredited. Now that the facts are known, every community should think it worth while to rid itself of these pests, by curtailing their breeding-places. You can do your share by pouring kerosene on the surface of any stagnant pool in your neighborhood. You should also see that no gutters or rain-barrels or other receptacles for water are permitted to remain uncovered. Even an old tin can will offer a breeding-place from which myriads of malaria-carriers may come forth.

STEGOMYIA—YELLOW FEVER AGENT

Proof that the mosquito is the carrier of the germs of malaria served to give a new aspect of plausibility to a theory first put forward by Dr. Nott of New Orleans as long ago as 1848, and prominently advocated by Dr. Charles J. Finlay, of Havana, in 1881, to the effect that yellow fever is also transmitted by a mosquito. At the time when the American authorities set about renovating Havana, no one took much stock in the theory, except Dr. Finlay. It seemed clear enough to all other observers that yellow fever was transmitted through the air, or at



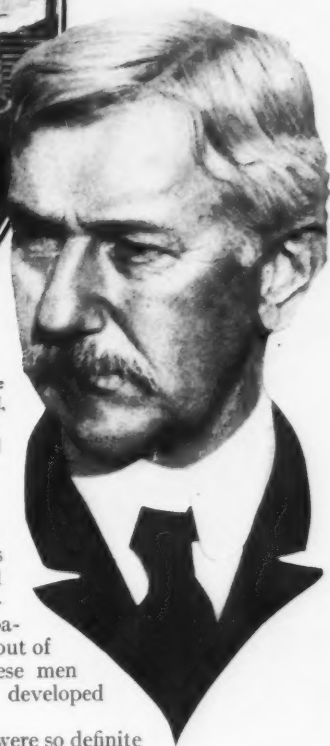
The cleaning up of
of the first steps was to tear
pest-ridden buildings and erect sanitary ones on concrete pillars.—

Panama. One
down dilapidated.

Col. W. C. Gorgas, the world's most famous sanitarian. He proved
the mosquito responsible for yellow fever, cleaned up Havana,
and then made the Canal Zone a healthful region

of victims of yellow fever; they were subjected to the usual supposed channels of infection, but rigidly guarded against the attacks of mosquitoes by the careful screening of their quarters. These men remained free from the disease.

Members of another group were kept away from all contaminating surroundings, but were allowed to be



least through the medium of clothing, bedding, and the like.

But Dr. Finlay's insistence led to an official test of his unlikely theory, under the direction of a commission comprising the U. S. army surgeons, Drs. Reed, Carroll, Agramonte, and Lazear—the last named of whom, it should not be forgotten, lost his life in the course of the experimental investigation. Many lives were hazarded. It could not be otherwise, because the germ of yellow fever had not been isolated; hence microscopic tests, such as were used with the parasite of malaria, could not be employed. It was necessary to expose human beings to the conditions of infection, and await results.

Volunteers from among the American soldiers quartered in Cuba were not wanting. The members of one group were confined in rooms contaminated with the effects

bitten by mosquitoes that had had access to yellow fever patients. Six out of seven of these men promptly developed the fever.

The tests were so definite as to remove all doubt. The carrier of yellow fever was found to be a mosquito of the genus *Stegomyia*. When this mosquito is eliminated or excluded, yellow fever disappears. Abundant proof of this has been given in Cuba, and also in the Panama Canal zone. In the latter region, under the able supervision of Colonel Gorgas, the draining of pools and the netting of porches and windows resulted in

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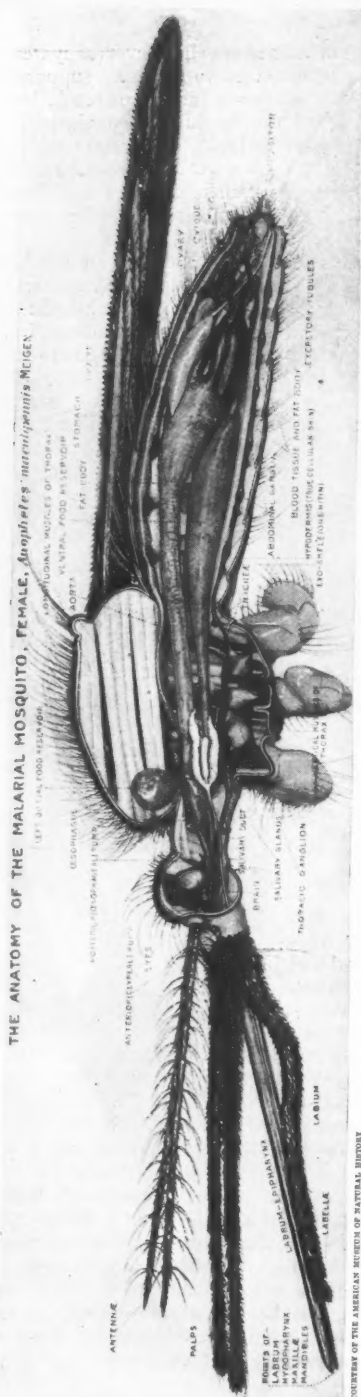
transforming a pest-ridden zone into a place of salubrity and health.

The trenchant if inelegant slogan, "Swat the fly!" has become so familiar that one is likely to forget how recent is the discovery that the fly has an important share in the transmission of disease. It is only a few years since this possible source of contagion was utterly unheeded, even by the medical profession. As recently as 1898 our soldiers in the Cuban War were permitted to die by hundreds of typhoid fever because effective measures were not taken to render the dejecta of infected persons innocuous or to put infected matter beyond the reach of flies. And so, as has been said, the common house-fly, rather than Spanish bullets, was responsible for the chief mortality in our Cuban army. But the like of this will not occur in any warfare of the future; for the insect has now been rechristened the "typhoid fly," and everyone realizes what danger may attend its visitations.

The rechristening was due, I believe, to Dr. L. O. Howard, our government's expert entomologist, who has done more than anyone else to call public attention to the history of this familiar but little understood insect. The new name is highly appropriate, in that it serves to call attention to a chief danger with which the insect menaces us. It should be understood, however, that the fly is not the host of the typhoid bacillus in the sense in which the *Anopheles* mosquito is the host of the germ of malaria. The fly becomes an involuntary carrier of disease germs merely through accidental contamination of its feet or wings or body or buccal apparatus. It transfers quite impartially any germs that chance to adhere to it.

Microscopic examination has shown that millions of bacteria may sometimes be found on the body of a single fly. Ordinarily these are of more or less innocuous species. That typhoid germs are sometimes among the number is merely due to the filth-frequenting habits of the insect. The germs of tuberculosis are also susceptible of conveyance; likewise those of diphtheria and cholera. Professor Nuttall has shown that the fly may not only ingest the germs of bubonic plague, but may itself fall victim to the disease.

The best protection against danger from the fly would obviously be found in extermination of the insects themselves. But this offers tremendous difficulties. A single fly that finds access to refuse-heap or garbage-pail may deposit a complement of about 120 eggs that will



A highly magnified sectional view of a mosquito of the genus *Anopheles*, which is the sole agent for the transmission of malaria

COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN BUREAU OF NATURAL HISTORY

hatch to maggots in five days and appear as adult flies in five days more. The life cycle is so short, the fecundity of the insect so great, that the progeny of a single female in a summer season would if unrestrained reach unbelievable numbers. Here are the figures, according to some one who has taken the trouble to make the computation: 1,096,181,240,311,720,-

000,000,000,000. When we reflect that (estimating 10,000 flies to the quart) this would represent about 340 billion bushels of flies for each man, woman, and child in the United States, it would appear that the outlook for a fly-catching crusade of extermination is not encouraging. And the matter seems quite disheartening when the computer further assures us that if food and breeding-places were provided and enemies evaded, the progeny of a single fly in unchecked development through twelve generations may be estimated as making a mass of flies measuring 268,778,165,861 cubic miles, or considerably more than the total size of the earth.

In the light of such figures, fly "swatting," though commendable enough in itself, must seem an inadequate method of extermination. But fortunately more effective measures are available.

A recent editorial in the *Medical Record*, from which figures just given are quoted, suggests slogan,

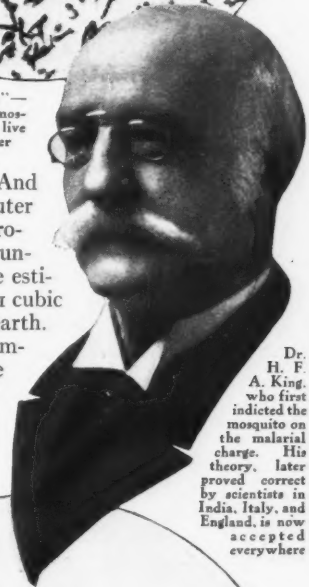
"No filth, no flies—and no disease."

It urges that we follow the fly to her breeding-place—seldom more than three to five hundred feet away—and make that place decent and sanitary. We are told that we must get rid of "the unsanitary closet, the manure-heap, the uncovered garbage-can, the putrescent dead dog and horse in the public highway. All refuse and decaying material and all vegetable and table waste should be removed and be burned or covered with lime or kerosene oil. Stable manure should be put into pits or vaults; a barrel of lime to be constantly from which each deposit of manure should be sprinkled."

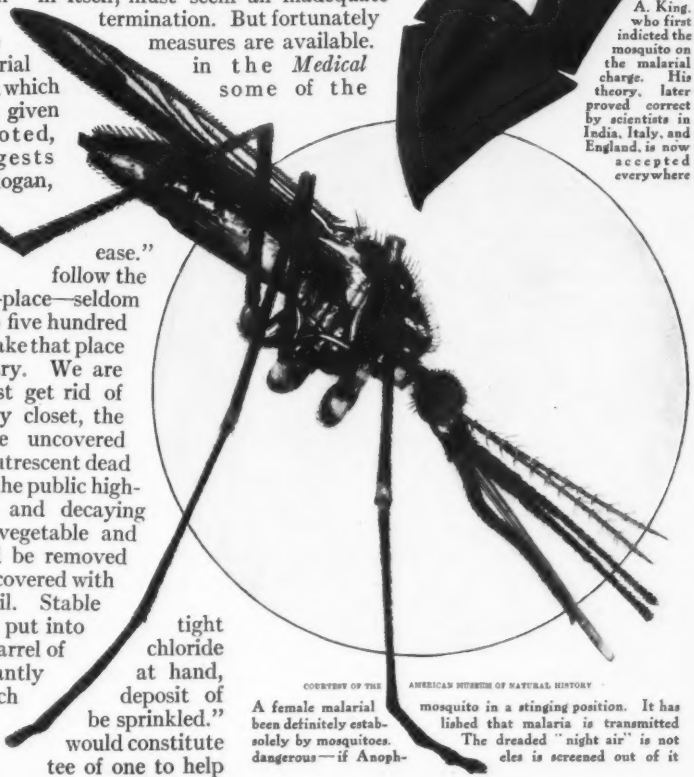
If every citizen would constitute himself a committee of one to help



"Wiggletails"—larvae of the mosquito, which live only in water



Dr. H. F. A. King, who first indicted the mosquito on the malarial charge. His theory, later proved correct by scientists in India, Italy, and England, is now accepted everywhere



COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
A female malarial mosquito has been definitely established as the sole transmitter of malaria—dangerous—if Anophelinae

mosquito in a stinging position. It has been established that malaria is transmitted by the blood-sucking insect. The dreaded "night air" is not a disease but a screen out of it

The Messengers of Death

carry out such a reform as this, we should soon abate the fly nuisance; and thousands of human lives would be saved that are now needlessly sacrificed. But the cooperation of each and every individual is absolutely essential. One family that is careless about the disposal of garbage can breed more flies than an entire community can kill. The very least *you* can do is to make sure that you are not guilty of such a crime against your neighbor.

It is only a few years since English textbooks in use in the schools—seeking to carry out the old delusive idea that everything must be of value to man—conveyed the edifying information that “the fly keeps the warm air pure and wholesome by its swift and zigzag flight.” I presume this antediluvian conceit is now suppressed; but one may still hear the fly defended on occasion—and somewhat less farcically—as a scavenger. There are sundry creeping suctorial insects, however, that, so far as I know, have never found an apologist—except possibly on the ground of being provided to test man’s temper and endurance.

THE TEXAS CATTLE FEVER TICK

Of this unwholesome company are the ticks of various species. These obscure creepers are known to have importance as germ-carriers, largely in connection with tropical diseases of cattle. They jeopardize the pocketbook, if not the life, of the American farmer; for the virulent cattle disease known as Texas fever, which costs our cattle-raisers many hundred thousand dollars annually, is due to a protozoal germ that is transmitted solely, so far as is known, by ticks.

An interesting feature of the matter is that the germs are not directly transmitted from one beef creature to another by any individual tick. The insect, having taken its fill of blood, drops to the ground, and there deposits its eggs. The young that come from these eggs make their way to the bodies of other cattle, and inoculate them with germs acquired in this curious congenital fashion. Thus cattle may acquire the disease by grazing in an “infected” pasture, without coming in contact with any infected animal. To prevent the possibility of such infection, it is customary before shipping cattle from the “fever zone” to make them swim through a tank of petroleum, which kills the ticks.

These curious facts have double interest because they were first demonstrated by two American investigators, Drs. Smith and Kilborne, who thereby proved for the first time that a protozoal disease may be transmitted by a blood-sucking insect. A new era in medicine dates from that discovery, made in 1898. An early result of the new knowledge was to cast suspicion on the familiar wood-tick as a possible carrier of disease. It was suggested by Drs. Wilson and Chowning, and demonstrated presently by Dr. H. T. Ricketts, that the wood-tick is the carrier of the very fatal malady known as Rocky Mountain spotted fever. In Montana this disease is much dreaded, inasmuch as it causes the death of about seventy per cent. of the persons who become infected. Our knowledge of the disease is largely due to the investigations of medical officers of the U. S. Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. One of these, Dr. T. B. McClintic, himself fell victim to the disease, adding his name to the already long list of martyrs in the cause of science. The newspaper reports of Dr. McClintic’s death last summer (August 13, 1912), and of the congressional bill for the relief of his widow introduced by Senator Myers, of Montana, gave the general public its first knowledge of Rocky Mountain fever, which has hitherto been prevalent chiefly in Montana, Idaho, and Nevada. It should be known, however, that there seems no reason why the disease should not invade any region of the country to which infected ticks chanced to be conveyed; so the effort to eliminate the ticks, in which Dr. McClintic lost his life, is an enterprise having first-hand interest for all of us.

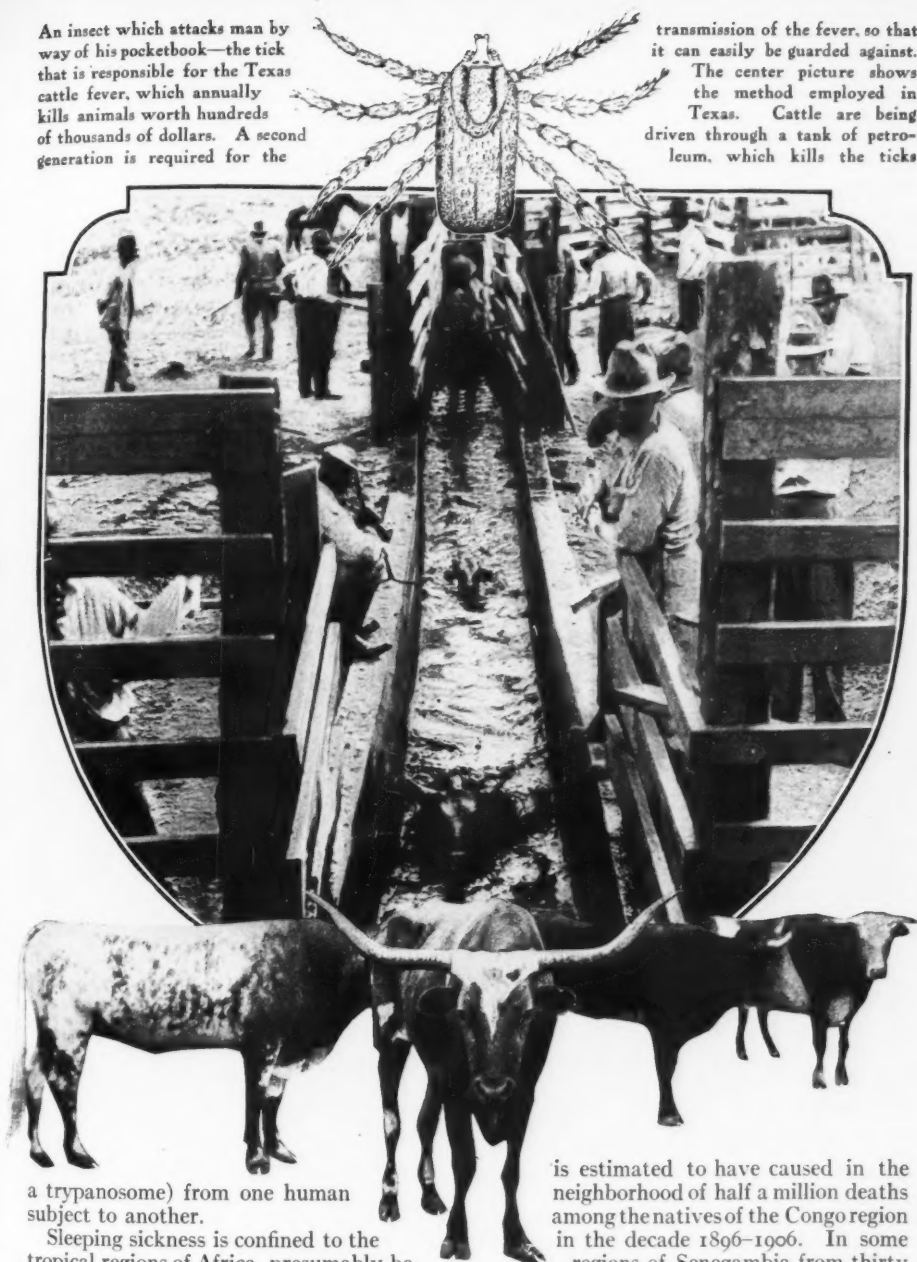
THE DEADLY “SLEEPING SICKNESS”

Very recently Dr. G. F. H. Nuttall, the American professor of biology at Cambridge University, has made an exhaustive study of the entire tribe of ticks, with reference to their germ-carrying habits. He finds that the insects play an all-important rôle in the spread of various protozoal diseases of the tropics. Perhaps the best known of these is the deadly malady known as “sleeping sickness.” The agent of transmission here, however, is not a tick, but a small winged insect called the tsetse fly. Unlike the typhoid fly, this insect bites through the skin and sucks the blood, and thus may transfer the germ of sleeping sickness (called

An insect which attacks man by way of his pocketbook—the tick that is responsible for the Texas cattle fever, which annually kills animals worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. A second generation is required for the

transmission of the fever, so that it can easily be guarded against.

The center picture shows the method employed in Texas. Cattle are being driven through a tank of petroleum, which kills the ticks



a trypanosome) from one human subject to another.

Sleeping sickness is confined to the tropical regions of Africa, presumably because of the tsetse fly's restricted habitat; but it is so prevalent and virulent a plague that entire regions are sometimes depopulated, owing to its ravages. The disease has spread over new areas in recent years. It

is estimated to have caused in the neighborhood of half a million deaths among the natives of the Congo region in the decade 1896-1906. In some regions of Senegambia from thirty to fifty per cent. of the population of a village are found to be infected; and infection in this case means sure death.

Persistent efforts have been made to find a remedy that will cure sleeping sickness, but

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with doubtful success. To be bitten by an infected tsetse fly is to receive a death-sentence that cannot be evaded. Even should a remedy be found that will cure the disease, this would obviously be only a tentative measure. Nothing short of the extermination of the tsetse fly itself can make civilization possible in the regions it now frequents.

The undoubted fact that progress is thus held in check by a tiny insect may be pondered in connection with Dr. Ross' suggestion that the decadence of civilization in ancient Greece may have been due to the encroachments of the malaria-transmitting mosquito.

Who until very recently suspected such influences as these in history? Who would have dared suggest that the proboscis of a tiny insect may be mightier than sword or pen? Yet the validity of such a claim becomes increasingly evident as we study the recent discoveries in relation to the transmission of disease. In the light of what is now known, it is not too much to assert that insects of two or three species have undoubtedly been responsible for more human deaths in modern Europe than all the implements of warfare that man has devised.

THE WORST OFFENDER OF THEM ALL

It is not unlikely that the worst offender of all is an insect that until very recently has scarcely been under suspicion. I refer to that most unpopular of creeping things, an object of abhorrence to every conscientious housewife, which the squeamish writer commonly refers to as *Cimex lectularius*, but which may best be unmasked under its plain every-day name of bedbug.

The case against this familiar if unwelcome co-resident with man is convincing and utterly condemnatory. It has been shown by Dr. Patton, of the Indian Medical Service, that the fatal tropical disease known as "kala-azar" may be transmitted by the bite of the bedbug; and the Russian investigator, Dr. D. T. Verjbitski, has demonstrated conclusively that this insect may transmit the germs of the bubonic plague quite as effectively as does the flea. Not only may the insect transmit the germs directly in biting, but on linen soiled by the insects or contaminated by their crushed bodies the plague germs may retain life and virulence for a term of at least five months.

Of this discovery, Dr. J. V. Manning, writing recently in the *Medical Record*, says that to the student of preventive medicine "Verjbitski's demonstration that bedbugs transmit blood-borne diseases is the most revolutionary discovery made since Pasteur announced the etiology of anthrax. This illuminating thesis lightens the path along which science has floundered in search of the common mode of transmission of acute epidemic disease. It would appear that any disease whose germ or virus is liberated in the blood at any stage of the attack, may be transmitted by the ubiquitous bedbug."

Among the common diseases specifically named as probably transmissible by this insect are infantile paralysis, measles, smallpox, and scarlet fever. A complete list would probably include, as Dr. Manning suggests, practically every infectious blood disease. Bearing this in mind, and considering the habits of the bedbug, it seems not unlikely that this insect may be the most important of all agencies for the spread of epidemic diseases, particularly in the tenement regions of cities. Hiding in the cracks and crevices, and passing from one apartment to another, the insects may very well be supposed to carry the germs of infection—as of infantile paralysis or measles or scarlet fever—from one family to another throughout a crowded block.

THE BEDBUG GOES EVERYWHERE

Nor must we overlook the extent to which the insect may effect involuntary migrations from one social stratum to another. Unwelcome as the thought may be, it is true that there is a constant distribution, and that the insect may gain access to the best-regulated household in spite of every reasonable precaution, as a recent bulletin of the U. S. Entomological Bureau has declared. Says Dr. Manning, "The physician returns from the slum case and the lawyer from the court where bedbugs swarm; the maid takes her half-day in a tenement home, the daily paper is distributed by a tenement-dweller, the hand laundry often returns from a tenement district; the vacation is spent in unfumigated summer camps, and the traveler's bag or trunk is a usual hiding-place for *Cimex*; men, women, and children of all social classes come in close contact in railroad stations, transit lines, theaters, schools, moving-picture entertainments,

summer amusements, and public inns." Hence the possible invasion of every home by the "retiring but ubiquitous bedbug."

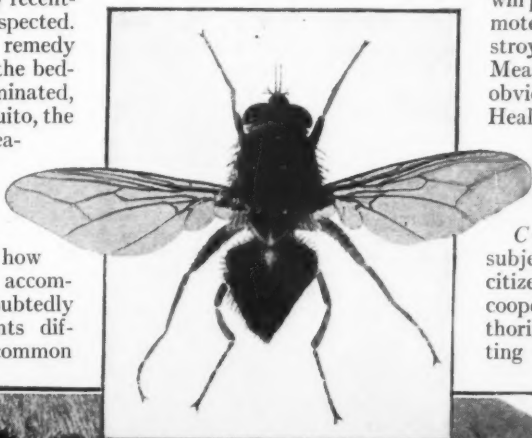
All of which makes very unpleasant reading, but is preeminently important, because it brings to mind a vivid picture of dangers to which everyone is more or less subject, but which until very recently no one had suspected.

Of course the remedy suggests itself: the bedbug must be eliminated, just as the mosquito, the fly, and the flea-laden rat must be eliminated, in the interests of public health. But how is the feat to be accomplished? Undoubtedly the task presents difficulties of no common

order. Tentative measures are familiar to every housewife. But efforts of a more comprehensive character are necessary; and the matter is so important that the U. S. Bureau of Entomology has recently issued a bulletin telling in detail how to fumigate a house with hydrocyanic acid gas, which

will penetrate to the remotest crevices and destroy every living thing. Measures so heroic are obviously for the use of Health Officers, not for private individuals; but a full recognition of the dangers to which

Cimex lectularius subjects us will lead citizens in general to cooperate with the authorities in exterminating this deadly pest.



(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The tsetse fly and a human victim. This little fly is the agent for the "sleeping sickness," which has depopulated whole regions in equatorial Africa. A bite by an infected fly means death, although an antitoxin prepared by Dr. Koch alleviates the disease. The large picture shows a native being treated with Koch's antitoxin

The Streets of Ascalon

A STORY OF A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE FOR THE LOVE OF A MAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This serial, which began in the May COSMOPOLITAN, is the story of a beautiful woman, a young widow, who had been for two years the wife of a Fifth Avenue degenerate, leaving her impression of married life such a nightmare of horror that she is afraid to marry again. But she is constantly pursued by suitors rich and poor, titled and otherwise. Among these is a counterpart of her husband, who takes what he wants wherever he can get it, no matter what moral obligation is concerned or scandal results. He wants Strelsa Leeds; so does Richard Quarren, idol of society, and idler by preference. The one is rich, the other poor. Strelsa loves Quarren, but because of her previous experience refuses to marry him, holding friendship higher than love. She does not believe the other man is as bad as he is painted, and because she must marry or become dependent she consents to a purely business marriage arrangement with him—herself against his millions. How and why this contract is broken by her—how the jilted, passion-mad lover turns to an earlier victim and meets a terrible death in the night—how Quarren, spurred by love into making a man of himself, is able to convince Strelsa that there can be both friendship and love with marriage—these are told in this and the next instalment of the story. It has been crowded with colorful incidents apart from the main thread of the narrative, and is one of the most intimate pictures of New York society life that Mr. Chambers has ever given.

STRELSA had gone to town with her maid, remained there the entire afternoon, and returned to Witch-Hollow without seeing Quarren or even letting him know she was there. It was the beginning of the end for her, and she knew it; and she had already begun to move doggedly toward the end through the blind confusion of things, no longer seeing, hearing, heeding; impelled mechanically toward the goal which meant to her only the relief of absolute rest.

For her troubles were accumulating, and she found in herself no resisting power—only the nervous strength left to get away from them. Troubles of every description were impending; some had already come upon her, like Quarren's last letter, which, she knew, signified that the termination of their friendship was already in sight.

But other things were in sight, too, so she spent the afternoon in town with her lawyers; which lengthy séance resulted in the advertising for immediate sale of her house in town and its contents, her town car, brougham, victoria, and three horses.

Through her lawyers, also, every jewel she possessed, all her wardrobe except what she had with her at Witch-Hollow, and her very beautiful collection of old lace, were

placed in the hands of certain discreet people to dispose of privately.

Every servant in her employment except her maid was paid and dismissed; her resignation from the Province Club was forwarded, all social engagements for the summer were canceled.

There remained only two other matters to settle; and one of them could be put off—without hope of escape, perhaps—but still it could be avoided for a little while longer. The other was to write to Quarren; and she wrote as follows:

I have been in town; necessity drove me, and I was too unhappy to see you. But this is the result: I can hold out a few months longer—to no purpose, I know—yet you asked it of me, and I am trying to do it. Meanwhile the pressure never eases; I feel your unhappiness deeply—deeply, Rix!—and it is steadily wearing me out. And the pressure from Molly in your behalf, from Mrs. Sprowl by daily letter in behalf of Sir Charles, from Langly in his own interest, never slackens for one moment.

And that is not all. My late husband left no will, and I have steadily refused to make any contest for more than my dower rights. That has been swept away, now; urgent need has compelled me to offer for sale everything I possess except what wardrobe and unimportant trinkets I have with me.

So many suits have been threatened and even commenced against me—you don't know, Rix—but while there remains any chance of meeting my obligations dollar for dollar I have refused to go through bankruptcy.

I need not, now, I think. But the selling of everything will not leave me very much; and in the end my cowardice will do what you dread, and what I no longer fear, so utterly dead in me is every emotion, every nerve, every moral. Men bound to the wheel have slept; I want that sleep. I long for the insensibility, the endless lethargy, that the mortally bruised crave; and that is all I hope or care for now.

Love, as man professes it, would only hurt me, even yours. There can be no response from a soul and body stunned. Nothing must disturb their bruised coma.

The man I intend to marry can evoke nothing in me, will demand nothing of me. That is already mutually understood. It's merely a bargain. He wants me as the ornament for the house of Sprowl. I can carry out the pact without effort, figure as the mistress of his domain, live life through unharassed, as though I stood alone in a vague, warm dream, safe from anything real.

Meanwhile, without aim, without hope, without even desire to escape my destiny, I am holding out because you ask it. To what end, my friend? Can you tell me?

STRELSA LEEDS.

One morning Molly came into her room greatly perturbed, and Strelsa, still in bed, closed the New Testament which she had been reading, and looked up questioningly at her agitated hostess.

"It's your fault," began Molly without preliminaries. "That old woman certainly suspects what you're up to with her nephew or she wouldn't bother to come up here."

"Who?" said Strelsa sitting up, "Mrs. Sprowl?"

"Certainly—horse, foot, and dragoons! She's coming, I tell you, and there's only one motive for her advent!"

"But where will she stop?" asked Strelsa, flushing with dismay.

"Where do you suppose?"

"With Langly?"

"He wouldn't have her."

"She is not to be your guest, is she?"

"No. She wrote hinting that she'd come if asked. I pretended not to understand. I don't want her here. Every servant I have would leave—as a beginning. Besides, I don't require the social prestige of such a visitation; and she knows that, too. So what do you think she's done?"

"I can't imagine," said Strelsa wearily.

"Well, she's maneuvered, somehow; and this morning's paper announces that she's to be entertained at South Linden by Mary Ledwith."

Strelsa reddened. "Why should that concern me?" she asked calmly.

"Concern you, child! How can it help concerning you? Do you see what she's done?—do you count all the birds she's

knocked over with one stone? Mary Ledwith returns from Reno and Mrs. Sprowl fixes and secures her social status by visiting her at once. And it's a perfectly plain notice to Langly, too, and—forgive me, dear!—to you!"

Strelsa, scarlet and astonished, sat up rigid, her beautiful head thrown back. "If she means it that way it is slanderous," she said. "The entire story is a base slander! Did you believe it, Molly?"

"Believe it? Of course I believe it."

"Why should you? Because a lot of vile newspapers have hinted at such a thing? I tell you it is an infamous story without one atom of truth in it."

"How do you know?" asked Molly bluntly.

"Because Langly says so."

"Oh! Did you ask him?"

"No. He spoke of it himself."

"He denied it?"

"Absolutely, on his word of honor."

"Then why didn't he sue a few newspapers?"

"He spoke of that, too. He said that his attorneys had advised him not to bring any actions because the papers had been too clever to lay themselves open to suits for libel."

"Oh," said Molly softly.

Strelsa, flushed, breathing rapidly and irregularly, sat there in bed watching her; but Molly avoided her brilliant, level gaze.

"There's no use in talking to you," she said, "but why on earth don't you marry Sir Charles—"

"Molly! Please don't."

"—or Rix—"

"Molly! Molly! Can't you let me alone? Can't we be together for ten minutes unless you urge me to marry somebody? Why do you want me to marry anybody? Why—"

"But you're going to marry Langly, you say!"

"Yes, I am! I am! But can't you let me forget it for a moment or two? I—I'm not very well."

"I can't help it," said Molly grimly. "I'm sorry, darling, but the moment your engagement to Langly is announced there'll be a horrid smash, and some people are going to be spattered."

"It *isn't* announced!" said the girl hotly. "Only you and Rix know about it except Langly and myself."

Molly Wycherly rose from her chair, went over, and seated herself on the foot of the bed. "Tell me something, will you, Strelsa?"

"What?"

"Why does Langly desire to keep your engagement to him a secret?"

"He wishes it for the present."

"Why?"

"For that very reason!" said Strelsa, fiercely—"because of the injustice the papers have done him in this miserable Ledwith matter. He chooses to wait until it is forgotten—in order to shield me, I suppose, from any libelous comment."

"You talk like a little idiot!" said Molly between her teeth. "Strelsa, I could shake you—if it would wake you up! Do you suppose for a moment that this Ledwith matter will be forgotten? Do you suppose if there were nothing in it but libel that he'd be afraid? You listen to me; that man is not apt to be afraid of anything, but he evidently *is* afraid, now! Of what, then?"

"Of my being annoyed by newspaper comment."

"And you think it's merely that?"

"Isn't it enough?"

Molly laughed. "We're a hardened lot—some of us. But our most deadly fear is that the papers may not notice us. No matter what they say if they'll only say something!—that's our necessity and our unadmitted prayer. Because we've neither brains nor culture nor any distinguishing virtue or ability, and we're nothing—absolutely nothing—unless the papers create us! Don't tell me that any one among us is afraid of publicity!—not in the particular circle where you and I and Langly and his aunt pursue our eccentric orbits! Plenty of wealthy and fashionable people dread publicity and shrink from it; plenty of them would gladly remain unchronicled and unsung. But it's not so among the fixed stars and planets and meteors and satellites of our particularly flamboyant constellation. I *know*. I also know that you don't really belong in it. But you'll either become accustomed to it or it will kill you if you don't drop—or soar, as you please—into some other section of eternal space."

She sat swinging her foot, flushed, animated, her eyes and color brilliant—a slim, exquisitely groomed woman with all the superficial smoothness of a girl save for the wisdom in her eyes and in her smile, alas!

And the other's eyes reflected in their clear gray depths no such wisdom, only the haunting knowledge of sorrow and, vaguely, the inexplicable horror of man as he really is—or at least as she had only known him.

Still swinging her pretty foot, a deliberate smile edging her lips, Molly said, "If you'll let me I'll stand by you, darling."

Strelsa stared at her without comprehension, then dropped her head back on the pillows. "If you'll let me stay with you a little while longer—that is all I ask," she said almost drowsily.

Molly sprang up, came around and kissed her, lightly. "Of course. That was what I was going to ask of you."

Strelsa closed her eyes. "I'll stay," she murmured.

Molly, kneeling beside the bed, laid her own cool face down beside Strelsa's hot cheek. "Dear," she whispered, "let us wait and see what happens. There's just one thing that has distorted your view—a dreadful experience with one man—two years of hell's own horror with one of its wretched inhabitants. I don't believe the impression is going to last a lifetime. I don't believe it is indelible. I believe somehow, some time, you will learn that a man's love does not mean horror and degradation; that it is no abuse of friendship which offers love also, to return it with friendship only. Sir Charles offers that; and you refuse because you do not love him and will not use his friendship to aid yourself to material comfort. And I suspect you have said the same thing to Rix. Have you?"

The girl lay silent, eyes closed.

"Never mind; don't answer. I know you well enough to know that you said some such thing to Rix. And it's all right in its way. But the alternative is not what you think it is—not this bargain with Langly for a place to lay your tired head—not this deal to decorate his name and estates in return for personal immunity. You are wrong—I'm not immoral, only unmoral—as many of us are—but you've gone all to pieces, dear—morally, mentally, nervously—and it's not from cowardice, not from depravity. It is the direct result of the two years of terror and desperate self-control—two years of courage—high moral courage, determination, self-suppression—and of the startling and dreadful climax. That is the blow you are now feeling—and the reaction even after two years more of half-stunned soli-

tude. You are waking, darling; that is all. And it hurts."

Strelsa's bare arm moved a little, moved, groping, and tightened around Molly's neck. And they remained that way for a long while, Molly kneeling on the floor beside her.

"Don't you ever cry?" she whispered.

"Not—now."

"It would be better if you could."

"There are no tears—I—I am burnt out—all burnt out."

"You need strength."

"I haven't the desire for it any longer."

"Not the desire to face things pluckily?"

"No—no longer. Everything's dead in me except the longing for—quiet. I'll pay any price for it—except misuse of friends."

"How could you misuse Rix by marrying him?"

"By accepting what I could never return."

"Love?"

"Yes."

"Does he ask that?"

"N—no—not now. But—he wants it. And I haven't it to give. So I can't take his—and let him work all his life for my comfort—I can't take it from Sir Charles and accept the position and fortune he offered me once." She lay silent a moment, then unclosed her eyes. "Molly," she said, "I don't believe that Sir Charles is going to mind very much."

Molly met her eyes for an instant, very near, and a pale flash of telepathy passed between them. Then Strelsa smiled.

"You mean Chrysos?" said Molly.

"Yes. Don't you think so?"

"She's little more than a child. I don't know. Men are that way—men of Sir Charles's age and experience are likely to drift that way. But if you are done with Sir Charles, what he does no longer interests me—except that the Lacys will become insufferable if—"

"Don't talk that way, dear."

"I don't like the family—except Chrysos."

"Then be glad for her—if it comes true. Sir Charles is a dear—almost too perfectly ideal to be a man. I do wish it for his sake. He was a little unhappy over me, I think."

"He adores you still, you little villain!" whispered Molly, fondling her. "But—let poets sing and romancers rave—there's nothing that starves as quickly as love. And Sir Charles has long been fasting—good luck to him and more shame on you!"

Strelsa laughed, cleared her brow and eyes of the soft, bright hair, and, flinging out both arms, took Molly to her heart in a swift, hard embrace. "There!" she said, breathless, "I adore you anyhow, Molly. I feel better, too. I'm glad you talked to me. Do you think I'll get anything for my house?"

"Yes, when you sell it. That's the hopeless part of it just at this time of year."

"Perhaps my luck will turn," said Strelsa. "You know I've had an awful lot of the other kind all my life."

They laughed.

Strelsa went on: "Perhaps when I sell everything I'll have enough left over to buy a little house up here near you, Molly, and have pigs and chickens and a cow!"

"How long could you stand that kind of existence, silly?"

Strelsa looked gravely back at her, then with a sigh: "It seems as though I could stand it forever, now. You know, I seem to be changing a little all the while. First, when Mrs. Sprowl found me at Colorado Springs and persuaded me to come to New York I was mad for pleasure—crazy about anything that promised gaiety and amusement—anything to make me forget."

"You know, I never went anywhere in Colorado Springs; I was too ill—ill most of the time. And Mrs. Sprowl said she knew my mother—it's curious, but mother never said anything about her—and she cared for fashionable people."

"So I came to New York last winter—and you know the rest—I got tired physically, first; then so many wanted to marry me—and so many women urged me to do so many things—and I was unhappy about Rix—and then came this awful financial crash."

"Stop thinking of it!"

"Yes; I mean to. I only wanted you to understand how, one by one, emotions and desires have been killed in me during the last four years. And even the desire for wealth and position—which I clung to up to yesterday—somehow, now—this morning—has become little more than a dreamy wish. I'd rather have quiet if I could—if there's enough money left to let me rest somewhere."

"There will be," said Molly, watching her.

"Do you think so? And—then there would be no necessity for—for—"

"Langly!"

Strelsa flushed. "I wonder," she mused.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Why does Langly desire to keep your engagement to him a secret?" asked Molly. "Because of the in-
740 wait until it is forgotten—in order to shield me, I suppose, from any libelous comment." "You talk like



justice the papers have done him in this miserable Ledwith matter," said Strelsa fiercely; "he chooses to a little idiot!" said Molly between her teeth. "Strelsa, I could shake you—if it would wake you up!" 741

"I wonder whether—but it seems impossible that I should suddenly find I didn't care for everything I cared for this winter. Perhaps I'm too tired to care just now."

"It might be," said Molly, "that something—for example, your friendship with Rix—had made other matters seem less important."

The girl looked up quickly, saw nothing in Molly's expression to disturb her, then turned her eyes away, and lay silent, considering. If her friendship for Quarren had imperceptibly filled her mind, even crowding aside other and most important matters, she did not realize it. She thought of it now, and of him—recalling the letter she had written.

Vaguely she was aware of the difference in her attitude toward life since she wrote that letter only a few days before. To what was it due? To his letter in reply now lying between the leaves of her New Testament on the table beside her? Lying there, remembering his letter almost word for word, and where it now lay among printed pages incomprehensible to her except by the mechanical processes of formal faith and superficial observance, she wondered how much that, and the scarcely scanned printed page, might have altered her views of life.

Molly kissed her again and went away down-stairs.

When she was dressed in her habit she went out to the lawn's edge, where Langly and the horses had already gathered; he put her up, and they cantered away down the wooded road that led to South Linden.

After their first gallop they slowed to a walk on the farther hill slope, chatting of inconsequential things; and it seemed to her that he was in unusually good spirits—almost gay for him—and his short dry laugh rang out once or twice, which was more than she had heard from him in a week.

From moment to moment she glanced sideways at him, curiously inspecting the sleek-headed symmetry of the man, noticing, as always, his perfectly groomed figure, his narrow head, and the well-cut lines of the face and jaw. Once she had seen him—the very first time she had ever met him at Miami—eating a broiled lobster. And somehow his healthy appetite, the clean incision of his sun-bronzed jaw and the working muscles, chewing and swallowing, fascinated her; and she never saw him but she thought of him eating vigorously aboard the *Yulan*.

"Langly," she said, "is it going to be disagreeable for you when Mrs. Ledwith returns?"

He looked at her leisurely. "Why?"

"The newspapers."

"Probably," he said.

"Then—what are you going to do about it?"

"About what?"

"The papers."

"Nothing."

"Or—about Mrs. Ledwith?"

"Be civil if I see her."

"Of course," she said, reddening. "I was wondering whether gossip might be nipped in the bud if you left before she arrives and remained away until she leaves."

His prominent eyes were searching her features all the while she was speaking; now they wandered restlessly over the landscape.

"It's my fashion," he said, "to face things as they come."

"If you don't mind I'd rather have you go," she said.

"Where?"

"Anywhere you care to."

He said, "I've told you a thousand times that the thing to do is to take Molly Wycherly, board the *Yulan*, and—"

"I do not care to do it until our engagement is announced."

"Very well," he said, swinging around in his saddle, "I'll announce it to-day, and we'll go aboard this evening and clear out."

"Wh-what!" she faltered.

"There's no use waiting any longer," he said. "Mrs. Ledwith and my fool of an aunt are coming to-morrow. Did you know that? Well, they are. And every dirty newspaper in town will make the matter insidiously significant! If my aunt hadn't taken it into her head to visit Mrs. Ledwith at this particular moment, there would have been few comments. As it is, there'll be plenty—and I don't feel like putting up with them—I don't propose to for my own sake. The time comes, sooner or later, when a man has got to consider himself."

After a short silence Strelsa raised her gray eyes. "Has it occurred to you to consider me, Langly?"

"What? Certainly. Haven't I been doing that ever since we've been engaged?"

"I—wonder," she mused.

"What else have I been doing?" he insisted—"denying myself the pleasure of you when I'm half crazy about you."

"What!"

A dull flush settled under his prominent cheek-bones: he looked straight ahead of him between his horse's ears as he rode, sitting his saddle like the perfect horseman he was, although his mount felt the savage pain of a sudden and reasonless spurring, and the wicked curb scarcely controlled him.

Strelsa set her lips, not looking at either horse or man on her right, nor even noticing her own mare, who was cutting up in sympathy with the outraged hunter at her withers. "Langly?"

"Yes?"

"Has it ever occurred to you how painful such scandalous rumors must be for Mrs. Ledwith?"

"Can I help them?"

Strelsa said, thoughtfully: "What a horrible thing for a woman! It was generous of your aunt to show people what *she* thought of such cruel stories."

"Do you think," he said sneeringly, "that my excellent aunt was inspired by any such motive? You might as well know—if you don't know already—" and his pale eyes rested a moment on the girl beside him—"that my aunt is visiting Mrs. Ledwith solely to embarrass me!"

"How could it embarrass you?"

"By giving color to the lies told about me and the Ledwiths," he said in a hard voice—"by hinting that Mary Ledwith, free to marry, is accepted by my aunt; and the rest is up to me! That's what that female relative of mine has just done." His big, white teeth closed with a click, and he spurred his horse cruelly again and checked him until the slaving creature almost reared over backward.

"If you maltreat that horse again, Langly, I'll leave you. Do you understand?" she said, exasperated.

"I beg your pardon." Again his jaw fairly snapped, but the horse did not suffer from his displeasure.

"What has enraged you so?" she demanded.

"This whole business. There isn't anything my aunt could have done more vicious, more contemptible, than to visit Mrs. Ledwith at this moment. I'll get it from every quarter, now."

"I suppose she will, too."

"My aunt? No such luck!"

"I mean Mrs. Ledwith."

"She? Oh, I suppose so."

Strelsa said between tightening lips, "Is there nothing you can do, no kindness, no sacrifice you can make, to shield Mrs. Ledwith?"

He stared at her, then his eyes roamed restlessly. "How?"

"I don't know, Langly. But if there is anything you could do—"

"What? My aunt and the papers are determined that I shall marry her! I take it that you are not suggesting that, are you?"

"I am suggesting nothing," she replied in a low voice.

"Well, I am. I'm suggesting that you and Molly and I go aboard the *Yulan* and clear out to-night!"

"You mean—to announce our engagement first?"

"Just as you choose," he said without a shade of expression on his features.

"You would scarcely propose that I sail with you under any other circumstances," she said sharply.

"I leave it to you and Mrs. Wycherly. The main idea is to clear out and let them howl and tear things up."

"Howl at Mrs. Ledwith and tear her to tatters while we start around the world in the *Yulan*?" nodded Strelsa. She was rather white, but she laughed; and he, hearing her, turned and laughed, too—a quick bark of a laugh that startled both horses, who were unaccustomed to it.

"Oh, I guess they won't put her out of business," he said. "She's young and handsome, and there are plenty of her sort to marry her—even Dankmere would have a chance there or—" he hesitated, and decided to refrain. But she understood perfectly, and lost the remainder of her color.

"You mean Mr. Quarren?" she said coolly.

"I didn't," he replied, lying. And she was aware of his falsehood, too.

"What started those rumors about Mrs. Ledwith and you, Langly?" she asked in the same pleasantly even tone, and turned her horse's head toward home at the same time. He made his mount pivot showily on his hocks and drew bridle beside her.

"Oh, they started at Newport."

"How?"

"How do I know? Ledwith and I were connected in business matters; I saw more or less of them both—and he was too busy to be with his wife every time I happened to be with her. So—you know what they said."

"Yes. When you and she were lunching at different tables at the Santa Regina you used to write notes to her, and everybody saw you."

"What of it?"

"Nothing."

"That is just it; there was nothing in it."

"Except her reputation. What a silly and careless girl! But a man doesn't think—doesn't care very much, I fancy. And then everybody was offensively sorry for Chester Ledwith. But that was not your lookout, was it, Langly?"

Sprowl turned his narrow face and looked at her in silence; and after a moment misjudged her. "It was not my fault," he said quietly. "I liked his wife, and I was friendly with him until his gutter habits annoyed me."

"He went to pieces, didn't he?"

Once more Sprowl inspected her features warily. Once more he misjudged her. "He's gone to smash," he said, "but what's that to us?"

"I wonder," she smiled, but had to control the tremor of her lower lip by catching it between her teeth and looking away from the man beside her. Quickly the hint of tears dried out in her gray eyes—from whatever cause, they sprang glimmering there to dim her eyesight. She bent her head, absently, arranging, rearranging, and shifting her bridle.

"The thing to do," he said, curling his long mustache with powerful fingers, "is for the Wycherlys to stand by us now—and the others there—that little Lacy girl—and Sir Charles if he chooses. We'll have to take the whole lot of them aboard, I suppose."

"Suppose I go with you alone?" she said in a low voice.

He started in his saddle, turned on her a face that was reddening heavily. For an instant she scarcely recognized him, so thick his lips seemed, so congested the veins in forehead and neck. He seemed all mouth and eyes and sanguine color—and big, even teeth, now, as the lips drew aside disclosing them.

"Would you do that, Strelsa?"

"Why not?"

"Would you do it—for me?"

Her rapid breathing impeded speech; she said something inarticulate; he leaned from his saddle and caught her in his left arm.

"By God," he stammered, "I knew it. You can have what you like from me—I

don't care what it is!—take it—fill out your own checks—only let's get out of here before those women ruin us both!"

She had strained back and aside from him, and was trying to guide her mare away, but his powerful arm crushed her, and his hot breath fell on her face and neck.

"You can have it your own way, I tell you—I swear to God I'll marry you—"

"What!"

Almost strangled, she wrenched herself free, panting, staring; and he realized his mistake.

"We can't get a license if we leave to-night," he said, breathing heavily. "But we can touch at any port and manage that."

"You—you *would* take me—permit me to go—in such a manner?" she breathed, still staring at him.

"It's necessity, isn't it? Didn't you propose it? It makes no difference to me, Strelsa. I told you I'd do anything you wished."

"What did you mean—what did you mean by—by—" But she could go no further in speech or thought.

"The thing to do," he said calmly, "is not to fly off our heads or become panic-stricken. You're doing the latter; I lost control of myself—after what you gave me to hope—after what you said—showing your trust in me," he added. "I lost my self-command—because I *am* crazy for you, Strelsa—there's no sense in pretending otherwise—and you knew it all the time, you little coquette!"

"What do you think a man's made of? You wanted a business arrangement and I humored you; but you knew all the while, and I knew, that—that I am infatuated, absolutely mad about you." He added, boldly, "And I have reason to think it doesn't entirely displease you, haven't I?"

She did not seem to hear him. He laid his gloved hand over hers, and recoiled before her eyes as from a blow.

"Are you angry?" he asked.

Her teeth were still working on her under lip. She made no answer.

"Strelsa—if you really feel nothing for me—if you mean what you have said about a purely business agreement—I will hold to it. I thought for a moment—when you said—something in your smile made me think—"

"You need not think any further," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I came with you this morning to tell you that I would not marry you."

"That's nonsense! I've hurt you—made you angry."

"I came for that reason," she repeated. "I meant to do it as soon as I had the courage. I meant to do it gently. Now I don't care how I do it. It's enough for you to know that I will not marry you."

"Is that final?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it. I know perfectly well I was—was too impulsive, too ardent—"

She turned her face away with a faint, sick look at the summer fields where scores of birds sang in the sunshine.

"See here," he said, his manner changing, "I tell you I'm sorry. I ask your pardon. Whatever you wish shall be done. Tell me what to do."

After a few moments she turned toward him again. "A few minutes ago I could have told you what to do. I would have told you to marry Mary Ledwith. Also, I would have been wrong. Now, as you ask me, I tell you not to marry her."

His eyes were deadly dangerous, but she met them carelessly.

"No," she said, "don't marry any woman after your attentions have made her conspicuous. It will be pleasanter for her to be torn to pieces by her friends."

"You are having your vengeance," he said. "Take it to the limit, Strelsa, and then let us be reconciled."

"No, it is too late. It was too late even before we started out together. Why—I didn't realize it then—but it was too late long ago—from the day you spoke as you did in my presence to Mr. Quarren. That finished you, Langly—if, indeed, you ever really began to mean anything at all to me."

He made a last effort, and the veins stood out on his forehead. "I am sorry I spoke to Quarren as I did. I like him."

She said coolly: "You hate him. You and Mr. Caldera almost ruined him in that acreage affair."

"You are mistaken. Caldera squeezed him; I did not. I know nothing about it. My agents attend to such petty matters. What motive have I for disliking Quarren?"

She shrugged her young shoulders disdainfully. "Perhaps because you thought he was devoted to me—and I to him. And you were right," she added; "I am devoted to him because he is a man and a clean one."

"Have you ended?"

"Ended what?"

"Punishing me?"

Her lips curled slightly. "I am afraid you are inclined to self-flattery, Langly. We chasten those whom we care for."

"Are you silly enough to dismiss me through sheer pique?" he said between his teeth.

"Pique? I don't understand. I've merely concluded that I don't need your fortune, and I don't want your name. You, personally, never figured in the proposed arrangement."

His visage altered alarmingly. "Who have you got on the string now!" he broke out—"you little adventuress! What fool is fool enough to marry you when anybody can get you for less if he cared to spend the time on you?"

Suddenly his arm shot out, and he wrenched her bridle, dragging her horse around and holding it there.

"Are you mad!" she whispered, white to the lips. "Take your hand off my bridle!"

"For another word," he said between clenched teeth, "I'd ride you down and spoil that face of yours! Hold your tongue and listen to me. I've stood all I'm going to from you. I've done all the cringing and boot-licking that is going to be done. You're the sort that needs curb and spurs, and you'll get them if you cut up with me. Is that plain?"

She had carried no crop that morning or she would have used it; her bridle was powerless; spurring might have dragged them both down under the horses' feet.

"For the last time," he said, "you listen to me. I love you. I want you. You haven't a cent; you could fill out any check you chose to draw over my signature. Now if you are not crazy, or a helpless fool, behave yourself."

A great sob choked her; she forced it back and sat, waiting, eyes almost closed.

"Strelsa, answer me!"

There was no reply.

"Answer me, for God's sake!"

She opened her eyes.

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

His eyes seemed starting from his head, and the deep blood rushed to his face and neck, and he flung her bridle into her face with an inarticulate sound.

Then, slowly, side by side, they advanced along the road together. A groom met

them at Witch-Hollow; Strelsa slipped from her saddle without aid and, leisurely, erect, smiling, walked up to the veranda where Molly stood reading the morning paper.

"Hello, dear," she said. "Am I very late for luncheon?"

"It's over. Will you have a tray out here?"

"May I?"

"Don't you want to change, first?"

"Yes, thanks."

Molly glanced up from the paper. "Isn't Langly stopping for luncheon with you?"

"No."

Molly looked at her curiously. "Did you enjoy your gallop?"

"We didn't gallop much."

"Spooned?"

Strelsa shuddered slightly. The older woman dropped her paper and gazed at her.

"You don't mean to say it's all off, Strelsa!"

"Entirely. Please don't let's speak of it again—or of him—if you don't mind."

"I don't—you darling—you poor darling! What has that creature done to *you*?"

"Don't speak of him, please."

"No, I won't. Oh, I'm so glad, Strelsa!—I can't tell you how happy, how immensely relieved—and that cat of an aunt of his here to make mischief!—and poor Mary Ledwith—"

"Molly, I—I simply can't talk about it—any of it."

She turned abruptly, entered the house, and ran lightly up the stairs. Molly waited for her, grimly content with the elimination of Langly Sprowl and already planning separate campaigns in behalf of Sir Charles and Quarren.

She was still absorbed in her scheming when Strelsa came down. There was not a trace of any emotion except pleasure in her face. In her heart it was the same; only an immense, immeasurable relief reigned there, calming and exciting her alternately. But her face was yet a trifle pale; her hands still unsteady; and every delicate nerve, slowly relaxing from the tension, was regaining its normal quiet by degrees.

Her appetite was excellent, however. Afterward she and Molly chose neighboring rockers, and Molly opened fire.

"Is it to be Sir Charles after all, darling?" she asked caressingly.

Strelsa laughed outright, then, astonished that she had not shrunk from a renewal of

the eternal pressure, looked at Molly with wide gray eyes.

"I don't know what's the matter with me to-day," she said; "I seem to be able to laugh. I've had a ghastly morning; I'm homeless and wretchedly poor—and I'm laughing at it all—the whole thing, Molly. What do you suppose is the matter with me?"

"You're not in love, are you?" asked Molly with calm suspicion.

"No, I'm not," said the girl with a quiet conviction that disconcerted the older woman.

"Then I don't see why you should be very happy," said Molly honestly.

Strelsa considered. "Perhaps it's because I slept well—which I don't usually."

"You're becoming devout, too," said Molly.

"Devout? Oh, you saw me reading in my Testament. It's an interesting book, Molly," she said naively. "You know, as children, and at school, and in church we don't read it with any intelligence—or listen to it in the right way. People *are* odd. We have our moments of contrition, abasement, fright, exaltation; but at bottom we know that our religion and a fair observance of it is a sound policy of insurance. We accept it as we take out insurance in view of eventualities and the chance of future fire."

"That's flippant," said Molly.

"I really didn't mean it so. I was wondering about it all. Recently, re-reading the New Testament, I was struck by finding so much in it that I had never noticed or understood. You know, Molly, after all, truth is the greatest thing in the world."

"So I've heard," observed Molly dryly.

"Oh, I've heard it, too, but never thought what it meant—until recently. You see, truth, to me, was just telling it as often as possible. I never thought much about it—that it is the basis of everything worthy and beautiful—such as old pictures—" she added vaguely—"and those things that silversmiths like Benvenuto Cellini did."

"What?"

Strelsa colored. "Everything worthy is founded on truth," she said.

"That sounds like Tupper or a copy-book," said Molly, laughing. "For surely those profound reflections never emanated originally from you or Rix—did they?"

Strelsa, much annoyed, picked up the field-glasses and leveled them on the river.

Sir Charles was out there in a launch with Chrysos Lacy. Chrysos fished, and Sir Charles baited her hook.

"That's a touching sight," said Strelsa, laughing.

Molly said crossly, "Well, if you don't want him, for goodness sake, say so!—and let me have some credit with the Lacys for engineering the thing."

"Take it, darling!" laughed the girl, "take the credit and let the cash go—to Chrysos!"

XIV

INTO the long stable at South Linden, that afternoon, Langly Sprowl's trembling horse was led limping, his velvet flanks all torn by spurs and caked with mud, his tender mouth badly lacerated. As for his master, it seemed that the ruin of the expensive hunter and four hours' violent and capricious exercise in his reeking saddle had merely whetted his appetite for more violence; and he had been tramping for an hour up and down the length of the library in his big sprawling house when Mr. Kyte, his confidential secretary, came in without knocking.

Sprowl, hearing his step, swung on him savagely, but Kyte coolly closed the door behind him and turned the key.

"Ledwith is here," he said.

"Ledwith," repeated Sprowl mechanically.

"Yes, he's on the veranda. They said you were not at home. He said he'd wait. I thought you ought to know. He acts queerly."

Langly's protruding eyes became utterly expressionless. "All right," he said in dismissal.

Kyte still lingered. "Is there anything I can say or do?"

"If there was I'd tell you, wouldn't I?"

Kyte's lowered gaze stole upward toward his employer, sustained his expressionless glare for a second, then shifted. "Very well," he said unlocking the library door; "I thought he might be armed, that's all."

"Kyte!"

Mr. Kyte turned on the door-sill.

"What do you mean by saying that?"

"Saying what?"

"That you think this fellow Ledwith may be armed?"

Kyte stood silent.

"I ask you again," repeated Sprowl, "why you infer that this man might have armed himself to visit this house?"

Kyte's eyes stole upward, were instantly lowered. Sprowl walked over to him.

"You're paid to act, not think; do you understand?" he said in a husky, suppressed voice; but his long fingers were twitching.

"I understand," said Kyte in a low voice.

Sprowl's lean head jerked; Kyte went; and the master of the house strode back into the library and resumed his pacing.

Boots, spurs, the skirts of his riding-coat, even his stock, all were stained with mud and lather; and there was a spot or two across his sun-tanned cheeks.

Presently he walked to the bay-window which commanded part of the west veranda, and looking out through the lace curtains saw Ledwith sitting there, his sunken eyes fixed on the westerling sun. The man's clothing hung loosely on his frame, showing bony angles at elbow and knee. Burs and black swamp-mud stuck to his knickerbockers and golf-stockings; he sat very still save for a constant twitching of the muscles.

The necessity for nervous and physical fatigue drove Sprowl back into the library to tramp up and down over the soft old Saraband rugs, up and down, to and fro, and across sometimes, ranging the four walls with the dull, aimless energy of a creature which long caging is rendering mentally unsound.

Then the monotony of the exercise began to irritate instead of allaying his restlessness; he went to the bay-window again, saw Ledwith still sitting there, stared at him with a ferocity almost expressionless, and strode out into the great hallway and through the servant-watched doors to the veranda.

Ledwith looked up, rose. "How are you, Langly?" he said.

Sprowl nodded, staring him insolently in the face. There was a pause, then Ledwith's pallid features twitched into a crooked smile.

"I wanted to talk over one or two matters with you before I leave," he said.

"When are you leaving?"

"To-night."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know—to the Acremont Inn for a few days. After that—I don't know."

Sprowl, perfectly aware that his footman was listening, walked out across the lawn, and Ledwith went with him. Neither spoke.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Molly opened fire. "Is it to be Sir Charles after all, darling?" she asked caressingly. Strelsa laughed what's the matter with me to-day," she said; "I seem to be able to laugh. I've had a ghastly Molly. What do you suppose is the matter with me?" "You're not in love, a quiet conviction that disconcerted the older woman. "Then I



outright, then, astonished that she had not shrunk from a renewal of the eternal pressure, "I don't know morning; I'm homeless and wretchedly poor—and I'm laughing at it all—the whole thing, are you?" asked Molly with calm suspicion. "No, I'm not," said the girl with don't see why you should be very happy," said Molly honestly

Shadows of tall trees lay like velvet on the grass; the crests of the woods beyond grew golden, their depths dusky and bluish. On distant hillcrests Sprowl could see his brood-mares feeding, switching their tails against the sky; farther away sheep dotted hillside pastures. Farther still the woods of Witch-Hollow lay banded with sunshine and shadow. And Sprowl's protuberant gaze grew fixed and expressionless as he swung on across the meadows and skirted the first grove of oaks, huge outlying pickets of his splendid forest beyond.

"We can talk here," said Ledwith in a voice which sounded hoarse and painful; and, swinging around on him, Sprowl saw that he was in distress, fighting for breath and leaning against the trunk of an oak.

"What do you want to talk about?" said Sprowl.

The struggle for breath left Ledwith mute. "Can't you walk and talk at the same time?" demanded Sprowl. "I need exercise."

"I've got to rest."

"Well, then, what have you got to say?—because I'm going on. What's the matter with you, anyway," he added sneeringly; "dope?"

"Partly," said Ledwith without resentment.

"What else?"

"Anxiety."

"Oh. Do you think you have a monopoly of that?"

Ledwith, without heeding the sneering question, went on, still resting on his elbow against the tree-trunk. "I want to talk to you, Langly. I want straight talk from you. Do I get it?"

"You'll get it; go on," said Sprowl contemptuously.

"Then—my wife has returned."

"Your ex-wife," corrected Sprowl without a shade of expression in voice or features.

"Yes," said Ledwith—"Mary. I left the house before she arrived, on my way to Acremont across country. She and your aunt drove up together. I saw them from the hill."

"Very interesting," said Sprowl. "Is that all?"

Ledwith detached himself from the tree and stood aside, under it, looking down at the grass. "You are going to marry her, of course?" he said.

"That," retorted Sprowl, "is none of your business."

"Because," continued Ledwith, not heeding him, "that is the only thing possible. There is nothing else for her to do—for you to do. She knows it, you know it, and so do I."

"I know all about it," said Sprowl coolly. "Is there anything else?"

"Only your word to confirm what I have just said."

"What are you talking about?"

"Your marriage with Mary."

"I think I told you that it was none of your business."

"Perhaps you did. But I've made it my business."

"May I ask why?"

"Yes, you may ask, Langly, and I'll tell you. It's because, recently, there have been rumors concerning you and a Mrs. Leeds. That's the reason."

Sprowl's hands hanging at his sides began nervously closing and unclosing. "Is that all, Ledwith?"

"That's all—when you have confirmed what I have said concerning the necessity for your marriage with the woman you debauched."

"You lie," said Langly.

Ledwith smiled. "No," he said wearily, "I don't. She admitted it to me."

"That is another lie."

"Ask her. She didn't care what she said to me any more than she cared, after a while, what she did to me. You made her yours, soul and body; she became only your creature, caring less and less for concealment as her infatuation grew from coquetry to imprudence, from recklessness to effrontery. It's the women of our sort who, once misled, stop at nothing—not the men. Prudence to the point of cowardice is the amatory characteristic of your sort. I don't mean physical cowardice," he added, lifting his sunken eyes and letting them rest on Sprowl's powerful frame.

"Have you finished?" asked the latter.

"In a moment, Langly. I am merely reminding you of what has happened. Concerning myself I have nothing to say. Look at me. You know what I was; you see what I am. I'm not whining; it's all in a lifetime. And the man who is not fitted to take care of what is his, loses. That's all."

Sprowl's head was averted after an involuntary glance at the man before him. His

face was red—or it may have been the ruddy evening sun striking flat across it.

Ledwith said: "You will marry her, of course. But I merely wish to hear you say so."

Sprowl swung on him, his thick lips receding: "I'll marry whom I choose! Do you understand that?"

"Of course. But you will choose to marry her."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. Or—I'll kill you," he said seriously.

Langly stared at him, every vein suddenly dark and swollen; then his bark of a laugh broke loose. "I suppose you've got it in your pocket," he said.

Ledwith fumbled in his coat pocket and produced a dully blued weapon of heavy caliber; and Sprowl walked slowly up to him, slapped his face, took the revolver from him, and flung it into the woods.

"Now go home and punch yourself full of dope," he said, swung on his heel, and sauntered off.

Ledwith looked after him, one bloodless hand resting on the cheek which Sprowl had struck—watched him out of sight. Then, patiently, he started to search for the weapon, dropping on all fours, crawling, peering, parting the ferns and bushes. But the sun was low and the woods dusky, and he could not find what he was looking for. So he sat up on the ground among the dead leaves of other years, drew from his pocket what he needed, and slowly bared his scarred arm to the shoulder.

As for Sprowl, his vigorous tread lengthened to a swinging stride as he shouldered his way through a thicket and out again into the open.

Already he scarcely remembered Ledwith at all, or his menace, or the blow; scarcely even recollected that Mary Ledwith had returned or that his aunt was within driving distance of his own quarters.

A dull, hot anguish, partly rage, possessed him, tormenting brain and heart incessantly and giving him no rest. His own clumsy madness in destroying what he believed had been a certainty—his stupidity, his loss of self-control not only in betraying passion prematurely, but in his subsequent violence and brutality, almost drove him insane.

Never before in any affair with women had he forgotten caution in any crisis; his had been a patience unshakable when neces-

sary, a dogged, driving persistence when the time came, the subtlety of absolute inertness when required. But above all and everything else he had been a master of patience, and so a master of himself; and so he had usually won.

And now—now in this crisis—a crisis involving the loss of what he cared for enough to marry—if he must marry to have his way with her—what was to be done?

He tried to think coolly, but the cinders of rage and passion seemed to stir and move with every breath he drew, awaking the wild fire within.

He would try to reason and think clearly—try to retrace matters to the beginning and find out why he had blundered when everything was in his own hands.

It was his aunt's sudden policy that betrayed him into a premature move—Mary Ledwith's return, and his aunt's visit. Mary Ledwith was there to marry him; his aunt to make mischief unless he did what was expected of him.

Leisurely but thoroughly he cursed them both as he walked back across his lawn. But he was already thinking of Strelsa again when, as he entered the wide hall, his aunt waddled across the rugs of the drawing-room, pronouncing his name with unmistakable decision. And, before the servants, he swallowed the greeting he had hoped to give her, and led her into the library.

"Mercy on us, Langly!" she exclaimed, eying his reeking boots and riding-breeches.

"Do you live like a pig up here?"

"I've been out," he said briefly. "What do you want?"

Her little green eyes lighted up, and her smile, which was fading, she forced into a kind of fixed grin. "Your polished and thoughtful inquiry is characteristic of you," she said. "Mary is here, and I want you to come over to dinner."

"I'm not up to it," he said coolly.

"I want you to come."

"I tell you I'm not up to it," he said bluntly.

"And I tell you that you'd better come."

"Better come?" he repeated.

"Yes, better come. More than that, Langly, you'd better behave yourself, or I'll make New York too hot to hold you."

His prominent eyes were expressionless.

"Ah?" he remarked.

"Exactly, my friend. Your race is run. You've done one thing too publicly to

squirm out of the consequences. The town has stood for a good deal from you. When that girl at the Frivolity Theater shot herself, leaving a letter directed to you, the limit of public patience was nearly reached. You had to go abroad, didn't you? Well, you can't go abroad this time. Neither London nor Paris nor Vienna nor Budapest—no, nor St. Petersburg nor even Constantinople—would stand you! Your course is finished. If you've an ounce of brains remaining you know that you're done for this time. So go and dress and come over to dinner. And don't worry; I'll keep away from you after you're married."

"You'll keep your distance before that," he said slowly.

"You're mistaken. Many people are afraid of you, but I never was and never could be. You're no good: you never were. If you didn't lug my name about with you I'd let you go to hell. You'll go there, anyway, but you'll be married first."

"I expect to."

"Married to Mary Ledwith," she said, looking at him.

He picked up a cigar, examined it, yawned, then glanced at her. "As I had—recently—occasion to tell Chester Ledwith, I'll marry whom I please. Now suppose you clear out."

"Are you dining with us?"

"No."

"What time may we expect you tomorrow?"

"At no time."

"Do you intend to marry Mary Ledwith?"

"No."

"Is that final?"

"Yes!"

"Do you expect to marry anybody else?"

"Yes!" he shouted, partly rising from his chair, his narrow face distorted. "Yes, I do! Now you know, don't you! Is the matter settled at last? Do you understand clearly?—you fat-headed, meddlesome old fool!"

He sprang to his feet in an access of fury and began loping up and down the room, gesticulating, almost mouthing out his hatred and abuse—rendered more furious still by the knowledge of his own weakness and disintegration—his downfall from that silent citadel of self-control which had served him so many years as a stronghold for defiance or refuge.

"You impertinent old woman!" he shouted, "if you don't keep your fat nose out of my affairs, I'll set a thousand men tampering with the foundations of your investments! Keep your distance and mind your business—I warn you now and for the last time, or else"—he swung around on her, and the jaw-muscles began to work—"or else I'll supply the yellows with a few facts concerning that Englishman's late father and yourself!"

Mrs. Sprowl's face went pasty-white; in the fat, colorless expanse only the deathless fury of her eyes seemed alive.

"So *that* fetched you," he observed coolly.

"I don't want to give you apoplexy; I don't want you messing up my house. I merely want you to understand that it's dangerous to come sniffing and nosing around my threshold. You *do* understand, I guess."

He continued his promenade, but presently came back to her.

"You know well enough whom I want to marry. If you say or do one thing to interfere I'll see that you figure in the yellows."

He thought a moment; the color slowly returned to her face. After a fit of coughing, she struggled to rise from her chair. He let her pant and scuffle and kick for a while, then opened the door and summoned her footman.

"I'm sorry I cannot drive with you this evening," he said quietly as the footman supported Mrs. Sprowl to her feet, "but I've promised the Wycherlys. Pray offer my compliments and friendly wishes to Mrs. Ledwith."

When she had gone he walked back into the library, picked up the telephone, and finally got Molly Wycherly on the wire.

"Won't you ask me to dinner?" he said. "I've an explanation to make to Mrs. Leeds, and I'd be awfully obliged to you."

There was a silence, then Molly said deliberately:

"You must be a very absent-minded young man. I saw your aunt for a moment this afternoon, and she said that you are dining with her at Mrs. Ledwith's."

"She was mistaken," began Sprowl quietly, but Molly cut him short with a laughing "Good-by," and hung up the receiver.

"That was Langly," she remarked, turning to Strelsa, who was already dressed for dinner and who had come into Molly's boudoir to observe the hair-dressing and

comprehensive embellishment of that young matron's person by a new maid on probation.

Strelsa's upper lip curled faintly, then the happy expression returned, and she watched the decorating of Molly until the maid turned her out in the perfection of grooming from crown to toe.

There was nobody in the music-room. Molly turned again to Strelsa as they entered. "What a brute he is!—asking me to invite him here for dinner when Mary Ledwith has just arrived."

"Did he do that?"

"Yes. And his excuse was that he had an explanation to make you. What a sneaking way of doing it!"

Strelsa looked out the dark window in silence.

Molly said: "I wish he'd go away. I never can look at him without thinking of Chester Ledwith—and all that wretched affair. Not that I am snuffy about Mary—the poor little fool. Anyway," she added naively, "old lady Sprowl has fixed her status, and now we all know how to behave toward her."

Strelsa, arms clasped behind her neck, came slowly forward from the window. "What a sorry civilization," she said thoughtfully, "and what sorry codes we frame to govern it."

"What?" sharply.

Strelsa looked at her absently. "Nobody seems to be ashamed of anything any more," she said, half to herself. "The only thing that embarrasses us is what the outside world may think of us. We don't seem to care what we think of each other."

Molly, a trifle red, asked her warmly what she meant.

"Oh, I was just realizing what are the motives that govern us—the majority of us—and how primitive they are. So many among us seem to be moral throw-backs—types reappearing out of the mists of an ancient and unmoral past. Echoes of primitive ages when nobody knew any better—when life was new, and was merely life and nothing else—fighting, treacherous, cringing life, which knew of nothing else to do except to eat, sleep, and reproduce itself—bully the weaker, fawn on the stronger, lie, steal, and watch out that death should not interfere with the main chance."

Molly, redder than ever, asked her again what she meant.

"I don't know, dear. How clean the woods and fields seem after a day indoors with many people!"

"You mean we all need moral baths?"

"I do."

Molly smiled. "For a moment I thought you meant that I do."

Strelsa smiled, too. "You're a good wife, Molly; and a good friend. I wish you had a baby."

"I'm—going to."

They looked at each other a moment; then Strelsa caught her in her arms.

"Really?"

Molly nodded. "That's why I worry about Jim taking chances in his aeroplane."

"He mustn't! He's got to stop! What can he be thinking of!" cried Strelsa indignantly.

"But he—doesn't know."

"You haven't told him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I—don't know how he'll take it."

"What?"

Molly flushed. "We didn't want one. I don't know what he'll say. We didn't care for them."

Strelsa's angry beauty checked her with its silent scorn; suddenly her pretty head fell forward on Strelsa's breast.

"Don't look that way at me! I was a fool. How was I to know—anything? I'd never had one. You can't know whether you want a baby or not until you have one. I know now. I'm crazy about it. I think it would—would kill me if Jim is annoyed."

"He won't be, darling!" whispered Strelsa. "Don't mind what he says, anyway. He's only a man. He never even knew as much about it as you did. What do men know, anyway? Jim is a dear—just the regular sort of man interested in business and sport and probably afraid that a baby might interfere with both. What does he know about it? Besides he's too decent to be annoyed—"

"I'm afraid—I can't stand—even his indifference," whimpered Molly.

Strelsa, holding her clasped to her breast, started to speak, but a noise of men in the outer hall silenced her—the aviators returning from their hangars and gathering in the billiard-room for a long one before dressing.

"Wait," whispered Strelsa, gently disengaging herself—"wait just a moment."



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

The berries were big and ripe. Sir Charles started to gather them with all the seriousness and thoroughness they're for your breakfast, I take it," he said. "For yours." He straightened up on his knees. "berries for my breakfast!" he said incredulously. "Yes, I did," said the girl. "It's your was carefully turned away so that if there was to be anything to notice in her tea-



determination characteristic of that warrior. "You're not to eat any, yet," said Chrysos. "Of course not; "For mine?" "Certainly." "You didn't go wandering afield at this hour to pick wild straw- last breakfast, you know." There was not the slightest tremor in her voice, but her pretty face tures, he could not notice it. "I'll miss you a lot," he said. "And I you, Sir Charles"

And she was out in the hall in an instant, just in time to touch Jim on the arm as he closed the file toward the billiard-room.

"Hello, Sweetness!" he said, pivoting on his heels and seizing her hands. "Are you coming in to try a cocktail with us?"

"Jim," she said, "I want to tell you something."

"Shoot," he said. "And if you don't hurry I'll kiss you."

"Listen, please. Molly is in the music-room. *Make* her tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"Ask her, Jim. And, if you care one atom for her—be happy at what she tells you—and tell her that you are. Will you?"

He stared at her, then lost countenance. Then he looked at her in a panicky way and started to go, but she held on to him with determination.

"Smile first!"

"Thunder! I—"

"Smile. Oh, Jim, isn't there any decency in men?"

His mind was working like mad; he stared at her, then, through the astonishment and consternation on his good-looking features, a faint grin broke out.

"All right," she whispered, and let him go.

Molly, idling at the piano, heard his tread behind her, and looked up over her shoulder. "Hello, Jim," she said faintly.

"Hello, ducky. Strelsa says you have something to tell me."

"I—Jim?"

"So she said. So I cut out a long one to find out what it is. What's up, ducky?"

Molly's gaze grew keener. "Did that child tell you?"

"She said that you had something to tell me."

"*Did* she?"

"No! Aren't you going to tell me, either?"

He dropped into a chair opposite her; she sat on the piano-stool considering him for a while in silence. Then, dropping her arms with a helpless little gesture: "We are going to have a baby. Are you—annoyed?"

For a second he sat as though paralyzed, and the next second he had her in his arms, the grin breaking out from utter blankness. "You're a corker, ducky!" he whispered.

"You for me all the time!"

"Jim! Really?"

"Surest thing you know! Which is it?—boy or— Oh, I beg your pardon, dear—I'm

not accustomed to the etiquette. But I'm delighted, ducky, overwhelmed!"

"Oh, Jim! I'm so glad. And I'm crazy about it—perfectly mad about it. And you're a dear to care."

"Certainly I care! What do you take me for—a wooden Indian!" he exclaimed virtuously. "Come on and we'll celebrate."

"But, Jim! We can't *tell* people."

"Oh—that's the christening. I forgot, ducky. No, we can't talk about it, of course. But I'll do anything you say."

"Will you?"

"Will I? Watch me!"

"Then—then *don't* take out the Stinger for a while. Do you mind, dear?"

"What!" he said, jaw dropping.

"I can't bear it, Jim. I was a good sport before; you know I was. But my nerve has gone. I can't take chances now; I *want* you to see—it—"

After a moment he nodded. "Sure," he said. "It's like Lent. You've got to offer up something. If you feel that way"—he sighed unconsciously—"I'll lock up the hangar until—"

"Oh, darling! Will you?"

"Yes," said that desolate young man, and kissed his wife without a scowl. He had behaved pretty well—about like the majority of husbands outside of popular romances.

The amateur aeronauts left in the morning before anybody was stirring except the servants—Vincent Wier, Lester Caldera, the Van Dynes and the rest, bag, baggage, and, later, two aeroplanes packed and destined for Barent Van Dyne's Long Island estate, where there was to be some serious flying attempted over the flat and dusty plains of that salubrious island.

Sir Charles Mallison was leaving that same day, later; and there were to be no more of Jim's noisy parties; and now, under the circumstances, no parties of Molly's, either; because Molly was becoming nervous and despondent, and a mania for her husband possessed her—the pretty resurgence of earlier sentiment, which, if not more than comfortably dormant, buds charmingly again at a time like this.

Also she wanted Strelsa, and nobody besides these two; and although she liked parties of all sorts, including Jim's sporting ones; and although she liked Sir Charles immensely, she was looking forward to the

comfort of an empty house with only her husband to decorate the landscape and Strelsa to whisper to in morbid moments.

For Chrysos was going to Newport, Sir Charles and her maid accompanying her as far as New York, from where the baronet meant to sail the next day. His luggage had already gone; his man was packing when Sir Charles sauntered out over the dew-wet lawn, a sprig of sweet william in his lapel.

What he really thought of what he had seen in America, of the sort of people who had entertained him, of the grotesque imitation of exotic society—or of a certain sort of it—nobody really knew. Doubtless his estimate was meant to be a kindly one, for he was essentially that—a philosophical, chivalrous, and modest man; and if his lines had fallen in places where vulgarity, extravagance, and ostentation predominated—if he had encountered little real cultivation, less erudition, and almost nothing worthy of sympathetic interest, he never betrayed either impatience or contempt. He had come for one reason only—to ask Strelsa Leeds to marry him.

He was man enough to understand that she did not care for him that way, soldier enough to face his fate, keen enough, long since, to understand that Quarren meant more to the woman he cared for than any other man. Cool, self-controlled, he watched every chance for an opening in his own behalf. No good chance presented itself. So he made one and offered himself with a dignity and simplicity that won Strelsa's esteem but not her heart.

After that he stayed on, not hoping, but merely because he liked her. Later he remained because of a vague instinct that he might as well be on hand while Strelsa went through the phase with Langly Sprowl. But he was a wise man, and weeks ago he had seen the inevitable outcome. Also he had divined Quarren's influence in the atmosphere, had watched for it, sensed it, seen it very gradually materialize in a score of acts and words of which Strelsa herself was totally unconscious.

Then, too, the afternoon before, he had encountered Sprowl riding furiously with reeking spurs, after his morning's gallop with Strelsa; and he had caught a glimpse of the man's face; and that was enough.

So there was really nothing to keep him in America any longer. He wanted to get back to his own kind—into real life again,

among people of real position and real elegance, where live topics were discussed, where live things were attempted or accomplished, where whatever was done, material or immaterial, was done thoroughly and well.

There was not one thing in America, now, to keep him here—except a warm and kindly affection for his little friend Chrysos Lacy, with whom he had been thrown so constantly at Witch-Hollow.

Strolling across the lawn, he thought of her with warm gratitude. In her fresh and unspoiled youth he had found relief from a love unreturned, a cool, sweet antidote to passion, a balm for loneliness most exquisite and delightful. The very perfection of comradeship it had been, full of charming surprises as well as a rest both mental and physical. For Chrysos made few demands on his intellect—that is, at first she had made very few. Later—within the past few weeks, he remembered now his surprise to find how much there really was to the young girl—and that perhaps her age and inexperience alone marked any particular intellectual chasm between them.

Thinking of these things, he sauntered on across country, and after a while came to the grounds of the Ledwith place, wondering a little that a note from Mrs. Sprowl the evening before should have requested him to present himself at so early an hour.

A man took his card, returned presently saying that Mrs. Ledwith had not yet risen, but that Mrs. Sprowl would receive him.

Conducted to the old lady's apartments, he was ushered into a dressing-room done in pastel tints, and which hideously set forth the coloring and proportions of Mrs. Sprowl in lace bed-attire, bolstered up in a big cane-backed chair.

"I'm ill," she said hoarsely; "I have been ill all night—sitting here because I can't lie down. I'd strangle if I lay down."

He held her hand in his firm, sun-tanned, grasp, looking down compassionately. "Awf'ly sorry," he said as though he meant it.

The old lady peered up at him. "You're sailing to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," he said gravely.

"When do you return?"

"I have made no plans to return."

"You mean to say that you've given up the fight?"

"There was never any fight," he said.

Mrs. Sprowl scowled. "Has that heartless girl refused you again, Sir Charles?"

"Dear Mrs. Sprowl, you are too much my partisan. Mrs. Leeds knows better than you or I where her heart is really inclined. And you and I can scarcely question her decision."

"Do you think for a moment it is inclined toward that miserable nephew of mine?" she demanded.

"No," he said.

"Then—do you mean young Quarren?"

"I think I do," he said, smiling.

"I'm glad of it!" she said angrily. "If it was not to be you I'm glad that it may be Rix. It—it would have killed me to see her fall into Langly's hands. I'm ill on account of him—his shocking treatment of me last evening. It was a brutal scene—one of those terrible family scenes!—and he threatened me—cursed me." She closed her eyes a moment, trembling all over her fat body, then they snapped open again with the old fire undiminished. "Before I've finished with Langly he'll realize who has hold of him. But I'm not well. I'm going to Carlsbad. Shall I see you there?"

"I'm afraid not."

"You are going back into everything, I suppose."

"Yes."

"To forget her, I suppose."

He said pleasantly: "I do not wish to forget her. One prefers to think often of such a woman as Mrs. Leeds. There are not many like her. It is something of a privilege to have cared for her, and the memory is not—painful."

Mrs. Sprowl glared at him; and, as she thought of Langly, of Strelsa, of the collapse of her own schemes, the baffled rage began to smolder in her tiny green eyes till they dwindled and dwindled to a pair of phosphorescent sparks imbedded in fat.

"I did my best," she said hoarsely. "I'm not defeated if you're not. Say the word, and I'll start something." And suddenly she remembered Langly's threat involving the memory of a dead man whose only son now stood before her.

She knew that her words were vain, her boast empty; she knew there was nothing more for her to do—nothing even that Sir Charles might do toward winning Strelsa without also doing the only thing in the world which could really terrify herself. Even at the mere thought of it she trembled

again, and fear forced her to speech born of fear.

"Perhaps it is best for you to go," she faltered. "Absence is a last resort. It may be well to try it."

He bent over and took her hand. "There is no longer even a last resort," he said kindly. "I am perfectly reconciled. She is different from any other woman; ours was and is a high type of friendship. Sometimes, lately, I have wondered whether it ever could have been any more than that to either of us."

Mrs. Sprowl looked up at him, her face so altered and softened that his own grew graver. "You are like your father," she said unsteadily. "It was my privilege to share his friendship. And his friendship was of that kind—high-minded, generous, pure—asking no more than it gave—no more than it gave."

She laid her cheek against Sir Charles's hands, let it rest there an instant, then, averting her face, motioned his dismissal.

He went with a pleasant and gentle word or two; she sat bolt upright among her silken pillows, lips grimly compressed, but under her tightly closed eyelids tears trembled.

Sir Charles drew a long deep breath in the outer sunshine, filling his lungs with the fragrant morning air. Hedges still glistened with spiders' tapestry; the birds which sulked all day in their early molting-fever, still sang a little in the cool of the morning, and he listened to them as he walked, while his quiet, impartial eye ranged over the lovely rolling country, dew-washed and exquisite under a cloudless sky.

Far away he saw the chimneys of Langly Sprowl's sprawling country-seat, smoke rising from two, but he saw nothing of the angry horseman of the day before. Once, in the distance, on the edge of a copse, he saw a man creeping about on all-fours, evidently searching for some lost object in the thicket. Looking back from a long way off, he saw him still searching on his hands and knees, and wondered at his patience, half inclined to go back and aid him.

But about that time one of Sprowl's young bulls came walking over toward him with such menacing observations and deportment that Sir Charles promptly looked about him for an advance to the rear-front—a maneuver he had been obliged to learn in the late Transvaal unpleasantness.

And at the same moment he saw Chrysos Lacy.

There was no time for explanations; clearly she was too frightened to stir; so he quietly picked her up on his advance to the rear-front, carrying her in the first-aid style approved by the H. B. M. medical staff, and scaled the five-bar fence as no barrier had ever been scaled at Aldershot or Olympia by any warrior in khaki or scarlet tunic.

"Th-thank you," said Chrysos, unwinding her arms from the baron's neck as the bull came trotting up on the other side of the fence and bellowed at them. Not the slightest atom of fright remained, only a wild-rose tint in her cheeks. She considered the bull, absently, patted a tendril of hair into symmetry; but the breeze loosened it again, and she let it blow across her cheek.

"We should have been in South Africa together," said Sir Charles. "We maneuver beautifully as a unit."

The girl laughed, then spying more wild strawberries—the quest of which had beguiled her into hostile territory—dropped on her knees and began to explore.

The berries were big and ripe—huge drops of crimson honey hanging heavily, five to a stalk. The meadow-grass was red with them, and Sir Charles, without more ado, got down on all fours and started to gather them with all the serious and thorough determination characteristic of that warrior.

"You're not to eat any, yet," said Chrysos.

"Of course not; they're for your breakfast, I take it," he said.

"For yours."

He straightened up on his knees. "For mine?"

"Certainly."

"You didn't go wandering afield at this hour to pick wild strawberries for my breakfast!" he said incredulously.

"Yes, I did," said the girl; and continued exploring, parting the high grass-stems to feel for and detach some berry-loaded stem.

"Do you know," he said, returning to his labors, "that I am quite overcome by your thought of me."

"Why? We are friends. And it is to be your last breakfast."

There was not the slightest tremor in her voice, but her pretty face was carefully turned away so that if there was to be anything to notice in her features he could not notice it.

"I'll miss you a lot," he said.

"And I you, Sir Charles."

"You'll be over I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"That will be jolly," he said, sitting back on his heels to rest, and to watch her—to find pleasure in her youth and beauty as she moved gracefully amid the fragrant grasses, one little sun-tanned hand clasping a great bouquet of the crimson fruit, which nodded heavily amid tufts of trefoil leaves.

In the barred shadow of the pasture-fence they rested from their exertions, she rearranging their bouquets of berries and tying them fast with grass-stems.

"It has been a pleasant comradeship," he said.

"Yes."

"You have found it so, too?"

"Yes."

She appeared to be so intent, so absorbed on her bouquet-tying that he involuntarily leaned nearer to watch her. A fragrance, faintly fresh, seemed to grow in the air around him as the hill-breeze stirred her hair. If it came from the waving grass-tops, or the honeyed fruit or from her hair, or perhaps from those small, smooth hands, he did not know. For a long while they sat there without speaking, she steadily intent on her tying. Then, while still busy with a cluster, her slim fingers hesitated, wavered, relaxed; her hands fell to her lap, and she remained so, head bent, motionless.

After a moment he spoke, but she made no answer. Through and through him shot the thrilling comprehension of that exquisite avowal, childlike in its silent directness, charming in its surprise. A wave of tenderness and awe mounted within him, touching his bronzed cheeks with a deeper color.

"If you will, Chrysos," he said in a still voice.

She lifted her head and looked directly at him, and in her questioning gaze there was nothing of fear—merely the question.

"I can't bear to have you go," she said.

"I can't go—alone."

"Could you—care for me?"

"I love you, Chrysos."

Her eyes widened in wonder.

"You—you don't love me—do you?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. Will you marry me, Chrysos?"

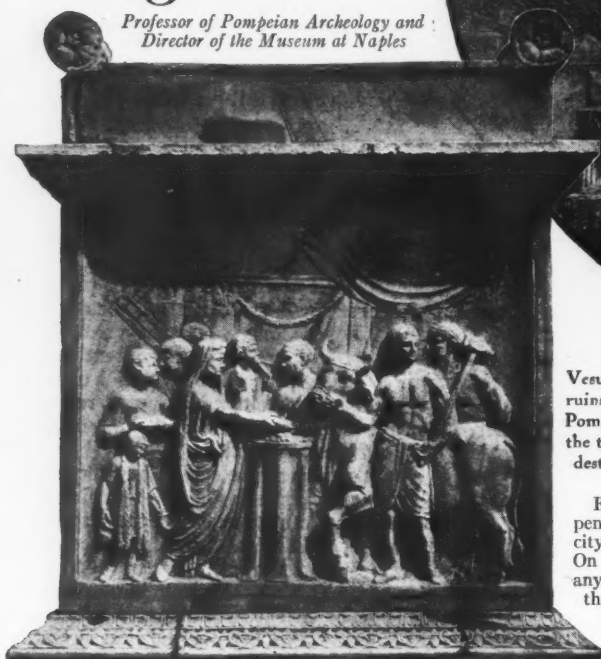
Her fascinated gaze met his in silence. He drew her close to his shoulder; she laid her cheek against it.

The last instalment of "*The Streets of Ascalon*" will appear in the December issue.

Probing Pompeii

By
*Professor
Antonio
Sogliano*

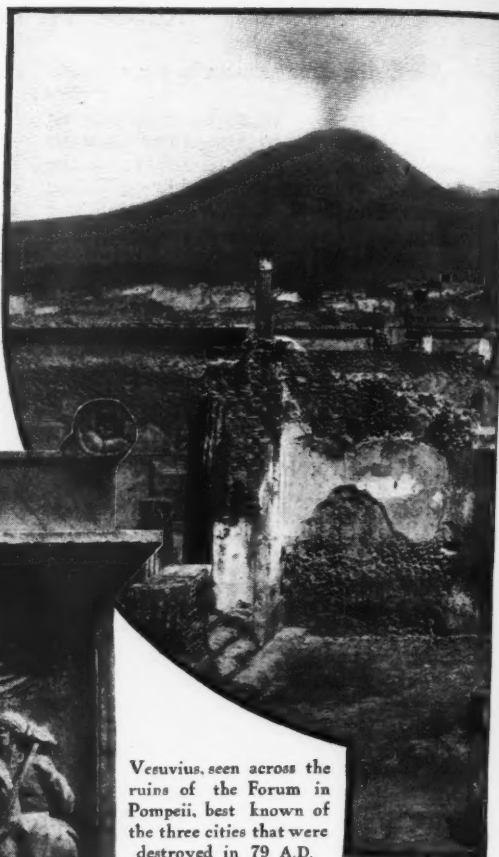
*Professor of Pompeian Archeology and
Director of the Museum at Naples*



A bas-relief of a sacrificial scene, found in the Temple of Mercury in almost as fine condition as when the Pompeians worshipped there over 1800 years ago

POMPEII is a priceless chapter of the days that are no more. The walls, the decorations, the inscriptions, both painted and drawn, the images, fountains, and balconies, all combine to spell the context of a story of incomparable value to the archeologist, the historian, and the student of the life of Rome in its glory.

To those who have the skill and experience to read the record, the ruins of Pompeii reveal a civilization strangely akin in many



Vesuvius, seen across the ruins of the Forum in Pompeii, best known of the three cities that were destroyed in 79 A.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Professor Sogliano, who penning there on that day in the year 79 city was not always a vast museum, its On the contrary, when the death-storm any American city of to-day. A political then as now. The city had its fair share of makes out a very human and interesting.

significant ways to that of the twentieth century. It would be a grave and an irremediable pity if even one mural syllable of the fragments of buildings are permitted to give way with the collapse of surrounding debris, they carry with them into the enveloping ruin a loss which art and time and wealth cannot restore.

The right method of exploration of the streets of Pompeii and the preservation of the treasures submerged in the tragedy that took place 1833 years ago, will give the world a view of



probed the cinder-choked streets of Pompeii for the story of what was happening when Vesuvius blotted it out, has pointed out here that the long-buried inhabitants rigid manikins, as we are inclined to think of it and them. broke, it was teeming with such interests as might absorb the attention of campaign was on; the women voted; Big Business looked after its interests ancient wealth, culture, and refinement. Altogether Professor Sogliano case for the city so long buried at the foot of the "Great Destroyer."

inestimable value into the life, the art, and the splendid progress of one of the most picturesque cities of the ages—a pulsating center of ancient humanity which vanished like a dream in the night.

There is a tendency to limn the characters of former ages in rigid lines. Excavations in Pompeii disclose the intensely human element of our forebears. Thus at the moment when the mountain burst forth and engulfed the city, its people were in the stress and contending turbulence of a political campaign. The differences between the methods of rival candidates then and now were less than their similarity. Instead of getting before the public

through newspapers and printed placards, campaign scriptors, or writers, traced the name and laudatory description of candidates on the newly whitened surface of walls previously prepared by the official whitewasher for the use of his own party.



A sculpture of Ariadne from Pompeii

One—slave-girl—of the 2000 Pompeians who perished.
The position of the hands indicates that she instinctively tried to protect her face from the hot ashes

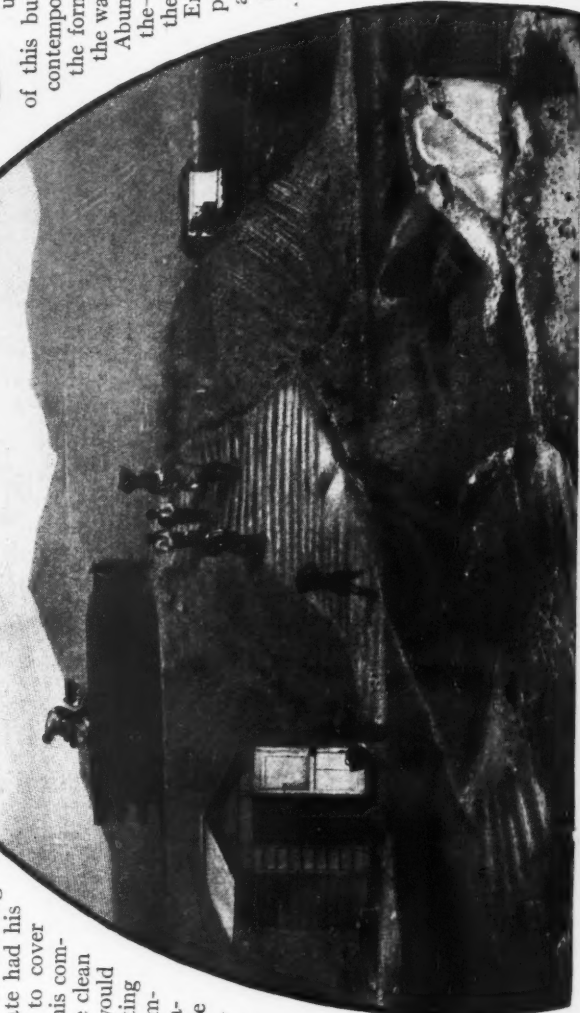


And the walls unearthed in Pompeii reveal that the political contest was not only intense, but that it had its own peculiar humor, various and contending statements in layers showing that each candidate had his own whitewasher to cover up the claims of his competitor, and on the clean wall new appeals would appear to the voting population of Pompeii. The excavations therefore give some very convincing proofs that the electoral movement in the city at the edge of Vesuvius was most lively and at that time passionate.

The language of that day we call dead; but there was nothing of classic repose in the life of that fated

has become known to those who have unearthed the past of this buried city, and the contemporary discoveries in the form of inscriptions on the walls of the Street of Abundance reestablish the great fact that in the cities of the Roman Empire the political power of women was a force which the greatest statesman of the period was glad to invoke and to enlist.

A fact like this alone will show every student of social progress and political economy how important it is that the Italian government should make certain that not one



should make certain that not one

scrap of the testimony of the walls should be effaced in the work of digging the ruins out so that they can be read by the archeologist.

The new finds also reassert what was known in regard to the political activity in Pompeii of various guilds and corporations

representing recognized arts and crafts and smaller industries. As trade unions and other organizations to-day march and speak shout for their chosen candidates, so like bodies were acclaiming their political favorites in Pompeii when the hot flood-blotted

out its life. Among the new discoveries is a novelty in the record of a hitherto unknown corporation

The form of a slave just as he died. Ashes mixed with rain preserved the mold of many bodies after they had turned to dust. Liquid plaster poured into these molds hardened in the form of the bodies. The band around the waist is a sign of servitude. — The large picture shows how the ruins are being uncovered. Laborers plod up the steps leading from the excavations, carrying out ashes on their shoulders.

which had its cohorts in the Pompeian campaign. This corporation, with apparently strong political influence, consisted of the vendors of a kind of cheese. In that day, as now disclosed by the unearthed inscriptions, the cheese, whose adherents marched in political parade, was known as *lac coactum*. It was a soft, fresh cheese, something like Devonshire cream. I have come to the conclusion that this *lac coactum* was identical with our modern Italian cheese called *ricotta*, because various paintings on the walls near the inscription give an exact reproduction of the cheese, in its conic shape, even as it is sold to this day in the streets and shops of Naples and Rome.

Along the Street of Abundance a mural painting has been discovered representing a *pompa* or procession of priests and priestesses, grouped round a statue of Cybele seated on a throne. The artist has sought to reproduce the moment in which the procession has stopped, and the statue of the goddess has been placed on the ground for the sacrificial offering. A smoking altar, in fact, is seen on the right of the goddess. In connection with this procession, on the wall to the left, behind a large room, probably a shop, is a graceful picture of the Pompeian Venus in her usual attitude and costume.

It is a very interesting fact that while on secular subjects the most insignificant mural painting in Pompeii is always a work of art, mediocrity of technique and execution is a characteristic of most of the religious pictures found in this buried Roman town. And so, while this painted procession of priests and priestesses has unique importance for historian and archeologist, it has no merit as a work of art. Genius did not seem to be inspired by pagan deities. Above the room or shop to which I have referred the new unearthings have disclosed in four rectangular spaces of different sizes, on a yellow background, the heads of Phœbus, Jupiter, Mercury, and Luna. These also are interesting, but not from the standpoint of art. Apparently a grudging brush in Pompeii was plied in the service of the gods. Perhaps the artists worked against their inclinations on religious topics. Certainly on other subjects the artists of the times left evidence of ability of exceptionally high degree.

Protruding over the room which housed the paintings of these gods and goddesses was one of the four so-called *mæniana*, or

balconies. There is a tendency to attempt to magnify archeological discoveries by ascribing to them attributes and purposes which they never possessed, when, in truth, the exact story of their utility is really of far more interest. In this instance, for example, the balcony described as a *mænianum* was not that, but a *solarium* for hanging clothes to dry; in other words, there is justification for the belief that, instead of being a place of religious rites or mystery, the establishment was a laundry. The Pompeians called it a *fulonica*. And so this balcony makes an interesting contrast to the many real *mæniana* or balconies discovered in Pompeii.

The Street of Abundance has been previously known, but not extensively excavated. It has been said that it meant to the people of Pompeii what the Ringstrasse means to-day to Vienna, Unter den Linden to Berlin, the Boulevard des Capucines to Paris, Piccadilly to London, Fifth Avenue to New York. Investigation of the importance of discoveries is denied all who apply. Even archeologists from England and other countries who have made recent pilgrimages to Pompeii have not been able to go over the grounds. It is the determination of the authorities to preserve jealously for the Italian people all the trophies unearthed in ancient Roman soil. Thus the scene of the new excavations in Pompeii is surrounded by a chain of sentinels. Strangers are warned off.

I would raise my voice as a scientist in favor of better methods for the preservation and restoration of the architectural fragments and works of art. The painted inscriptions and manifestoes which have recently been discovered are protected by glass screens. This is an excellent precaution, but before protecting the inscriptions, it would have been advisable to preserve even the most insignificant painting on the walls which are being crumbled into dust. If we visit to-day the Pompeian houses, which have been unearthed for some time past, one cannot but feel a pang on seeing the state of complete neglect and abandonment in which they lie: precious paintings have crumbled to pieces, or are so cracked as to be nothing more than indistinguishable fragments; few of them still receive the coating of transparent-wax solution which hitherto prolonged their life from year to year; creepers and other parasitic plants,



The Street of Abundance, the Fifth Avenue of Pompeii.

Further excavations in this high-class thoroughfare may reveal much that is still unknown of the affairs of this ancient city

insinuating their treacherous roots between the *tesserae* or bricks, carry on a slow war of wholesale destruction.

It has been predicted by the sanguine that in rich homes along the Street of Abundance, such as that of the Pompeian banker reputed to be Lucius Cecilius Metellus, great finds may come to light, and that in addition to amphoras of Etruscan and Trojan origin, marbles and figurines from Greece, Egypt, and Phœnicia, there may be unearthed original Latin manuscripts or even more ancient records, such as the work of Euripides or Sophocles and the like.

All this may be too much to expect. We do know that both the Greeks and the Romans produced infinitely more paintings than have been recorded or handed down. And we know that Vesuvius hermetically sealed in Pompeii, as if for posterity, paintings which otherwise would have been effaced long ago by the action of time. The people of Pompeii were particularly devoted to the painter's art, and therefore the utmost scientific precision in the work of excavating is indispensable if lasting good is to come of the work now under way in the ancient streets of the resurrected city.



Examining paintings on newly uncovered walls in Pompeii. —Part of a wine-shop. Everything here was found just as it was when the last patron left the place

"Wolfville"

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Wolfville Folks," etc.

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

The old West—the land of the last "frontier"—is gone. "Wolfville" could no more exist to-day than painted braves could again barter Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars. But the days that made "Wolfville" are so recent that we might almost expect to come face to face with Old Monte—now out of a job, of course—or Dave Tutt or Doc Peets or Texas or Black Jack or any of the rough-actioned, good-hearted men who helped to make Alfred Henry Lewis famous as a teller of tales of Western life—of "days that are no more." We haven't seen better stories of the period; in fact, it's almost too much to expect to find any quite as good. This story tells what happened when "Wolfville," with Enright at the helm, planned a wedding without consulting the bride to be

The Eternal Woman

"LAST evenin'," observed the Old Catleman, assuming an air of owlish profundity, at the same time waving his pipe-stem as though it were a wand to charm me into complete attention—"last evenin' I reads whar one of them deep, phil'sophic sports asserts that women, that a-way, is shore the sublimation of the unexpected. That's how he lays it down; an' he never hedges the bluff for so much as a single word. He insists that you can't put a bet on women. You can bet on hosses or kyards or stocks, but not on women—women bein' too plumb unexpected. Whatever do you-all make of sech doctrines?"

"What's your view?" I asked, by way of parry.

"Well, so far as my limited oppoortoonities permits me to have opinions, I'm obleeged to say that that phil'sophic party drives the center, rings, so to speak, the bell."

"Put a bet on women?" I repeated, with a purpose of smoking the old gentleman out and making him talk rather than the thought of settling any difficult point—"put a bet on women? I've known men who bet their hearts and souls on women."

"Shore! But that's sentiment, not sense. Hearts an' souls—yes! But not *dinero*, not money. Hearts an' souls!" Here my gray old friend became meditative, and I could see that his mind had turned back, as I hoped it would, to run former and half-

forgotten trails. "That's preecisely what Dead Shot Baker does; he bets his heart an' soul on a woman. An' Dead Shot loses."

"Which you never knows Dead Shot Baker?" This, with a questioning glance my way. "No? Well, you shore misses knowin' a man! Still, it ain't none strange neither; even Wolfville's acquaintance with Dead Shot's only what you-all might call casyooal, him not personally lastin' more'n three months."

"The first time we-all ever sees Dead Shot, he comes trackin' into the Red Light one evenin' jest after the stage rolls up. Bein' it's encroachin' on second drink-time, he sidles up to the bar; an', his manner some diffident an' apol'getic, says,

"Gents, do you-all feel like a little lickin' that a-way?"

"It bein' imp'lite to reefuse, we assembles within strikin' distance of the bottles Black Jack is slammin' the len'th of the counter, an' begins spillin' out our forty drops. At this he becomes even more apol'getic."

"Which I trusts," he says, "that no one'll mind much if I takes water?"

"Of course no one minds. Wolfville don't make no speshulty of forcin' whiskey onto no gent who's disinclined."

"As we picks up our glasses, Dead Shot sets to introdoochin' himse'f. 'My name, gents,' he says, 'is Baker, Abner Baker. The Wells-Fargo folks brings me down yere from Santa Fé to ride shotgun for 'em.'

"The name's plenty s'fficient. It's him who goes to a show-down with them three road-agents who lays for the stage over in a spur of the Black Range back of San Marcial, an' hives the three. That battle saves the company \$200,000; an' they're that pleased with Dead Shot's industry, they skins the co pany's bank-roll for a bundle of money the size of a roll of blankets, an' gives it to him by way of reward. It's the talk of the two territories.

"While we-all knows Dead Shot when he speaks his name, none of us lets on. It's ag'inst ettiquette in the Southwest to know more of a gent than what he tells himse'f.

"So water's all you samples?' puts in Texas Thompson, as we stands an' drinks.

"It's like this,' explains Dead Shot, appealin' 'round with his eye. 'You see, I can't drink nose-paint none, an' drink successful.'

"Shore,' observes Doc Peets, comin' to the rescoo; 'thar's gents so organized that to go givin' 'em lick is like tryin' to play a harp with a hammer.'

"That's me,' exclaims Dead Shot; 'that's me, gents, every time! Give me a spoonful, an' I deemands a bar'l. After which, thar' ain't no se'f-respectin' camp that'll stand for my game.'

"I savvys what you means,' says Dave Tutt; 'I recalls in my own case once how, on the hocks of mebbly it's the ninth drink—which this is years an' years ago, though—I mistakes a Dem'crat rally for a Methodist praise-meetin', an' comes ramblin' in an' offers to lead in pra'r. Gents, I carries the scars to this day.'

"I expects my wife'll come rackin' along *poco tiempo*,' Dead Shot reemarks, after a pause. 'I'm yere as advance-gyard to sling things into shape.'

"It's as good as a toone of music to see how softly his face lights up. He's as big and wide an' thick an' strong as Boggs, an' yet it's plain as paint that this yere wife of his, whoever she is, can jest nacherally make curl-papers of him.

"That mention of a wife sets Texas to growlin'. 'Thar you be, Dan!' I overhears him say, same as if he's been ill treated; 'the instant this Dead Shot says "water" I'm onto it that he's a married man. Water an' matrimony goes hand in hand.'

"Now I don't see why none?' retorts Boggs.

"Because water's weakenin'. Feed a sport on water, an' it enfeebls him to that extent it's a cinch he falls a prey to the first female woman who ropes at him.'

"Thar's Dave,' Boggs argyvoos, noddin' towards Tutt; 'ain't he drinkin' that time he weds Tucson Jennie?'

"Dave's the exception. Also, you-all remembers them circumstances, Dan. Dave don't marry Jennie; Jennie simply ups an' has him.'

"All the same,' contends Boggs, 'I don't regyard Dead Shot's sobriety as a drawback. Thar's lots of folks who's cap'ble of bein' sober an' sociable at one an' the same time.'

"These yere low-voiced wranglin's between Texas an' Boggs is off to one side. Meanwhile, the gen'ral confab proceeds.

"You ain't been long hooked up?' says Peets, addressin' Dead Shot.

"About a year. She's in the stage that time I has the trouble with them hold-ups in the Black Range, an' she allows she likes my style.'

"We-all hears about that Black Range battle,' reemarks Enright.

"It's a mighty lucky play for me,' says Dead Shot; 'I don't ree'lize it while I'm workin' my Winchester, but I'm winnin' a' angel all the time. That's on the level, gents! I never puts my arm 'round her yet, but what I go feelin' for wings.'

"Don't this make you sick?' Texas growls to Boggs.

"No, it don't,' Boggs replies; 'on the contrary, I'm teched.'

"Gents,' goes on Dead Shot, an' I sees his mustache tremble that a-way, 'I don't mind confessin' she's that angelic I'm half afraid to marry her. I ain't fine enough! It's like weddin' gunny-sack to silk—me makin' her my wife. Which I shore has to think an' argyoo with myse'f a whole lot, before I accoomulates the courage. At last, however, I gets a idee. Ain't you-all ever noticed'—yere he appeals 'round to Peets—'that every time you meets up with a angel thar's always some smoke-begrimed an' sin-encrusted son of Satan workin' double-turn to support her?'

"Peets nods.

"Shore! Well, it's sech reflections which final gives me the required sand. An' so, one evenin' up in Albuquerque we prances before a *padre*, an' we're married. You bet, it's like a vision.'

"Any papooses?" asks Tutt, plumb pompous.

"None as yet," confesses Dead Shot, lookin' abashed.

"Which I've nacherally got one," an' yere Tutt swells. "You can put your case peso on it he's the real thing, too."

"Little Enright Peets is certainly a fine child," reemarks Faro Nell. Nellie's come trapsein' across from the O. K. restauraw to take her place as lookout for Cherookee's game, an' overhears Tutt's boast. "Dave, you're shore licensed to be proud of him."

"That's whatever!" adds Boggs. "Little Enright Peets is the no'th star of all hoomanity!"

"Mebby a week passes, an' one mornin' Dead Shot goes squanderin' over to Tucson to bring his wife. An' nacherally we're on what they calls in St. Looey the '*quee veeve*' to see her. At that, we-all don't crowd 'round none permiscus when the stage arrives, an' avoids everything which borders on mob voylence.

"Dead Shot hits the street, lookin' that happy it's like he's in a dream, an' then goes feelin' about, soft an' solictous, inside. At last he lifts her out, an' stands thar holdin' her in his arms. She's shore beautiful; only she ain't no bigger'n a ten-year-old young one. Yellow ha'red an' bloo eyed, she makes you think of these yere china ornaments that's regyarded artistic by the Dutch.

"They're certainly a contrast—him big as a house, her as small an' pretty as a doll! An' you should see that enamored Dead Shot look at her!—long an' deep, like a man drinkin'! Son, sometimes I fears that women, that a-way, misses all knowledge of how much they're loved.

"She ain't sick," says Dead Shot, speakin' gen'ral; "only she twists her off ankle gettin' out at the last station."

"Dead Shot heads for the little 'dobe he's fitted up, packin' his bloo-eyed doll in his arms. What's our impressions? No gent who signs the books as sech'll say anything ag'in a lady; but between us, thar's a sooperior wrinklin' of the little tipped-up nose, an' a cold feel to them bloo eyes, which don't leave us plumb enthoosiastic.

"It's like this," volunteers Enright, who stacks in to explain things; "every gent's got his ideal; an' this yere wife of his is Dead Shot's ideal."

"Whatever's an ideal, Doc?" asks Boggs,

who's always romancin' about for information.

"Which an ideal, Dan," Peets replies, "is the partic'lar gold brick you're tryin' to buy."

"At the time Dead Shot's standin' thar, with his fam'ly in his arms, Faro Nell comes out on the Red Light steps to take a peek. Also, Missis Rucker an' Tucson Jennie is hoverin' about all sim'lar. After Dead Shot an' his bride has faded into their 'dobe, them three experts holds a energetic consultation in the street. Of course none of us has the hardihood to go j'inin' in their deelibrations, but from what's said later we gets a slant at their conclussions.

"Dead Shot's a mighty sight too good for her," is how Faro Nell gives jedgment. "It's peltin' pigs with pearls, for him to go lovin' her like he does."

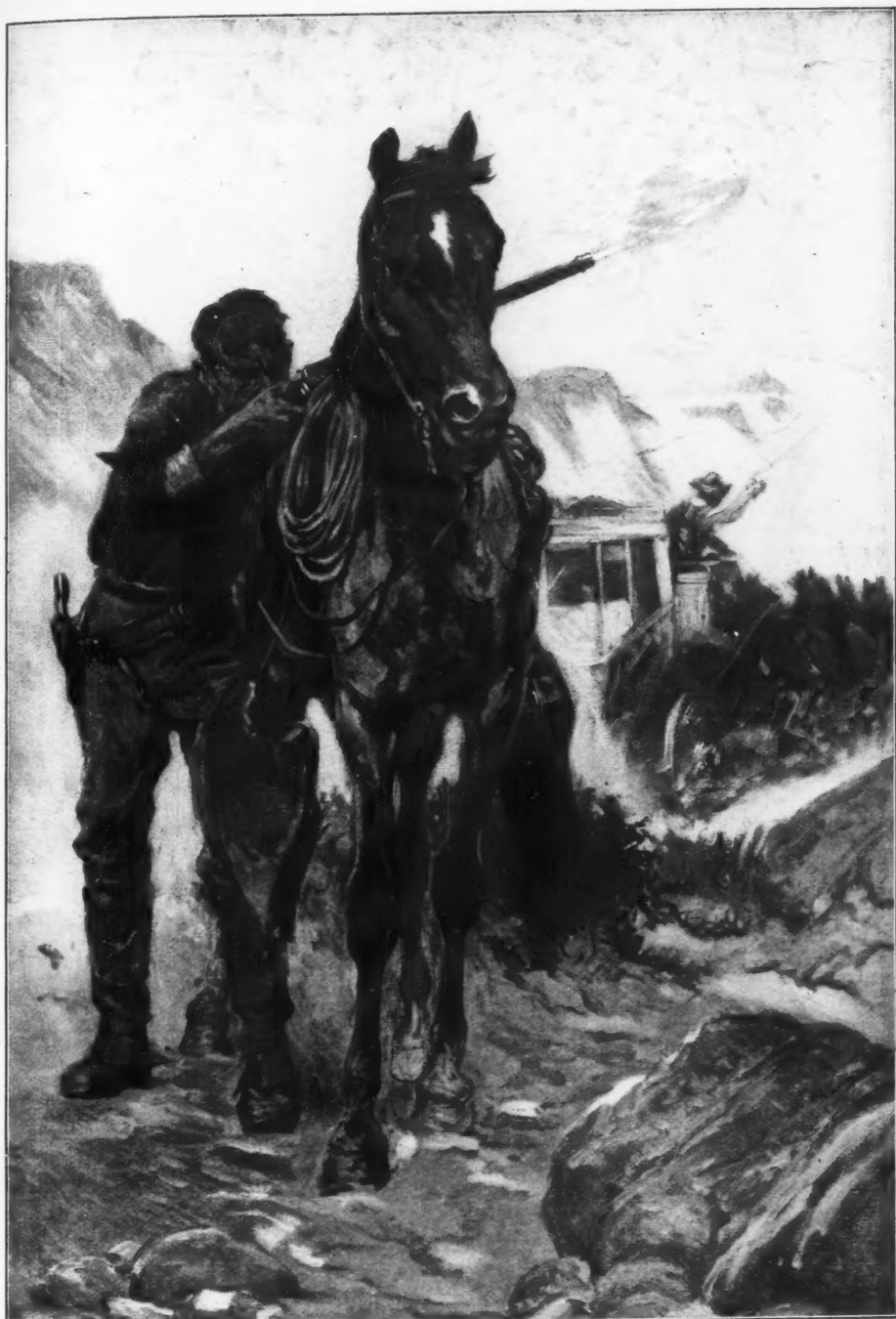
"Shore; bein' ladies that a-way, Missis Rucker, Tucson Jennie, an' Faro Nell all visits Dead Shot's wife. But the feelin' is that they finds her plumb stuck up an' haughty. This yere notion is upheld by Missis Rucker later callin' her a 'minx,' while Tucson Jennie mentions her as a 'cat' on two sep'rate occasions.

"Dead Shot an' his doll-bride, in the beginnin', seems to be gettin' along all right. It's only when thar's money goin' over that Dead Shot has to buckle on his guns an' ride out with the stage, an' this gives him time to hang 'round a heap an' worship her. Also, I'm yere to reemark that if ever a white man sets up an idol, that a-way, an' says his pra'rs to it, that gent's Dead Shot. Thar's nothin' to it; prick her finger, an' you pierce his heart."

"It'd be beautiful if it wasn't awful," says Faro Nell.

"It ain't a month when certain events lifts up their black snaky heads that goes to justify them comments of Nell's. Thar's been a White House shift back in Washington, an' a new postmaster's sent out. He's a half-sized, dapper party, with what Peets calls a 'Van Dyke' beard, an' smells like a ha'r-dresser's shop.

"Now if affairs stops thar, we could have stood it. But they don't. I abhors to say it, but it ain't two weeks before Dead Shot's wife's makin' eyes at that ha'r-oil postmaster. Them times when Dead Shot's dooties has took him to the other end of the trail, she's over to the post-office constant. None of us says anything, not even



DRAWN BY J. H. MARCHAND

"The name's plenty s'fficient. It's him who goes to a show-down with them three road-agents who lays for the stage over in a spur of the Black Range back of San Marcial, an' hives the three"

to ourselves; but when it gets to whar she shoves you away from the letter-place, an' begins talkin' milk and honey to him right thar onder your nose an' eyes, onless you're as blind as bats an' as deaf as the adder of Scriptoore which stoppeth her y'ear, you're shore bound to do some thinkin'.

"Which if ever a gov'ment offishul," exclaims Texas, as he comes t'arin' into the Red Light one evenin', deemandin' drinks—"which if ever a gov'ment offishul goes organizin' his own fooneral that a-way, it's that deeboshed postmaster next door!"

"Thar's nothin' said, but we-all knows whar's on Texas's mind. That wife of Dead Shot's, for the fo'th time that day, has gone askin' for letters.

"She writes 'em to herse'f,' is the way Missis Rucker lays it down. 'Also, it's doo to the crim'nal besottedness of that eegregious Dead Shot,' she continyoos; 'the man's simply love-blind!'

"You ain't goin' to t'ar into him for that, be you?' Faro Nell asks, her tones reproachful. 'Him lovin' her like he does shore makes a hit with me. A limit goes in faro-bank, but my notion is that folks ought to take the bridle off when the game's love.'

"But all the same he needn't get that lovin' it addles him,' says Missis Rucker. 'In a way it's Dead Shot's fault, her actin' like she does. Instead of keepin' them Mexicans to do her work, Dead Shot ought to make her go surgin' round an' care for her house herse'f. Thar ain't nobody needs steady employment more'n a woman. You-all savvys whar it says that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"? Which you bet that means women—an' postmasters—every time.'

"Missis Rucker continyoos along sim'lar lines, mighty inflexible, for quite a spell. She concloodes by sayin':

"You keep a woman waltzin' round a cookstove, or wrastlin' a washtub, or jugglin' pots an' skilletts, same as them sleight-of-hand folks at the Bird Cage Op'ry House, an' she won't be so free to primp an' preen an' look at herse'f in the glass, an' go gaddin' after letters which she herse'f has done writ.'

"Things goes on swingin' an' rattlin', an' the open-air flirtations which Dead Shot's wife keeps up with that outcast of a postmaster's shore enough to give you a chill. We sets thar, powerless, expectin' a killin' every minute.

"An' all the time, like his eyes has took a lay-off, Dead Shot wanders to an' fro boastin' an' braggin' in the mushiest way about his wife. Moreover—an' this trenches on eediotcy—he goes out of his path to make a pard of the postmaster, an' actchooally has that deebauchee over to his shack evenin's.

"Dead Shot even begins singin' the praises of this office-holder. 'Which it's this a-way,' he says; 'what with him bein' book-read, an' a sport who's seen foreign lands, he's company for my wife. She herse'f's eddicated to a feather-edge; that's what gives 'em so much in common.'

"Thar's all the same a note in Dead Shot's voice as he gets this off that's like the echo of a groan. It looks, too, as though that ghost of a groan sets fire to Texas, who jumps as if he's stung by a t'rant'ler.

"Come,' he says, grabbin' Boggs by the shoulder.

"Texas has Boggs drug half-way to the door, before Enright can head 'em off.

"Whar to?' demands Enright; an' then adds, 'Don't you-all boys go nigh that post-office.'

"All right,' says Texas final, but gulpin' a little, 'then we won't, Sam. Me an' Dan yere'll merely take a pasear as far as the graveyard, by way of reecoverin' our sperits an' to get the air. I'll shore blow up if obleeged to listen to that Dead Shot any longer.'

"I sees it in his eye,' Enright says in a low tone to Peets, as he resoomes his cha'r; 'Texas is goin' to go chargin' into the post-office an' bend his gun over that letterman's head.'

"How often has I told you, Dan,' asks Texas, after they gets headed for Boot Hill, an' Texas has somewhat regained his aplomb, 'that women is a brace game?'

"Not all women,' Boggs objects; 'thar's Faro Nell.'

"Shore; Nell!' Texas assents. 'Sech as Nell has all of the honor an' honesty of a Colt's .45. A gent can rely on the Nellie kind, same as he can on his guns. But Nellie's one in one thousand. Them other nine hundred and ninety-nine'll deal you the odd kyard, Dan, every time.'

"When Texas an' Boggs arrives at Boot Hill, Texas goes seelectin' about, same as if he's searchin' out a site for a grave. At last he finds a place whar thar's nothin' but mesquit, soapweed, an' rocks—it's that ornery.



"Dead Shot heads for the little 'dobe he's fitted up, packin' his bloo-eyed doll in his arms"

"Yere's whar we plants him,' says Texas —'off yere, by himse'f, same as so much carrion.'

"Who you talkin' about?' asks Boggs, some amazed.

"Who?' repeats Texas; 'whoever but that postmaster? Dead Shot's got to get him soon or late. An' followin' the obsequies, thar ain't goin' to be no night gyards neither. Which if them coyotes wants to dig him up, they can have him.'

"Thar ain't no coyote in Cochise County who's sunk that low,' says Boggs.

"Like every other outfit, Wolfville sees its hours of sunshine an' its hours of gloom, its lights an' its shadders. But I'm yere

to state that it never passes through no more nerve-rackin' eepock than that which it puts in about Dead Shot an' his wife. She don't bother us so much as him. It's Dead Shot himse'f, praisin' up the postmaster an' paintin' the sun-kissed virchoose of his wife, who keeps the sweat a-pourin' down the gen'ral face. An' all that's left us is to stand pat, an' wait for the finish! Also, we can't he'p figgerin' but what that finish is shore bound to come off in smoke.

"One day the Wells-Fargo people sends Dead Shot back up to Santa Fé to take a money-box over to Taos. Two days later, Dead Shot's wife finds she's got to go visit Tucson. Likewise, the postmaster allows

he's ordered to Wilcox to straighten out some departmental kinks. Which we simply sets thar an' looks at each other—the play's that gauzy.

"The postmaster an' Dead Shot's wife goes out on the same stage. Old Monte starts once to tell us what happens, but the mis'able profligate don't get far.

"Gent's," he says, 'that last trip, when Dead Shot's—'

"Shet up!" roars Enright, an' Old Monte shore shets up.

"It comes plenty close to killin' the old dipsomaniac at that. He swells an' he swells, with that pent-up scandal inside of him, until he looks like a dissipated horned toad. But, sech is his awe of Enright, he never opens his clam-shell.

"It's a week before Dead Shot's wife gets back, an' the postmaster don't show up till four days later. Then Dead Shot himse'f comes trackin' in.

"Faro Nell, who's eyes is plumb keen that a-way, lets on to Cherokee that Dead Shot looks some sorrow-ridden. But I don't know! Dead Shot's nacherally grave, havin' no humor. A gent who constant goes messin' round with road-agents, shootin' an' bein' shot at, ain't apt to effervesce. Nell sticks to it, jest the same, that he's onder a cloud.

"Dead Shot continyoos to play his old system, an' cavorts 'round plurab friendly with the postmaster, an' goes teeterin' yere an' thar tellin' what a boon from heaven on high his wife is, same as former. Faro Nell shakes her head when Cherokee mentions this last.

"That's his throw-off," she says.

"One evenin Dead Shot comes trailin' into the Red Light, an' strolls over to whar Cherokee's dealin' bank.

"What's the limit?" he asks.

"At this, we-all looks up a whole lot. It's the first time ever Dead Shot talks of puttin' down a bet.

"Cherokee's face is like a mask—the face of the born kyard-sharp. He shows no more astonishment than if Dead Shot's been settin' in ag'inst his game every evenin' for a month. 'One hundred an' two hundred,' says Cherokee.

"Bueno!" an' Dead Shot lays down two one-hundred-dollar bills open between the king and queen, neither bein' a case-kyard.

"Thar's two turns. The third the kyards falls 'ten-king,' an' Faro Nell shoves over

two hundred dollars in bloo checks. Thar they lay, with the two one-hundred-dollar bills, between the king an' queen.

"Does it go as it lays?" asks Dead Shot, it bein' double the limit.

"It goes," says Cherokee, never movin' a muscle.

"One turn, an' the kyards falls 'trey-queen.' Nell shoves four hundred across to match up with Dead Shot's four hundred.

"An' now?" Dead Shot asks.

"I'll turn for it," Cherokee reesponds.

"It's yere that Dead Shot's luck goes back on him. The turn comes 'queen-jack,' an' Nell rakes down the eight hundred.

"Dead Shot's hand goes to the butt of his gun, his eyes on Cherokee. 'I've been robbed,' he says; 'thar's fifty-three kyards in that deck.'

"Cherokee's on his feet, his gun half drawn. But Nell's as quick. Her hand's on Cherokee's, an' she keeps the gun whar it belongs.

"Steady!" she says; 'can't you see he's only coaxin' you to bump him off?' Then, with her face full on Dead Shot, she continyoos: 'It won't do, Dead Shot; it won't do none! You-all can't get it handed to you yere! You're in the wrong shop; you-all ought to try next door!' An' Nell p'int with her thumb through the wall to the post-office.

"Dead Shot stands thar the color of seegyar ashes, while Cherokee settles ca'mly back in his cha'r. Cherokee's face is as bar' of expression as a blank piece of paper, as he runs his eye along the lay-out, makin' ready for the next turn. Thar's mebbly a dozen of us playin', but not a word is spoke. Everyone is onto Dead Shot's little game the moment Faro Nell begins to talk.

"Matters seems to hang on centers until Nell stretches across an' lays her little hand on Dead Shot's. 'Thar ain't a soul in sight,' she says, mighty soft an' good, 'but what's your friend, Dead Shot.'

"Dead Shot, pale as a candle, wheels toward the door. Half-way thar, he stops an' looks back. 'When I calls that deal crooked,' he says, 'I lies.'

"Pore Dead Shot!" murmurs Faro Nell, an' the tears is in her eyes to that extent she has to ask Boggs to take her place as look-out.

"Four hours goes by, an' thar's the poundin' thud of a pony's hoofs, an' the creak of saddle-leathers, out in front. It's the



DRAWN BY J. M. RICHARDS

"Dead Shot stops short at this hitch in the discussion, by reason of a bullet from the Lightnin' Bug's pistol, which lodges in his lung. Folks can't talk to any degree with a bullet in their lungs"

Red Dog chief; he's come lookin' for Enright.

"They confabs a minute or two at a table to the r'ar, an' Enright calls Peets over.

"Dead Shot's gone an' got himse'f downed," he says; "an' he wants us."

"It's on the squar', gents," explains the Red Dog chief; "Dead Shot'll say so himse'f. He jest nacherally comes huntin' it."

"It looks like Dead Shot, after that failure with Cherokee in the Red Light, p'int across for Red Dog. He searches out a peccoliarly nervous party, who's called the Lightnin' Bug on account of the spontaneous character of his six-shooter. Dead Shot finds the Lightnin' Bug talkin' with two fellow gents. He listens a while, an' then takes charge of the conversation.

"Bug," he says, raisin' his voice like it's a challenge—"Bug, only I'm afraid folks'll think it's troo an' string you up a whole lot, I'd say it's you who stood up the stage last week in Apache Canyon. Also"—an' yere Dead Shot takes to gropin' about in his jeans, same as if he's feelin' fer a knife—"it bein' customary with me, on occasions sech as this, to cut off the y'ear of—"

"Dead Shot stops short at this hitch in the discussion, by reason of a bullet from the Lightnin' Bug's pistol, which lodges in his lung. Folks can't talk to any degree with a bullet in their lungs. When Peets an' Enright finds him, he's spread out on the Red Dog chief's blankets, coughin' blood, with the sorrow-stricken Lightnin' Bug proppin' him up one moment to drink water, an' sheddin' tears over him the next, alternate.

"The Red Dog chief leads out the weepin' Lightnin' Bug, who's lamentin' mighty grievous, an' leaves Enright an' Peets alone with Dead Shot.

"It's all right, gents," whispers Dead Shot; "I comes lookin' for it, an' I gets it. Likewise, she ain't to blame; it's me. I oughtn't to have married her—she only a girl, an' me a full-growed man who should have had sense for both."

"That's no lie," says Peets, an' Dead Shot gives him a grateful look.

"No," he goes on, "she's too fine, too high—I wasn't her sort. An' I ought to have seen it."

"Yere he has a tussle to hang on, an' Peets pours him out some whiskey.

"It's lickin', ain't it?" Dead Shot gasps, sniffin' the glass; "I'm for water, Doc, lickin' makin' me that ornery."

"Down with it," urges Peets. "Which if I'm a jedge you'll pack in long before you're able to start anything extra serious, even if you drinks a gallon."

"Shore!" agrees Dead Shot, as though the idee brings him relief. "For a moment it slips my mem'ry about me bein' plugged. But as I'm sayin', gents; don't blame her. An' don't blame him. I has my chance, an' has it all framed up, too, when I crosses up with 'em recent over in Tucson, to kill 'em both. But I passes up the play. I can't do it. Gents, the six-shooter, at sech a time's played out. That's straight; it don't fill the bill—don't tech the spot. So all I can do is feel sorry for 'em a whole lot, an' never let 'em even know I knows. For after all it ain't their fault, it's mine. She's never meant for me, bein' too fine; an' me a man—I ought to have knowed."

"Dead Shot ceases talkin', an' Enright glances up at Peets. Peets shakes his head, plenty sorrowful. "Go on," he says to Dead Shot; "you-all wants us to do—what?"

"Thar you be!" an', with that, Dead Shot's mind comes creepin' back to camp. "She'll be happy with him—they havin' so much in common—an' him an' her bein' eddicated that a-way—an' him havin' traveled a whole lot! An' this yere's what I wants, gents. I wants you-all, as a kindness to me an' in a friendly way—seein' I can't stay none to look-out the play myse'f—to promise to sort o' supervise 'round, an' put them nuptials over right. I takes time by the forelock, an' sends for a sky-pilot two days ago; bar accidents, he'll be in camp by to-morry. He can work in at the funeral, too, an' make it a whipsaw."

"Dead Shot turns his eyes on Enright, an' then on Peets.

"You'll shore see that he marries her?—promise!" An' thar's a quaver in his voice, Peets tells me, that's like a pra'r.

"Thar's my hand, Dead Shot," says Enright, who's chokin' a little. "So far as the letter-man's concerned, it'll be the altar or the windmill, Jack Moore an' a lariat or that preacher party you refers to."

"Dead Shot's gettin' mighty weak. After Enright promises, he leans back like he's takin' a rest. He's so still they're beginnin' to figger he's done cashed in, but all at once he starts up like he's overlooked some bet, an' has turned back from eternity that a-way to 'tend to it.

"About Cherokee an' his box," he whis-

pers; 'that's a wrong bluff I makes. Tell him I don't mean nothin'; I'm only out to draw his fire.'

"After this, Dead Shot only rouses once. His voice ain't more'n a sigh, as he says: 'I forgets to tell you to give her my love. An' you say I'm bumped off like snuffin' out a candle—too plumb abrupt for her to get yere. Let her down easy—an' let her know that I loves her to the last. An' don't blame her none, gents; it's not her fault, it's mine.'

"It's the week after the fooneal. The postmaster's still in town, partly by nacheral preference, partly because Enright app'int

Boggs an' Jack Moore to ride herd on him, an' fill him as full of lead as a bag of bullets in event he ondertakes to go stampedin' off. It's in the Red Light, the seventh evenin', when Enright rounds up Peets.

"'Doc,' he says, 'a month would be more respect'ble, but this yere's beginnin' to tell on me.'

"'Besides,' adds Peets, 'that preacher sharp, who's corralled over to Missis Rucker's, is gettin' restless. Unless we sidelines or puts hobbles on that divine, we-all can't expect to go holdin' him much longer.'

"Enright leads the way to the r'ar ware-room of the Noo York Store, which—bein' whar the Strangers holds their meetin's—is Wolfville's hall of jestic. After licker is brought, Enright sends Jack Moore for the postmaster, who comes in lookin' plenty white. Missis Rucker brings over the divine; an', next, Dead Shot's widow—she's plumb lovely in black—appears on the arm of Peets, who goes in person.

"Thar's a question in her eye, like she don't understand.

"'Roll your game,' says Enright to the preacher sharp, plenty abrupt.

"It's yere an' now Dead Shot's widow b'ars out that philos'pher who announces so plumb cold, that a-way, that women's the subl'mation of the onexpected. Jack Moore's jest beginnin' to manoeover an' manhandle that reecreant public servant into p'sition, on the widow's left hand, so's he can be married to best advantage, an'



"Dead Shot turns his eyes on Enright, an' then on Peets. 'You'll shore see that he marries her?—promise!' An' thar's a quaver in his voice, Peets tells me, that's like a pra'r"

the preacher sharp's gettin' out an' openin' his book of rooles, when the widow draws back.

"P'intin' at the bridegroom postmaster, same as if he's a stingin' lizard, she says to Enright, 'Whatever's the meanin' of this?'"

"Merely the croode preelim'naries, ma'am," Enright explains, "to what we-all trusts will prove a mighty deesir'ble weddin'."

"Me marry him?" cries the widow; an' the onmitigated scorn that relict of Dead Shot's discloses, to say nothin' of her tone of voice, shore makes that postmaster feel plumb chagrined. An' look it.

"You'll pardon us, ma'am," returns Enright, soft an' depreccatory, sort o' tryin' to get her feelin's bedded down—"which you'll shore pardon us, if in our dulness we misreads your sentiments. You see, the notion gets somehow pruned into us that you wants this party. Which if we makes a mistake, by way of rep'rations all I can say is that if thar's anyone else in sight whom you preefers, an' who's s'fficiently single to render him el'gible for wedlock"—yere Enright takes in Boggs an' Texas with his gaze, whar'at Texas grows as green-eyed as a cornered bobcat—"he's yours, ma'am, on simply p'intin' him out."

"Which I don't want to marry no one," the widow declar's, commencin' to sob. "An' as for marryin' him speshul"—an' yere she glances at the bridegroom postmaster in sech a hot an' drastic way he's left shrivelin' in his own shame—"I'd sooner live an' die the widow of Dead Shot Abner Baker, who's a *man*, than be the wife of a cornfield full of sech."

"Everybody stares, an' Enright takes a modicum of Old Jordan.

"You don't deeserve this none," he says at last, addressin' the postmaster bridegroom. "Onder the circumstances, however, thar's nothin' left for me to do as cha'rman but deecar' this yere ceremony a misdeal."

"Texas is plumb disgusted. 'Don't some folks have nigger luck, Dan?' he says.

"Later, after thinkin' things over in his mind, Texas takes ombrage at Enright's invitin' Dead Shot's widow to look him an' Boggs over that a-way, an' take her pick.

"Which sech plays don't stand ace-high with me, Sam," Texas says—"you tryin' to auction me off, like you does. Even a

stranger, with a half-way hooman heart, after hearin' my story would say that I already suffers enough. An' yet you, who calls yourse'f my friend, does all that lays in your callous power to thrust me back into torment."

"Texas," replies Enright, like he's bore about all he can, "you shorely worries me with your conceit. If you-all won't take my word none, then go take a good hard look at yourse'f in the glass. Thar's never the slightest resk, as everybody but you yourse'f sees plainly, of that lady or any other lady takin' you."

"You thinks not?" asks Texas, plenty incensed.

"Which I *knows* not. That lady's lot ain't quite that desp'rate."

"Well," returns Texas, after grouchin' 'round some, his face expressin' soreness, "I'm yere to say, Sam, I don't agree with you, none whatever. It's evident you forgets that I've already been took once in wedlock bonds by one lady; an' while that Laredo wife of mine is hard an' crooel, all Texas knows she's plumb partic'lar, an' no one ever yet comes skallyhootin' up the trail who doubts her taste. Which I wouldn't have stood it."

"It's the evenin' before the preacher sharp goes back to Tucson, an' Enright edges him off into a corner of the O. K. dinin'-room after supper.

"Parson," says Enright, lookin' like he's a heap bothered about somethin'—"parson, in addition to your little game as a preacher that a-way, you don't happen to be up on the table-tippin' or sperit-rappin' racket, same as them mediums, do you?"

"Which I shore don't," replied the preacher sharp, mighty resentful an' por-kyoopinish. "Likewise, I regyards them cer'monials you alloodes to as satanic in their or'gin."

"Doubtless, parson," returns Enright, some disapp'inted, "doubtless! Still, if you-all counts the rings on my horns, as givin' some impression of the years I've lived an' what troubles I've prob'ly gone through, you'll onderstand that I don't go takin' Satan no more serious than I does a empty six-shooter. But the mere trooth is, parson, I'm hag-rid by them promises I makes deecesed. Which I'd give a yellow stack or so to get put next to Dead Shot's sperit long enough to explain how, as to them nuptials, me an' the Doc falls down."

The next "Wolfville" story will appear in the December issue.

THE REMARKABLE EXPLOITS OF

Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "The Long Arm of Mannister," "The Moving Finger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

The best selling British author in the United States is E. Phillips Oppenheim. That's a record that would justify us in "laying it on thick," but most of you know him and need no urging to read his stories. For those who meet him here for the first time we will say that this series—this is the second story, but complete in itself—is one of the best he has ever written and should be begun right now. Last month Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde formed a partnership to render first aid in emergencies. The first thing they did was to help a beautiful young woman get married twice. This time they bring about a meeting between Scotland Yard and some of London's most sought-after criminals. You'll like the nerve of Grace Burton, who can handle a pistol or look into its cold muzzle without flinching. She does both in this story

The Human Four

STEPHEN PRYDE, with five hundred pounds in the bank, started life afresh. He began by returning to his regular routine, temporarily interfered with by the loss of his money. He played golf on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, fenced on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, and played auction bridge during those afternoons at his club. On Saturdays he took a holiday. After about a month, however, he became conscious of a distinct slackening of interest in these pursuits. His late plunge into the more adventurous life had unsettled him. He began to hang about the police courts, to scrape acquaintance with the smaller fry among the detectives. He developed theories of his own about criminology. He visited prisons and talked with suspected men. He became a voluminous reader of a certain type of literature. He even haunted the neighborhood in which famous crimes had been committed. He began, also, about the same time to haunt Grace Burton's rooms, but on the third occasion of his presenting himself there uninvited, she spoke to him very firmly and very plainly.

"I have no work to suggest to you just now, Mr. Pryde. I am engaged myself on a purely feminine and unimportant investigation. When anything turns up, I shall send for you at once."

"But I am bored to death," Pryde protested. "I am sick of golf and cricket and bridge. I can't settle down to anything."

"That," she answered composedly, "is without doubt the price which you must pay for having led an idle life."

"Come and dine with me somewhere this evening and do a theater," he begged.

She looked at him with the faintest possible uplifting of her smooth young forehead. The brown eyes, too, seemed a little surprised. "Thank you, no," she replied coldly.

"Why not?" he persisted.

"Mr. Pryde," she said, "to be perfectly frank with you, you must not expect that sort of companionship from me."

Pryde felt unreasonably disappointed. He looked at her, for a moment, steadfastly. She had pushed her chair a little away from the desk and was leaning back in it. Her simple black dress was not even fashionably made. Her fluffy fair hair was brushed severely back. Her feet—and she had, without doubt, pretty feet—were encased in too-thick shoes. There was not a bow or ribbon anywhere about her.

"I don't see why you choose to keep to yourself so much," he continued, a little doggedly.

"You must let my wishes be sufficient reason," she declared. "I am accustomed to going about by myself. I prefer it."

"At any moment," he pointed out, "we might be working together. It would be an advantage to both of us to be better acquainted."

"That may come by degrees," she replied. "Excuse me now, please. I am busy."

Pryde went away, dissatisfied, and walked into the arms of adventure. He had barely issued from the doorway of the building in which he and Grace Burton both lived, before he was conscious that the street was in some sort of commotion. From out of sight around the corner of New Oxford Street he could hear the blowing of whistles, a hoarse tumult of voices. Along the main thoroughfare traffic had stopped. Everyone seemed to have come to a standstill in their places, watching. A taxicab-driver had sprung from his cab and was running forward as though to intercept some one. Pryde saw him sent head over heels into the gutter by an unseen hand. Then round the corner appeared a man, running. He had left the more crowded thoroughfare with a sudden turn, and he came straight toward Pryde.

The man ran as one who runs for his life. He was about fifty yards away when he turned the corner, and he approached with incredible swiftness. As he drew nearer, Pryde gained a vivid but lightning-like impression of his appearance. His face was long, his cheeks lean and narrow, his eyes protuberant. His mouth was open; the breath was coming in short, quick gasps between his teeth. He was hatless, but otherwise his attire seemed to be like that of a clerk or some person in a moderate position. Foremost among his pursuers, and gaining upon him rapidly, was a tall, fair-haired man. He, too, was hatless, and he had apparently thrown away his coat during the chase. A thin stream of blood was trickling down his face from a wound upon his forehead. His cheeks were deathly pale, his eyes were blazing. He had outstripped the policemen by several yards, and already his hand was stealing out as though to make a spring toward his quarry. Pryde had a matter of ten seconds during which to make up his mind as to his course of action. He was something of an athlete, and it would have been perfectly easy for him to have tripped or held up the flying man. To do so was his first impulse. He changed his mind through some inexplicable instinct. He stepped backward, and

the man fled past him. They were so close that the man's coat brushed his as he flashed by. Suddenly he was conscious that something heavy had been dropped into his overcoat pocket. It was all over in a moment. The chase was ended. Pursuer and pursued lay together upon the pavement. A dozen yards farther on, a man in a dark overcoat and bowler hat was looking, not at the tragedy at his feet, but at Pryde.

A crowd collected almost at once. Pryde, with his fingers clasped around something cold and strange and heavy in his pocket, remained upon the outskirts. The tall, fair man was with difficulty induced to release his clutch upon the other's throat. He was dragged away like a dog. The man upon whom he had sprung lay white and still. A policeman was kneeling by his side.

"Who are they? What's it all about?" Pryde asked a loiterer who was elbowing his way toward the front.

"Big jewelry robbery this afternoon in Hatton Gardens," the man replied. "They say this is one of the Human Four gang. The chap who caught him was robbed of fifteen thousand pounds' worth of jewels last year by them."

The figure on the pavement remained motionless. There was a little murmur. Soon an ambulance arrived. A whisper went round that he was dead. Pryde slowly backed out from the throng and reentered the block of buildings from which he had just issued. A man who had been standing within a few paces of him, followed. Pryde made his way up three flights of stairs and knocked at the door of Grace Burton's rooms. She moved away from the window as she saw him upon the threshold.

"You have been looking out, then?" he exclaimed. "You saw?"

She nodded. "I saw everything."

"Who are the Human Four?" he asked. "I've never heard of them."

"Just a gang of murderers," she told him. "They have terrorized half London by their melodramatic tricks. Was that man really one of them?"

"No one seemed to know for certain," Pryde replied. "They spoke of a big jewelry robbery in Hatton Gardens."

The girl listened for a moment. She held out her finger. Then with swift footsteps she crossed the room and softly turned the key in the lock.

"What is it?" he asked.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

It was all over in a moment. The chase was ended. Pursuer and pursued lay together upon the pavement

She came up to his side before she answered. "I think," she whispered, "that some one followed you up the stairs. I think that there is some one outside now. Tell me, what was it that that man slipped into your overcoat pocket as you stood down there?"

He started. "You saw that?"

"I was at the window," she assented. "I heard the policemen's whistles."

He drew the object from his overcoat pocket. "My God!" he exclaimed. "Look! Look at it!"

The girl was silent. It seemed to be a little idol. He held it for a moment in his hand, and then set it down on the table opposite to them. It was the image of a man squatting upon the ground, a man with long, low forehead, small features, and great eyes. His lips were parted in a hideous smile. There was a strange leer upon the chiseled features.

"What a hateful-looking object!" Pryde muttered.

The girl's eyes were fixed steadily upon it. There was little expression in her face, but he could see that she was interested. "Look at its hand," she murmured. "See how he holds it out, four fingers in front of his face—the Human Four!"

Pryde shivered. "Beastly thing!" he muttered. "I never saw anything so repulsive."

Grace made no reply. She seemed, indeed, oblivious to his words. She was holding the idol as far as possible from her face, her eyes fixed upon it. Pryde was suddenly conscious of a vague, smoldering excitement in her manner. Her lips had parted, her brown eyes were glowing, a slight flush of color had stolen through the transparency of her skin.

"This is their mascot," she whispered. "Can't you understand it? Criminals—men who plan crimes on a great scale—are nearly always superstitious."

"Then the sooner we get rid of the thing the better," Pryde decided.

She looked unwillingly away from the idol. Her lips had curled a little; there was a shade of contempt in her tone. "Get rid of the thing, indeed!" she repeated scornfully. "Can't you see that this is the chance of our lives? We will keep the idol and wait. They will find out where it is. They will try to get it back again. Don't you know that the police have been months searching for these men? We will succeed

where they have failed. We have the lure here. Depend upon it, they will come."

Pryde made no effort to affect an enthusiasm which at that time he certainly did not feel. "Frankly," he said, "I cannot conceive that the coming of any one of these gentlemen could possibly be an occasion for rejoicing. In the last six weeks alone, they have committed four murders. All their exploits are conducted in the same manner. The moment they are in the slightest danger, they shoot to kill."

"Are you afraid?" she asked calmly.

He shook his head. "Not on your life!" he exclaimed. "If you want to invite these gentlemen to visit us, I am not going to object. I was only pointing out the possible result. Don't you value your own life?"

"I do," she admitted. "But somehow or other, I think you will find that the risk is not quite so great as it seems. Of course, my whole idea may be wrong. They may not come at all. On the other hand, I was looking out the window, and I saw at least three men who were watching from different points. I believe that they all know that the idol is here. I have an idea that they will risk everything to regain possession of it."

Pryde thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at the copper image. Even he could not get away from the idea of menace in that wicked face.

"If I had it," he declared heartily, "I should either beat it to pieces with a poker, or take it out and throw it into the Serpentine. For sheer and brutal vicious ugliness, I never in my whole life—"

She laid her hand upon his arm. They both turned quickly around. There was a short but insistent knocking upon the door.

"Already!" she murmured. "Open the door."

Pryde, with the faintest possible shrug of the shoulders, turned away. The girl watched him as he crossed the room. He walked unflatteringly, and her eyes filled with an approbation which it would have done him good to see. He opened the door. The man was standing there whom he had seen a short time ago in the street below, an inoffensive-looking person with pale, rather narrow face, a fair mustache, and hair turning gray at the extremities. He wore a black bowler hat and a long overcoat. He remained for a moment without speech.

"What do you want?" Pryde inquired.

"A word with you, sir, if you please," the stranger replied.

He came inside without waiting for an invitation. Pryde ushered him a little farther into the room. Grace, who had been standing by the desk, came softly past them on her way to the door. She tried the catch and, finding it secure, returned to her place.

"What can I do for you?" Pryde asked.

The newcomer did not answer for a moment. His eyes were fixed upon the little idol. His lips were parted. He seemed to have forgotten for a moment where he was. He pointed toward it.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded.

"I brought it home from Africa," Pryde asserted coolly. "I collect curios of that sort."

The man never withdrew his eyes from their intent gaze. "I, too, am a collector," he said. "Is that image for sale?"

Pryde shook his head. "I never sell my curios."

There was a brief silence. The newcomer looked away at last from the object which seemed to have so greatly fascinated him. His eyes fell upon Grace. She had moved and was sitting before her typewriter, with her shoulder turned toward the two men.

"The young lady is to be trusted?" he asked quietly.

"Without a doubt," Pryde assured him. "May I add that it is almost time that you explained the real object of your visit?"

"I am prepared to do so," the newcomer declared. "I was standing below when I saw the man who has just

been picked up dead thrust something into your overcoat pocket. I have no doubt that his eyesight was blurred. He failed to recognize you. There were several of his friends about, I among others. He mistook you for me. That idol is my property."

"Then who are you?" Pryde asked.

"It is a foolish question," the other replied. "If you knew who I was—" He stopped short. "We waste time," he continued. "I recognize the rights of possession. I will give you two hundred pounds for that little figure."

Pryde shook his head.

"Three!—Five!"

Pryde continued to shake his head.

"Five hundred pounds," his visitor said slowly, "is all the money I have with me. You naturally would not trust me, and I wish to take the idol away. Five hundred pounds, therefore, is my last offer."

"The idol," Pryde declared, "is not for sale."

There was a curious light in the man's eyes. "Do not be foolish," he advised softly. "Believe me, I have not risked my life for nothing. I have the money here—five hundred pounds. You can take it safely. No one but me and my friends will know that you have had the image in your possession, even for a moment."

"The idol is not for sale," Pryde repeated.

A sudden fierceness blazed in the man's face, trembled in his tone. "Then

I shall take it!" he cried.

"You have brought this upon yourself."

His hand went into the pocket of his overcoat. Pryde, who was unarmed, was already poised on his left foot, ready to



Pryde drew the object from his overcoat pocket. It seemed to be a little idol. "My God!" he exclaimed. "Look at it!"

spring. Then they heard Grace Burton's voice from her seat before the typewriter. She had swung round in her chair.

"You need not trouble to feel in your overcoat pocket," she said calmly. "I took your pistol away as you entered. It was spoiling the fit of your coat."

The man turned sharply round. He looked into the barrel of his own pistol, held with remarkably steady fingers by Miss Grace Burton.

"We are much obliged to you," she remarked, "for giving us an idea of the value of this little curiosity. Have you anything more to say about it?"

The man glanced from one to the other. His face had become whiter, his eyes shone. "What is the meaning of all this?" he demanded fiercely. "Who are you both? What do you want?"

"Neither you nor your money," Grace replied. "You can go as soon as you please."

The man hesitated. He looked at the idol, and again he hesitated. The girl's finger remained upon the trigger.

"If you do not go," she said softly, "if you make a single movement toward the image, you will see that I am in earnest."

He looked around him with the air of a hunted man. His sense of uneasiness was growing. "Is it a trap, this?" he muttered.

"You may find it one," she answered, "if you stay here any longer."

He swung round and strode across the room. Without a backward glance he opened and closed the door behind him. They heard his footsteps as he ran lightly down the stone stairs. Pryde crossed the room to where the girl was sitting. The telephone bell was ringing softly on her desk. She took up the receiver in her left hand and held it to her ear. Her right hand still clasped the handle of the pistol.

"Are you there?" she said. "Yes, you can have the first folio at once. I believe that the others will come later. Good-by!"

She replaced the receiver and turned round to Pryde with a curious expression in her face.

"Shall I follow him?" he asked quickly. "He must be one of the gang."

She shook her head. "It is not necessary. He will be arrested within a few moments, or as soon as he is safely out of sight of this building."

Pryde gasped. He glanced toward the telephone; she nodded.

"Oh, I am not quite mad!" she assured him. "Nor are we either of us running such a terrible risk as you think. My telephoning was a code, of course."

"To the police?"

"To the police," she admitted calmly. "The man who put that image into your pocket was one of the Human Four, without a doubt. The man who has just left us was another. For him, too, it is over. There are two more. The man who will be arrested below will not return to them. They will think that he has made off with the idol. Then I think that one of them will come here to make sure. The other—"

"What about the other?" Pryde demanded.

She shook her head. "I do not know," she said quietly. "He is the man whom they call the professor, the man who has done nearly all the killing, the man whom the police are wild to get hold of. I do not think that he will come at all."

Pryde was still a little bewildered.

"Are there any more questions you wish to ask me?" she inquired.

"I thought," he said, "that you were simply looking out for adventures on your own account, the sort of person who liked to help women out of small troubles. In any case, I thought that you acted independently."

"I started like that," she told him.

"Then I came to be useful to the police. There are some of those in authority who have confidence in me. I have been concerned in one or two important matters. I had not meant to tell you so much just yet, but it is you who have stumbled into this affair to-day, so we move forward a little more rapidly than I had thought. I have a private wire from here to a certain police station, and a private code. I have also an alarm bell under my foot which rings into a single room on the ground floor, where the men are waiting who will follow our last visitor. I can summon help by means of it, if necessary. You see, I am not so foolhardy as you thought. All the same, I am glad that you were not afraid."

He looked at her in wonder. Her tone had been perfectly matter-of-fact. She had taken him into her confidence very much as she might have confessed to a secret liking for golf, or any other wholly



DRAWN BY JOHN ALFORD WILLIAMS

He looked into the drawer. From the drawer he looked back again into their faces, and there was something terrible in his silence. He drew his hands from his pockets. He held a repeating pistol in either hand. "Bring me that idol," he directed Pryde

harmless pursuit. At that moment she was inspecting the mechanism of the pistol which she had taken from their visitor's pocket. Her face was exactly like the face of a child examining with pleased interest a new toy.

"Do you see what a beautiful piece of work this is?" she exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a critic. "I have others here, but nothing so perfectly finished."

She opened a drawer on her right. There were four pistols there and an open box of cartridges. She slipped her latest acquisition in by their side.

"I always have these where my fingers can reach them in a moment," she explained, "although I have never used one in my life. It is not a woman's place to fight. There are other and more delicate methods."

He shivered. Her face, for a moment, had been positively cruel.

"I think," she continued, "that you had better spend the rest of the day with me. It may be interesting. Only I am afraid that you will not be able to go as far, even, as the Café de Lugano for luncheon. Don't you think that you had better get some cigarettes, and a book if you want one, from your rooms, and order some luncheon to be sent in here from somewhere?"

Pryde was feeling a little like a man in a dream. He glanced at his watch; it was past one o'clock.

"Yes, I will do that," he assented. "I wonder, though, if it is safe to leave you?"

"Quite," she assured him. "They will wait for some time, at any rate, for their friend who has just left us, to return. When they find that he does not, they will be suspicious, but it is my belief that they will risk everything for the sake of that little image."

He turned and looked at it. Again the same uneasy fascination possessed him. He stretched out his hand, but she stopped him.

"Let it alone," she begged. "I believe I am superstitious about it myself. When you come back, we will examine it together. Somehow, I can't help fancying that it means something more to these men than as yet we have rightly understood."

It was nearly five o'clock before their second visitor arrived. Grace and her partner were having tea together when they heard a sharp and somewhat insistent knocking upon the door, followed by the ringing of the bell. Grace rose at once and

glided into her place before the typewriter. Pryde walked to the door and threw it open. A very resplendent person stood there, sleek, black haired, dressed in the height of fashion, Semitic. He stood upon the threshold and smiled at them reassuringly; they were not to be overcome!

"My name," he announced, removing his shiny silk hat, "ith Nathan—Mr. Richard Nathan. I called, with your permission, to make a few enquireth."

"Come in, Mr. Nathan," Pryde replied quietly. "My name is Pryde. Is it I whom you want to see?"

The man's eyes were everywhere. Suddenly he saw what he sought. The smile faded from his thick lips, the oily suaveness left him. He stared at the image upon the table. The hand which held his hat shook. He was, without doubt, agitated.

"It ith you I want to talk to, my dear Mithter Pryde," he began. "Just a few words, most important bithneth—most important indeed; good bithneth for you."

"Really?" Pryde remarked politely.

"Who ith the young lady?" the newcomer demanded. "Introduthe me, if you please."

"This is Miss Grace Burton, who is good enough to do some typewriting for me," Pryde explained. "These are really her rooms, and I don't know how it is that you should have come to look for me here."

"Never mind that," Mr. Nathan declared impressively. "Never mind that. I have come to do you a good turn. I have come on a matter of motht important bithneth."

"Would you like me to go away?" Grace asked.

Mr. Nathan nodded his head with satisfaction. "It will be a shame to lothe you, my dear," he said, "but the bithneth ith of a private nature."

"Pray do not move, Miss Burton," Pryde intervened. "I can have no business with a perfect stranger which is of any great importance so far as I am concerned. You can say anything you like to me before Miss Burton," he went on, "and the sooner you tell me exactly what it is that has brought you here the better I shall be pleased."

Mr. Nathan pointed with the shining knob of his stick toward the idol. The knob quivered a little in the air.

"Very well, then," he said. "Just as you pleathe. Where did you get that?"

Pryde, too, glanced toward the image. Was it his fancy, or was there indeed, at that moment, a red and threatening light in the deep-set eyes?

"That," Pryde answered, "is not mine. I am keeping it in trust."

Mr. Nathan held out his hand. "Shake hands, sir," he insisted. "You are an honest young man. You shall not lose by it. Listen. I am the owner of that little curio."

"Indeed!" Pryde replied dryly.

"Tell me at once," Mr. Nathan begged, "why do you look at me tho doubtfully? Hath anyone elthe been here to claim it?"

"There was a man came in," Pryde admitted, "only a few hours ago, who said very much what you are saying. He could not prove his ownership, however, and he grew rather offensive. In the end we were obliged to get rid of him hurriedly."

The face of Mr. Richard Nathan became a study. He was at the same time suspicious, alarmed, and surprised.

"Went away without it," he repeated, half to himself. "Came here and went away without it! You are sure he thaw it?"

"Oh! the person I am speaking of saw it all right," Pryde declared. "I don't see what that has to do with it. Now, please, get on with what you have to say."

Mr. Nathan nodded. A possible explanation had suggested itself to him. He kept edging a little nearer to the idol.

"I should like to egthamin the image for a few minutes, jutht to be sure that it ith mine," Mr. Nathan said. "There are tho many imitationth about."

Pryde took it up and placed it in his visitor's hands. For a single second Mr. Nathan looked like making a bolt. Grace had opened the drawer on her right-hand side, and Pryde was standing on the alert. Mr. Nathan glanced from one to the other and sighed. With obvious reluctance he set the idol down.

"Ugly thing, ithn't it?" he remarked.

"Shocking!" Pryde agreed.

"Dear me! Dear me!" Mr. Nathan went on. "And this person who wath here before me, thaw this little image, too; but you were not able to come to termth, tho he went away and left it, eh?"

"Precisely," Pryde assented quietly. "Just in the same way that within a few minutes you, also, will, I fear, have to tear yourself away and leave the idol here."

Nathan opened his lips and closed them again. He looked at Pryde, and he looked at Grace. Then he set down his hat and cane on a chair. "Look here," he said, "for all our thakes I will not wathte time. I have come here for this idol. What ith it worth to you?"

Pryde shrugged his shoulders. He took the image into his fingers and held it out at arm's length. "It isn't much to look at," he remarked thoughtfully.

"It ithn't much to look at," Mr. Nathan agreed, "and you know very well that you have no right to it at all. It was thrutht into your possession by a man in his latht momenth. He was half blinded, and he mithtook you for one of uth."

Pryde nodded. "That is exactly the position."

"You want to make thomething by the mithtake," Mr. Nathan continued. "It ith natural. I will not beat about the buth. I will not tell you any lieth. I am not a curio-dealer. That idol representh more to me than to anyone else in life. I want it. I mutht have it. It ith in your possession by chanthe—an evil chanthe for me. Very well, I will pay. Look here."

He tore his coat open and drew out a thick bundle of bank-notes. He threw them upon the table.

"Count them! Count them!" he cried. "I am treating you like a printhe. There'th eight hundred pounds there of the betht. Count them! That ought to pay you, oughn't it? Eight hundred poundth for a copper idol. Good God!"

Pryde's grip upon the image in his hand had perhaps changed a little. His forefinger had pressed more tightly upon a projection of the backbone. The head flew sharply back. Pryde started, lowered his hand, and a yonderful stream seemed suddenly to flow onto the carpet, a stream of liquid fire—of ruby fire, of green fire, of white, brilliant iridescence. Grace and Pryde were themselves almost stupefied. Then Nathan, with a howl, threw himself upon his knees and began to grope about desperately. Pryde caught him by the collar and dragged him away.

"So this is what you are trying to buy for eight hundred pounds, is it, my friend?" he exclaimed. "No, let them lie there! They're safe enough. I'll collect them afterward."

For a moment the man seemed about to

throw himself upon Pryde. He was trembling in every limb. His face was convulsed. The passion of greed was making him almost courageous.

"You have no claim to the jewelth!" he snarled. "They belong to uth!"

"That, my friend," Pryde remarked dryly, "I should be inclined to doubt."

Nathan staggered to his feet. The telephone bell was ringing. He turned sharply toward it.

"What'th that?"

"Only one of my clients," Grace answered calmly. "Are you there?" she went on. "Yes, the second lot of folios will be ready in a very few moments now; the third lot probably to-night. Yes! Yes! Quite, thank you. Good-by!"

Mr. Nathan wiped his forehead. He was not a very pleasant sight. "Look here," he said to Pryde, "we don't need to quarrel. It'th an infernal piece of luck, but you've thumbled into this. There'th enough for all of uth. Turn them out upon the table. We'll share them up, you and I; half for me, half between you two. That'th fair, ithn't it? Only let's do the job quickly and let me get off. There's sixty thousand poundth' worth of jewelth there. You're made for life, and if you take my advithe, you'll clear out. I can give you an addreth or two in Amtherdam, where you can get rid of them, if you want to know."

Pryde shook his head. "Mr. Nathan," he declared, "you are wasting your time. Neither this young lady nor I myself have the slightest idea of benefiting by the possession of these jewels. We have grave doubts," he went on, with a faint smile at the corners of his lips, "as to how they may have come into your possession. We

shall run no risk in the matter. We shall seal the idol up, and if no one comes here to lay claim to it with better credentials than you and your friend, during the next twenty-four hours, we shall send it to Scotland Yard."

Nathan glared at them. He was half suspicious, half stupefied. "You mean that you are on the straight?" he demanded fiercely.

"Absolutely," Pryde assured him. "I must admit that I had some sympathy for that poor fellow when I saw him being hounded, and I meant to keep possession of the little idol until some authenticated person came to claim it. Now, of course, it is a different thing. I shall keep it only for another twenty-four hours."

Mr. Nathan opened his mouth and closed it again. He looked at the carpet, he looked at the idol, he looked at Grace, and he looked at Pryde.

"God bless my thoul!" he spluttered. "Are you mad, both of you? Don't you want money? Don't you know what money ith?"

"We want it very badly sometimes," Pryde re-

plied, "but, you see, there is always the risk that these jewels may not have been honestly come by."

Mr. Nathan tried to speak and failed. He had no words. Very slowly he took up his hat, brushed it with his coat sleeve, and turned toward the door. "If I hear that the poor fellow hath left any written in-thructionth," he promised, "I will let you know. I understand you to thay that you will keep the jewels for at leathth twenty-four hours?"



The man turned sharply round. He looked into the barrel of his own pistol, held with remarkably steady fingers
by Miss Grace Burton

Pryde nodded. Mr. Nathan turned away to hide a somewhat curious expression at the corners of his lips.

"Very well," he said, "I wish you good afternoon. You are very honest, both of you. I hope you will find that honesty will pay."

He walked out, slamming the door a little behind him. They heard his retreating footsteps. Grace touched the bell at her feet and raised the telephone receiver once more to her ear.

"Our visitor," she announced softly, "has just left. Please do not let anything important happen just round here. There is one more to come. Yes, quite all right, thank you. Good-by!"

She laid the receiver down.

"After all," Pryde remarked, "our friend Mr. Nathan was not one of the fighting sort. Somehow or other, I fancy that our last visitor, if he comes, may be different."

That night, for the first time, Pryde dined with his partner. Their meal, sent in from a neighboring restaurant, was by no means an elaborate one, nor did Grace unbend in the least. Nevertheless, Pryde began to feel more cheerful. The living together through these few thrilling moments of adventure could scarcely fail, at any rate, to foster the spirit of comradeship. She trusted him, too—had confidence in him. It was impossible, he told himself, that she was really so cold and sexless as she appeared. The evening wore on. Occasionally they heard the elevator pass up; oftener still, there were footsteps on the stairs. Their expected visitor, however, did not arrive. Toward ten o'clock was always a quiet time in the flats. There were very

few people coming or going. With the silence Pryde became conscious of a curious feeling of uneasiness. He found himself watching the door every moment.

"I wonder," he said, half to himself, "what devilish scheme this man who calls himself the professor will invent!"

Grace looked up from the book which she had been reading. There was not the slightest sign of excitement in her face. Her hair was primly arranged, drawn back tightly with the obvious intent to nullify its natural fluffiness. Her plain black dress was unrelieved by even a touch of white at the neck. Her cheeks were as pale as ever.

"You must bear in mind," she reminded him, "that neither Mr. Nathan nor his predecessor will have had an opportunity of communicating with him. If they had any plans for meeting formed, he may have become suspicious. On the other hand, he may believe that they have gone off with the jewels, very much as Mr. Nathan believed that the first man was trying to do. He will probably come quite harmlessly

and with very much the same sort of offers. Listen!"

Pryde could hear nothing, but Grace crossed the room swiftly and seated herself before her typewriter. The green-shaded lamp was already in position, a half-finished sheet of manuscript in the machine. She began to work. With one hand she opened the drawer on her right-hand side.

"Be careful," she whispered. "Some one is fitting a key into the latch."

Almost as she spoke, the door was noise-



"You need not trouble to feel in your overcoat pocket," she said calmly. "I took your pistol away as you entered. It was spoiling the fit of your coat."

lessly opened. A hand flashed through the crack and touched the knob which controlled the electric lights. The room was in darkness except for the lamp by Grace's side. A man slipped quickly in and closed the door behind him.

"The lamp," he remarked, "is unfortunate."

He was a man of about middle height, of most ordinary appearance. A black overcoat, which fitted him none too well, hung about his spare form. He had a pronounced stoop, gold-rimmed spectacles, and white, untidy hair rather long at the back. He wore a bowler hat with a broad brim. He stood a few yards inside the room, both hands concealed in his overcoat pockets.

"Young lady," he said calmly, "and you, sir, you may be expecting me—you may not. There is a little mystery concerned with this room and its occupants which I have not yet solved, but in case my suspicions of you both are correct, let me warn you that, however quickly your hands may go to your pockets, they would not go quickly enough, for I am holding a pistol in either hand, and I learned to shoot through my pockets a good many years ago. You see?"

Grace looked at him, unmoved, from over the top of her typewriter. "You are quite sure, sir, that you are not making a mistake?" she asked.

"I am making no mistake," the newcomer assured them grimly. "I have come to recover a piece of property which you may or may not know about. There it stands upon the table—ugly, grinning monstrosity. Now I'll buy it from you or fight for it, whichever you like, but I have come for my idol, and I am not used to paying visits in vain."

He came a little closer to them. It was quite clear that he had been speaking the truth. The outline of the pistols was there, showing from inside his overcoat pockets. One was directed toward Pryde, one toward Grace. Suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"If you answer that," the professor said softly, "I shall shoot. You may be honest fools, you may be criminals yourselves, you may be creatures of the police. I am taking no risks. Dead men and women are the safest witnesses."

He spoke in a slow, almost monotonous tone, but with a manner curiously impressive. Somehow or other, they both of them felt that he was a being of a different

order from either Nathan or his predecessor. The master was there. Grace knew perfectly well that if she even stretched out her hand toward the receiver of the telephone, he would keep his word.

"Thank you," she faltered. "I am terrified to death. I can assure you that I shall let the telephone ring."

Their visitor moved a step or two nearer still. He was now within a few feet of them. "You are *not* terrified to death," he said coldly. "That is what alarms me. I will confess to you that I have the feeling that I am in a trap, but in case you are deriving any satisfaction from that fact, let me assure you that if I am, both of you will answer for it with your lives. You know who I am? I am Helski, chief of the Human Four. I have killed a dozen men this year. I believe in killing; it has become an art with me. If it were not for the noise, I think I should kill you both, just as a precaution. Young lady," he added, a peremptory note in his tone, "get up. Into that corner, if you please. I don't like the way your hand is prowling around that drawer. Quick!"

She hesitated for only a single moment. Then she rose.

"Back! And you, too!" the professor ordered, turning suddenly to Pryde. "No nonsense! I could shoot your teeth away, one by one, if I chose. Back, both of you."

They obeyed. He looked into the drawer. From the drawer he looked back again into their faces, and there was something terrible in his silence. He drew his hands from his pockets. He held a repeating pistol in either hand.

"Bring me that idol," he directed Pryde. "Bring it here and place it on the table before me."

Pryde walked slowly to the other end of the room, took up the image, and brought it toward the table. He was within about a yard of his destination when the door was suddenly opened. The professor turned like lightning. The doorway was full of men. An inspector in peaked cap and uniform was foremost, a detective in plain clothes by his side. The professor's arm shot out, and Pryde, without hesitation, threw himself bodily upon him, pushing his arm toward the ceiling. The next second he himself was thrown half-way across the room. With amazing ease the professor had freed himself. He dropped on his

knees behind the writing-table. The dull metal of his pistol gleamed wickedly in the light of the green-shaded lamp. His left hand, also clasp ing a pistol, was stretched out behind him.

"Ah!" he muttered. "I see some friends. Mr. Detective Simmons, I think; Inspector Johnson. Not a step nearer, please. Remember, I have nothing to lose by killing a few more of you. These are my last moments. I want to think."

There was a queer, breathless silence. Pryde was still lying where he had been thrown, and had the air of being unconscious. Grace had advanced toward him, but had suddenly stopped and retreated. She was sheltered now behind an easychair. Then the inspector spoke.

"Better give yourself up, Helski. There's no hope for you. We've other men upon the stairs."

"You are right," the professor admitted. "I have fought too many battles not to know when the end has come, but don't any of you flatter yourselves that I walked blindfolded into this trap. I knew very well that the odds were ten to one against me, but I have never learned the trick of poverty. If I could have got away with our little friend here, you'd never have been troubled with me any more."

"Put up your hands, Helski," the inspector ordered. "I am coming to take you."

The man's pistol never wavered. Only for one second he glanced around and back again. Pryde was lying quite still; Grace was out of sight.

"I am not quite ready yet, Inspector," he said softly. "I have no grudge against you. Stay where you are. I have a matter of twelve lives here. I don't think it will pay you to rush me. You know I don't often miss. I shouldn't advise you to try any tricks. Where's the girl?"

There was no reply.

"I have a sort of fancy," the professor went on, "that she is the brains of this enterprise, that she is the person I ought to reckon with. I wonder!"

Once more he turned his head, looking back again instantly.

"Ah!" he proceeded. "Behind that easychair! A very insufficient shelter, an easychair. I think I can do a little damage through that. Mr. Inspector, I congratulate you. You will probably effect my cap-

ture without the loss of a single one of your force. It's the girl I'll settle accounts with this time."

His pistol covered them no longer. He swung round, turning toward the easychair. Then Pryde, who had been creeping gradually closer, gathered himself up and sprang at him. The attack was so unexpected that for a moment Pryde had the advantage. From the first he knew that he was struggling with a stronger man, but it was a matter of seconds only. He went for the hands which held the pistols, forcing them toward the floor. For the first few seconds he was successful. Then slowly his arms, inch by inch, were forced back. The right hand with the pistol in it came traveling round toward the easychair. Pryde's strength was almost exhausted, but it lasted long enough. The affair, after all, was only one of seconds. The inspector and policemen were swarming around. With a blow of his truncheon, the former knocked the weapon out of the hand of the professor, and a policeman, stooping down, kicked the other one from the man's doubled-up left arm. Even then the struggle was not over. With a cry of rage, the trapped man flung himself, unarmed as he was, upon them all. One of the policemen went over like a nine-pin. For a moment it seemed as though he would break through them. Then the inspector seized him from behind, a policeman tripped him. Even when they had him on the floor, it was several moments before they could handcuff him. They got him out of the room at last. The inspector lingered behind.

"Young lady," he said to Grace, "this is the best day's work you've ever done. We've got the lot."

"Keep me out of it," she begged.

"We'll keep you out of everything except the reward," the inspector replied, holding out his hand to Pryde. "That was a brave tackle of yours, sir," he declared. "We should have had to shoot, if you hadn't been there, and we mightn't have been in time. Good night!"

He hurried off. Pryde turned, with a little shiver, to the girl who was standing by his side. She was absolutely unruffled. Even her hair was still perfectly tidy. She was looking toward the wall by the side of the door, with a slight frown upon her face.

"I must have that switch moved tomorrow," she said.

The next story of "*Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde*" will appear in the December issue.

Just As It Happened

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

Have you read the first two instalments of this story? Then you know that Beans isn't home yet. Three men have sought him and had him in turn. One of them—Lapidowitz, of course—wants the money, the other two want his owner. The odds are on Izzy Levine, who might have won the money if he hadn't forgotten that he had found Beans the moment he saw Rosie. Also if he hadn't written an article against woman suffrage, which Rosie favors, he would be a little nearer winning her. Still he has hopes—and prospects—though he hasn't got Beans. This story by Bruno Lessing has had more favorable comment around the shop than any other story of his in months. We think it is the funniest tale he has written in many a long day

YOU were told in the beginning that this would be a rambling, inconsequential tale—merely a chronicle of the facts as they chanced to happen. Life itself, you were informed, often progresses in an incoherent fashion, without rhyme or reason, and the philosopher who undertakes to grasp the phenomena of coincidence or the natural sequence of cause and effect usually has nothing but a headache for his pains. A man endeavoring to avoid the danger of a brick falling from a building in course of construction takes to the middle of the street. We call this caution. Then, unexpectedly, the middle of the street caves in. What is the use of calling it anything?

Lapidowitz, with a check for one hundred and twenty-five dollars in his pocket, started for the bank the moment Nathan Gomprecht took the dog away. He knew the cashier of Nathan's bank, and he wanted to obtain money for the check as quickly as possible. Checks were good enough in their way, but they lacked the fascination for Lapidowitz that ready cash possessed. On the way to the bank he stopped to order a suit of clothes. He was very particular in the selection of the material and gave the most detailed instructions as to how the suit was to be cut.

"I come back inside half an hour," said he, "and gif you some money on account."

Then he went to another store and ordered a new silk hat, and to still another, where he selected some brilliant scarfs. These he ordered sent "collect" to his room. Then he proceeded to the bank.

"Mr. Gomprecht stopped payment on

this check," said the teller after glancing at the paper.

Lapidowitz's eyes blinked a great many times, and something seemed to be choking him. "Say it again!" he managed to gurggle.

"Only a minute ago," explained the teller, "Mr. Gomprecht calls up on the telephone and says we shouldn't pay this check. He says he gave it to you for a dog and the dog ran away from him. Maybe he don't know you well enough to trust you!" This last was accompanied with a grin. The teller knew Lapidowitz.

The schnorrer gazed at him blankly. "Does it mean I don't get the money?" he asked.

"It means," explained the teller, "you don't get the money out of this bank on this check just now. Maybe some other time, if you have another check, it will be different. But I'm busy now. Good-by!"

And Lapidowitz, without another word, turned and left the bank. He went straight home and, without removing his hat, threw himself into a chair and began to curse Nathan Gomprecht. Like the cardinal in the Ingoldsby Legends,

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed; From the soul of his foot to the crown of his head.

Then he proceeded to perform the same function for Izzy Levine as the original cause of all his unhappiness. After this he cursed Beans. The very thought of the dog seemed to stimulate his imagination, and many effective words that he had overlooked before came glibly to his tongue. For several hours he sat nursing his gloomy

wrath, and, in his own peculiar fashion, he enjoyed it. There came a knock upon the door. "Come in!" said Lapidowitz, and a boy entered the room.

"I'm f'um der tailor. He says when do you come vit' der money for der suit, because he don't go ahead vit' out!"

"Tell him I got a new tailor," answered Lapidowitz. And then, glad of a new channel for his thoughts, he proceeded to curse the tailor. Soon the hat and the scarfs arrived, and, after they had departed, Lapidowitz expended what was left of his vocabulary of imprecation upon the innocent storekeepers who had sent them. Again there came a knock upon the door, and, prepared this time to hurl the intruder down the stairs, Lapidowitz opened the door himself. With a loud yelp and a swift rush

a dog darted through the doorway and closed his teeth upon the calf of Lapidowitz's leg.



Izzy leaned back against the cushioned seat and said, "It hurts terribly!" Of course as long as it hurt, Rosie had to hold the handkerchief in place

Lapidowitz shrieked, more in terror than in pain, and, loosening the dog's hold with one swift kick, sprang nimbly upon the table. Then Sammy Lefkowitz, his eyes open with amazement, entered the room.

"V'y does he bite you?" he asked. "Don't he like you?"

"Shut der door, quick! Shut der door!" cried Lapidowitz. "So! You haf come back?"

He looked down from his vantage-point of safety at the two gleaming rows of Beans's teeth, and then he grinned.

"Diss time, doggie, I guess ve keep company a liddle bit. No, Sammy, he don't always bite. Only sometimes v'en he gets egcited. But you are a good boy, und so soon vot I get change for five dollars, I gif you a quarter! Now go in der closet over in der corner, Sammy, und get a piece of rope vot you find dere. So! Now tie him good und fast by der collar. So! Now be a good boy und sit down a minute. I haf got to t'ink."

After the lad had carried out his instructions, Lapidowitz sat squatted upon the table plunged in deep thought. Then a smile came to his face—a smile of sheer delight.

"My!" he exclaimed, jumping down from the table as far from the dog as possible. "I'm a smart man! Sammy, I'm der smartest man in New York. Now you come down-stairs and follow me. But hold fast to der rope, und don't let dot dog come near me. Promise it, Sammy!"

"Sure!" said Sammy. "He does everyt'ing what I tell him."

"I know it. But don't let go uf der rope!" urged Lapidowitz earnestly. They left the house and started down the street, Lapidowitz walking swiftly ahead with many an anxious backward glance and Sammy behind him holding fast to the dog, who was straining with might and main to get at Lapidowitz. They came to a livery-stable, where Lapidowitz asked what it would cost to drive him and the dog to Margulies's house.

"Up there and back or only up?" inquired the stableman.

"For me und der dog up. I come down by der trolley-car. Vot? Five dollars? Such a liddle dog? I only want a small carriage."

But it seemed that the only available equipage in the stable was one of those huge, old-fashioned coaches so familiar at swell East Side functions, and Lapidowitz had to pay the regular wedding or funeral rate. Furthermore, he was asked to pay in advance because, for some reason or other, his appearance aroused vague suspicions in the stableman's mind.

"Hey, there, Dennis!" cried the stableman. From a dark corner of the stable emerged a thick-set, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, red-faced, and cross-eyed specimen of humanity to whom, for some inscrutable reason, Lapidowitz took a prompt dislike. The stableman pointed to Lapidowitz with his thumb.

"He wants to go up-town with the dog," he explained. "Take him up and leave him. He'll pay in advance."

Dennis filled his mouth with chewing-tobacco, inspected Lapidowitz in a somewhat contemptuous fashion, and mounted to his seat. There being nothing else to do, Lapidowitz paid the money, bade Sammy Lefkowitz put the dog into the coach and draw all the curtains, and, after making sure that the doors were securely closed, mounted beside the driver.

"How about dot quarter?" asked Sammy.

"So soon v'en I come back you get it," said Lapidowitz.

"Why didn't you give the kid a quarter?" asked the driver, gazing curiously at Lapidowitz.

"V'y I didn't? Because dot five dollars I gif your boss iss der last cent vot I got. But so soon I get up-town, my! vot a lot of money I vill haf!"

In the meantime Izzy Levine and the Light of his Life were having troubles of their own. When Izzy, with bewildered countenance, reported to her that Beans was on his way back to Lapidowitz, she gazed at him for an instant and then burst into laughter.

"What's the joke?" asked Izzy.

"Oh, I think it's too funny for anything!" cried Rosie. "Every time you think you have the dog he goes back to that man." And she went off into another peal of laughter. But, suddenly remembering that she was very angry with the young

man, she became serious. "Anyway," said she, in the haughtiest tone that she could summon, "I can't stay here all day. I must go home."

Izzy, his lips pressed tightly together, led her to the taxicab. As she got in she told him her address. To her surprise Izzy gave the driver an entirely different address and got in beside her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Mr. Lapidowitz's house," said Izzy.

"We ought to get there before the boy who has Beans. We'll wait outside his house until the boy comes."

Rosie said nothing, but stared straight before her. Izzy looked at her for some time and then, in a low voice,

"Dear lady," he said, "I don't know what to say. I didn't mean to lie to you. I don't care whether women vote or not—really I don't! It's true I wrote that article and—it's true I felt that way about it when I wrote it. But I hadn't met you, and—and I was just crazy to write something. And then when I met you—and everything changed—and you told me how I could do something for you—honestly, I would have written a speech to show that burglary was a fine trade if you wanted me to. You believe me, don't you?"

But Rosie gazed straight ahead in silence. She refused to allow her wrath to be so easily appeased. He had seemed such a nice young man, and he had so cruelly deceived her. She would show him that she was not to be trifled with. Slowly Izzy reached out his hand and laid it gently upon hers. She allowed it to rest there about two seconds; then she drew hers away. Izzy sighed and looked out the window. And as he looked—

Life, as we all know, is most unreasonable in its inconsistency. Not only do our best laid plans often "gang agley," but those who have made the closest study of life's rules are the most bewildered by the exceptions. When a man devotes his life to frugality, works hard, day and night, in order to accumulate in the bank a sufficient sum to enable him to pass his declining years in rest and comfort, he is considered wise. But, supposing, just as he bids farewell to his occupation and retires to idleness, the bank fails! What's the use of philosophizing about it?

Izzy rapped furiously upon the window of the taxicab. The driver brought the cab to



"Well, sir," said Dennis, "I don't trust ye for a cent. I'll wait right outside the door, an' when ye come out I'll collect me money or I'll take it out o' yer hide. An' if ye don't like it I'll open the door of the carriage an' kick yer dorg out."

a halt and looked around. But Izzy, with an imperative "Wait!" had already opened the door, jumped out, and was running back. The driver drew the car along the curb and got down from his seat to see what had happened. The next moment,

"Well, I'll be—say, that's a shame!" he exclaimed.

Rosie alighted and looked around. "Where did he go?" she asked. And then, "Oh, isn't that terrible!"

About a hundred feet away the feeblest horse that she had ever seen was struggling desperately to pull a heavily laden pedler's wagon that had become stuck in a rut in the street. It was a load out of all proportion to the animal's strength. And the driver, a tall, burly chap, was lashing the horse with might and main. Rosie's cheeks blanched with indignation.

"That young man of yours is a peach!" exclaimed the taxicab-driver. Then, for

the first time, Rosie saw Izzy. He was climbing upon the wheel of the wagon. He laid his hand upon the driver's arm and spoke to him. Rosie could not hear what he said, nor could she hear the driver's reply. But she saw him lash the horse again, and then beheld Izzy strike him upon the chin, so swiftly and with such force that the driver toppled from his seat and fell to the ground.

"Good!" cried Rosie, clapping her hands. But in a twinkling the driver was on his feet and rushing at Izzy. They came to a clinch, and then a crowd that seemed to have sprung from the very sidewalk hid them from Rosie's view. She ran forward and was aware that a policeman was running beside her. The crowd made way for them, and Rosie saw that the combat was over. Izzy, breathing heavily, was leaning against the wagon, a tiny stream of blood trickling from his nose. The driver lay full length upon the sidewalk groping about him, struggling to rise. The policeman listened to everyone's story and then,

"You're both pinched!" he said. "Come along!"

"But he was only trying to save the horse," cried Rosie. "That brute was beating that poor, little horse!"

"I can't help it, lady," said the policeman. "You can come along as a witness. But I've got to take them both in."

"It's an outrage!" exclaimed Rosie.

"It's assault and battery," said the policeman. "The driver says your husband punched him, and that puts it up to the captain."

Rosie blushed furiously, whereat Izzy turned his head to hide a smile. Policeman, prisoners, taxicab-driver, and spectators all helped to push the pedler's wagon out of the rut, and then, the pedler leading his horse and the policeman walking amiably alongside Izzy, the procession started for the station house.

"Lady," said the taxicab-driver, "you'd better let me drive you around to the station. We can tell what happened, and if your young man needs bail you can go and get it."

Her husband! Her young man! Why should everyone assume so quickly that they were anything but mere acquaintances? Rosie was indignant. But then came the quick recollection of Izzy's courage, his sympathy for a poor, dumb beast, and his strength. Rosie's indignation died away,

and a glow of pride succeeded it. She would stand by him to the bitter end.

It happened that the police captain on duty at the station house was intelligent. This really happens sometimes. After listening to both sides he asked the driver why he had beaten the horse.

"I'm sorry I did it," answered the driver, in Yiddish, "but I've been out of work for a week, and I got excited because I had a job to deliver a load. I won't do it again."

"I'm sorry I punched him," said Izzy. Then the captain made them shake hands and told them to go home. Izzy returned to the taxicab with Rosie. "I'm awfully sorry it happened," he said earnestly. "I was hoping you would go home. I'll never forgive myself for letting you go to a station house."

But Rosie suddenly turned pale and was fumbling in a bag that she carried. "You're hurt!" she gasped. "Your nose is bleeding."

Izzy saw the tears in her eyes. He sat perfectly still while she applied a delicately perfumed handkerchief to his nose. And then, feeling the soft coolness of her hand against his lips and being a thoroughly disreputable scamp, he leaned back against the cushioned seat and said,

"It hurts terribly!"

Of course as long as it hurt she had to hold the handkerchief in place. And if Izzy's lips kept moving against her hand she could hardly chide him—he had suffered so. He might even die.

"Do you forgive me about that—that foolish article I wrote?" he asked, in the low voice of an invalid. Rosie nodded. She could hardly trust herself to speak. Then Izzy sat up, clasped her in his arms, and kissed her upon the lips.

"The pain has gone," he said. "Now we'll get your dog. And we'll never quarrel again. And as long as I live I'll never do or say anything that you won't like."

Rosie, red as the flower whose name she bore, looked at him. What was the use of getting angry? He was handsome, he was undeniably in love with her, and she had just had a glimpse of his nature that appealed strongly to her. What woman has ever yet failed to respond to the appeal of courage accompanied by strength? Is there not that streak of the primitive in all of them? But though Rosie's eyes shone brightly she shook her head and smiled.

"You certainly are fresh," she said.

While Izzy had thus been gaining ground he had been losing time, and when they reached Lapidowitz's house the schnorrer and the dog were gone. Izzy was crestfallen.

"This time," said he, as they rode uptown, "I guess he'll hold on to Beans until he gets the reward."

But Rosie took it lightly. "What difference does it make? He can't get the reward unless he brings the dog back, and as long as I get Beans it doesn't matter how I get him."

Izzy shook his head. "It isn't right," he said. "I can't help feeling that you shouldn't get the dog back from anybody but me. Beans brought me all my luck, and it will be bad luck for me if anyone else brings him back. Some day I'll get square with Lapidowitz for this."

"You're superstitious," said Rosie laughingly. "It just serves you right for writing an article against woman suffrage."

Izzy smiled sheepishly, but even when Rosie impulsively laid her hand upon his he refused to be consoled. "I can't explain it," he said, "but I have a feeling that if I bring Beans back to you everything will be all right and if I don't everything will be all wrong."

As they turned into the block on which Rosie lived she exclaimed: "There's papa. Let's get out and walk home with him."

Izzy discharged the taxicab, and, a moment later, underwent the ordeal of an introduction to Rosie's father.

"This is Mr. Levine, papa," she said. "He's the gentleman who found Beans."

Mr. Margulies had keen eyes, and Izzy felt himself slowly shrinking under their penetrating gaze.

"Do you always ride in taxicabs?" was Mr. Margulies's first question. Rosie explained what had happened, laying great stress upon Izzy's noble championship of the skinny horse and his brave assault of the brutal driver, when she suddenly discovered that she was holding fast to Izzy's hand and, blushing violently, became quite incoherent in her narrative. Mr. Margulies gazed at Izzy with great interest.

In the struggle for existence in which he had won, he had learned to measure men. He was a very stubborn person, this Mr. Margulies, accepting no standards of life or conduct except such as he fixed himself, and he was far from being a fool. He had suspected in a flash how matters stood between his daughter and this young man, and he had the wisdom not to open his mouth until he had made up his mind just what stand he would take. But Izzy, feeling himself being measured, did some quick measuring himself. Returning the older man's gaze frankly he said:



Izzy seized Rosie and kissed her once, twice, three times

Just As It Happened

"You look like a smart man, Mr. Margulies. There's no use beating about the bush. I'm just crazy about your daughter. I might just as well say it now as at any other time. I want to marry her. I don't want her to have a penny from you. I can take care of her."

Mr. Margulies looked at his daughter, who, red with confusion, returned his gaze defiantly, but said never a word. Then he grunted.

"H'm!" said he. "Mr. Levine! Der gentleman vot got Beans! H'm! Vare iss Beans?"

It was Izzy's turn to redden. "You see," he said to Rosie, "your father gets right down to the whole point of the matter." He then told the whole story of Beans and Lapidowitz, and during the recital Mr. Margulies never took his eyes from Izzy's face.

"H'm!" he said, when Izzy had finished. "I guess dot's dot old loafer vot I gif my card to when I looked fer der dog. Und I said I gif him a hundert und fifty if he brings him back. So I suppose ven he comes mit der dog I haf to gif him der money." He looked at Izzy thoughtfully a moment. Then, "Und in addition you exbect to marry Rosie?" said he. Izzy nodded.

"Vell," said Mr. Margulies, "vait till comes der dog. Dis marriage business comes kind of sudden. Come in der house, Rosie, und ven ve get der dog settled ve talk about Mister Vot's-his-name—oh, yes!—Levine. Good afternoon, Mr. Levine."

Izzy remained standing upon the sidewalk until the door closed upon Mr. Margulies and his daughter. Not once did she turn to look at him. With a heavy heart Izzy started for the elevated station.

Some fifteen minutes before this Lapidowitz had rung the bell of Mr. Margulies's house, and being told that none of the family was at home had said he would return in half an hour. Then he said to Dennis, the driver of the carriage:

"Ve got to vait. Mr. Margulies ain'd home, but he comes soon for supper."

"Take the dorg out!" said Dennis curtly. Lapidowitz stared at him. "Der dog?" he repeated. "Take him oud? I guess not!"

"Then ye've got another guess comin'," said Dennis. "It wuz five dollars up for you and the dorg. Ye're up. So's the

dorg. There wuzn't nothin' said about waitin'. Waitin's extra. Them's me orders!"

Slowly the full significance of his position dawned upon Lapidowitz, and his face began to perspire. He looked around in every direction and then mounted to the seat beside the driver.

"Drive around der corner," he said. "I vant to have a talk vit' you!"

"I'll drive to a saloon," said Dennis. "I'm dying for a drink. Me throat's full o' sawdust."

They drove to a little German place on Third Avenue which Dennis had noticed on the way up-town. Lapidowitz, after descending from his seat, held his ear to the carriage door, but heard no sound. He turned the handle and opened the door about half an inch. A reassuring "Gr-r-r!" came from within.

"He iss in!" said Lapidowitz, greatly relieved. When they were seated inside the place, Lapidowitz placed his hand on his heart and bent a soulful gaze upon Dennis.

"In half an hour," said he, "I haf vun hundert und fifty dollars. Maybe I get a check und maybe I get cash. Vot's der difference? But you stick by me und wait vit' der dog until der man comes home, und nefer, so long as you lif, vill you be sorry?"

"Orders," said Dennis, "is orders. Ye paid for a ride up. Ye're up. Ye didn't pay for a ride back, and ye didn't pay for waitin'. So me orders is to go back."

"But if I make it all right vit' you!" cried Lapidowitz eagerly. "Vot's der use of being in a hurry? Listen! Vait till comes der man, und I gif you two dollars out uf der money!"

Dennis rose. "Come on," he said. "Take yer dorg. I'll be getting back to the stable."

Lapidowitz clutched him by the lapel and for a moment gazed at him, speechless. Inwardly he was cursing this stubborn driver through three of his past generations and through half a dozen in the future. "Vait!" he begged. "How much do you vant?"

"Well, sir," said Dennis, "I don't trust ye for a cent. But give me yer I. O. U. fer twenty-five dollars, an' I'll take me chances. I'll wait till yer man comes. I'll wait right outside the door, an' when ye come out I'll collect me money or I'll take it out o' yer hide. An' if ye don't like it I'll open the

door o' the carriage an' kick yer dorg out. I've got to be gettin' back."

Lapidowitz pleaded with him, begged him to moderate his terms, explained how his grandfather and grandmother in Russia were starving for the lack of exactly one hundred and fifty dollars. But to no avail. Dennis had taken a strong fancy to the sum of twenty-five dollars. When Lapidowitz continued to plead with him he interrupted him.

"Ye make me tired," he said. "Shet up now or I'll make it fifty."

Lapidowitz, in a panic, wrote out an I. O. U. for twenty-five dollars. They drove to Mr. Margulies's house again.

Life, as we remarked before, is full of strange happenings that dovetail in with one another in such a bewildering fashion that it is almost hopeless to speculate upon them. Call them coincidences, accidents, manifestations of predestination—or anything you like—better off than if you veal-cutlets. A man to his wife that he will at his office by imporness until late at night. the utmost care and caution heorganizes an automobile joy ride with his partner and a few shining lights of the drama. But if, far out on the highway, his automobile bumps into another automobile that contains his wife's mother, how can philosophy help him?

Izzy, feeling that the bottom had dropped out of the universe, was walking toward the elevated station when his eye fell upon an old-fashioned carriage standing before a German drinking-place. And through the little window in the back of the carriage he saw the face of a dog pressed tightly against the glass. He drew nearer and stared at the animal. He saw its jaws open, and from within the

carriage came the muffled sound of excited barking.

"Beans!" exclaimed Izzy. "Holy Moses!"

You maintain that this was not a very dignified ejaculation, and you may be right. Nevertheless it is exactly what Izzy said. In a twinkling he had opened the carriage door, seized the excited animal in his arms, carefully shut the door, and was running at full speed back to Margulies's house. When the bell rang, Mr. Margulies and Rosie both rushed to the door. It rang like a fire-alarm. The next moment Beans was leaping frantically upon his mistress, and Izzy, perspiring from running and flushed with triumph, was confronting her father.

"There's the dog, Mr. Margulies," he said. "Can I have my reward?"

Mr. Margulies gazed at him and then

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H. L. STONE
BRACKEN

"Hey!" cried Lapidowitz. Dennis did not answer. "Vait!" cried Lapidowitz. "I ain'd got a cent! I ain'd got car-fare!"

Just As It Happened

slowly scratched his head. "Come inside," he said. He led the way, and just as his portly figure turned into the parlor Izzy seized Rosie in his arms and kissed her once, twice, three times, upon the lips, before he followed her father.

"Fresh!" she whispered after him. But she was smiling. Mr. Margulies motioned to Izzy to sit down. For nearly a minute he looked at him without uttering a word. Then he drew a cigar from his pocket and handed it to Izzy.

"It's a perfecto!" he said.

The door-bell rang again—a short, peremptory ring—and when Margulies opened the door he beheld the tall, gaunt figure of Lapidowitz.

"Vell?" he asked. "Vot iss it?"

"I have kept my promise," said Lapidowitz, in Yiddish. "You told me you lost a dog and would pay a hundred and fifty dollars to get him back. I promised to bring him back to you. Well, here I am! The dog is outside in the carriage."

Mr. Margulies stared at him, dumfounded. He opened his mouth to speak, but the word that was on his lips was never uttered.

As if shot from a catapult, Beans flew across the hallway, flashed between Margulies's legs, and with a vicious growl seized Lapidowitz by the coat. Margulies had just time to grasp the dog's hind legs when Lapidowitz, with a howl of terror, turned

and fled down the steps. For one brief instant he was arrested in his flight. Then there was a sharp, ripping sound, and Margulies observed that Beans held a fragment of Lapidowitz's Prince Albert between his teeth. Lapidowitz took the flight of steps in one bound, jumped into the carriage and, banging the door shut, held it tightly from within. Dennis, opining that something was wrong, drove off.

Margulies meanwhile deposited Beans upon the floor and gazed at him studiously for a moment. Then he kicked him. "If you take Rosie," he said to Izzy, "you got to take dot dog."

Dennis, as we said, drove off. He drove one block. Then he stopped, descended from his seat, and opened the carriage door. "Come out!" he said. Just that and nothing more. Lapidowitz came out. Dennis shut the door, mounted to his seat, and drove off.

"Hey!" cried Lapidowitz. Dennis did not answer. In fact, he did not even turn his head.

"Vait!" cried Lapidowitz. "I ain'd got a cent! I ain'd got car-fare!"

Still no response from Dennis. Then Lapidowitz, clinging to a lamp-post for support, opened his mouth wide and with all the strength of his lungs, cried aloud,

"Loafer!"

This time Dennis turned his head and smiled. He had a pleasant smile.

Your Choice of Fisher's Girls

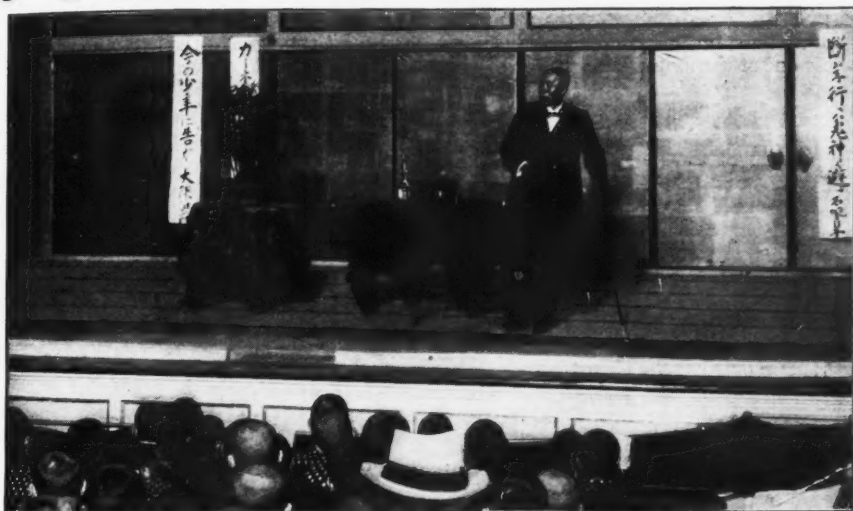
Harrison Fisher's latest creation, "*Winifred*," is the cover picture for this month's *Cosmopolitan*.

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Japan's "Grand Old Man"



Count Okuma addressing the students at Waséda University, Tokyo. To the modern Asiatic, the count is the personification of the new

University, Tokyo. To the modern Asiatic, Orient's war-cry, "Asia for the Asiatics"

By Saint

Nihal Singh

AMONG the Asiatics of our day who are dynamically influencing their countrymen and fellow continentals, whose counsels mold the Orient's relations with the Occident, and whose impassioned oratory can fan the flames of a furious fight between the East and the West, or whose sane diplomacy can cool the ardor of aggressive Asia, fast awakening from its ages-long opium slumber, and prevent a collision between the white and yellow races, Count Shigénobu Okuma looms large.

To say that Count Okuma ranks high among the *Geniro* (literally the "Elder Statesmen") who have changed the face of Japan, converted a tiny island-kingdom of no significance—sunk in the mire of feudalism—into a



mighty world power whose naval and military successes have wrung unstinted praise from all nations, and whose industrial and economic growth is nothing short of marvelous; to detail that he was from 1869 to 1881 finance minister, during 1888 and 1889 foreign minister, in 1896-7 minister of agriculture, and in 1898 premier and foreign minister, and that to-day he is the chancellor of Waséda University of Tokyo, gives a very faint idea of the importance of the man, and of the influence that he exerts upon his countrymen. In the eyes of his people he is the embodiment of the formula, "Japan for the Japanese," and all "Liberals" and "Progressives" love him and hail him as their leader.

To the modern Asiatic, Count Okuma means even more than this. To them he is the personi-

fication of the new Orient's war-cry, "Asia for the Asiatics." All Orientals touring or sojourning in Japan long to catch a glimpse of him, or, better still, talk with him. He is only one of the living "Elder Statesmen" of Japan—others of these "Grand Old Men" are still alive. But Count Okuma is the only one among them who is sought out by the Asiatics of the new school when they visit the Land of the Rising Sun. For, be it plainly said, he represents the perfect flower of new Asia. In him are centered the pride of the young Orient, the aggressiveness of the new East, the manhood of Asia shaking off its stupor of centuries.

If a conflict ever occurs between Japan and the United States, if a collision ever takes place between the Caucasians and the colored peoples of the "heathen continent," more than likely the brawl will proceed from an injury, fancied or actual, intentional or unintentional, which the Occident may inflict upon the self-respect of the Orient, yearly becoming more conscious of its rights and more determined to stand up for them. In such a crisis, it is my settled conviction that Count Okuma will be the man of the moment.

How will the "Grand Old Man" act at such a juncture?

A MAN WHO WANTS PEACE

On the whole, I think his counsels will be in favor of peace. This for two reasons: First, Count Okuma is one of those well-balanced men who are so rare among us that whenever we come across them we acclaim them as leaders. He eminently is self-respecting, but not a man of exaggerated ego; one whose sense of proportion is so fine that it is not easy to hurt his dignity or injure his susceptibilities. He is a man—every inch of him—but he also is a scholar and a student, and possessed of a judicial temperament. Count Okuma's influence, it may be added, in the past has been exerted in the interests of compromise when dealing with the Occident; for he combines in his personality the fire of the young Orient and the calm of old Asia, the mother of many civilizations.

Second, Count Okuma is a man of deep discernment. Versed in the ancient history and literature of the East, he is proud of Asia's contribution to the world's enlightenment. But he knows the Orient of the medieval ages, when dense darkness

spread over the whole continent, killing all that was best in humanity. He also realizes (something which few Orientals of the "young" type grasp) that only a corner of this veil of darkness has been lifted from the face of his continent, and that the East, despite the Japanese victories on the Manchurian battlefields and in the Tsushima Straits, still is weak as a child when compared with the West—the full-grown man.

GREATER JAPAN HIS DREAM

But when all is said and considered Count Okuma is a most ambitious Japanese, and wants to see his people make prodigious progress. A few years ago, speaking at the Kobe Chamber of Commerce, he blandly remarked: "You can go everywhere with ease and pleasure under the protection of the Japanese fleet. From old times India has been a land of treasure. Why should not the Japanese stretch out their hands toward that country? The Japanese ought to go to India."

Such a statement coming from so important a personage caused so much comment that the Japanese leader felt constrained to disavow that he meant that his countrymen should politically subjugate India, but declared that he only wished to convey the idea that, through peaceful methods, they should wrest India's trade from the British. This construction, however, was pooh-poohed by some writers, who pointed out the fallacy of the explanation.

However, with advancing age, Count Okuma actually has turned pacifist. In his latest pronouncement he declares: "Territorial expansion is a dream. Its time is gone, and peace has come upon the earth. The progress of peace must ultimately result in disarmament."

For an Oriental, Count Okuma at seventy-four is unusually vigorous, physically as well as mentally, and continues to be wonderfully popular with the young Japanese, and, indeed, with all young Asiatics. He frequently mounts the platform; and whether he speaks in the capital or in the provinces, the lecture-halls are packed with men and women who, though calm, imperturbable Easterners, vociferously express their approval of the sentiments that he utters. His annual oration at the Waseda University is an event looked forward to with great anticipation by the six thousand

students of the institution, who are extravagantly fond of their revered leader.

His interest in the affairs of his own country and the world at large continues unabated. A corps of secretaries are constantly busy digesting and summarizing articles in magazines and newspapers from all over the globe, in order to be able to retail the pith of current literature to their august employer, whose desire for knowledge is insatiable. Though for several years he has relinquished his position as the official head of the "Progressive Party," yet his influence over the Liberals continues unabated, although now it is exercised solely through pen and tongue. This "Elder Statesman's" influence, it must be distinctly

"He is a man—every inch of him—but he is also a scholar and a student"

understood, is not confined to the men, but also extends to the women of Japan. He was one of the first Orientals to realize the necessity of modernizing Asiatic women, and from his youth to this day he has continuously worked for feminine emancipation.

Now, as in his youth, Count Okuma retains that love for fashionable dress which brought him the nickname of "High-kara-son"—high-collared gentleman, or top. Whether dressed in European or native clothes, he always presents a trim, stylish appearance.

The count finds his chief recreation in horticulture. He owns one of the finest private gardens in Japan, where



TOP PHOTOGRAPH (C)
UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Count Okuma and his wife, with their daughter and granddaughter

he proudly shows his guests the best specimens of dwarf maples and other trees, miniature azaleas and camellias, and rare orchids.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She turned the knob and pushed open the door. A bell clanged almost in her ear with fierce suddenness. It was like an alarm. Her heart beat the quicker for it. She was sorry that she had come. She was frightened; still she stepped through the doorway, and called in her clear, resolute voice: "Mr. Blizzard!

It's Miss Ferris." In the dim light she looked wonderfully young and beautiful

The Penalty

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE AND A MAN'S WINNING FIGHT

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "Living Up to Moltoes," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Barbara Ferris, sculptress, twenty-two years old, daughter of a famous physician, had had many love affairs, but could not trust herself to marry. The most assiduous wooer was a lifelong friend, Wilmot Allen, who, when the story opens, has been thrown upon his own not very promising resources. These finally failing, he accepts a considerable loan from a legless man whose livelihood is apparently gained by the hand-organ species of begging. This man now makes subtle inquiries about Barbara which Allen resents but cannot, on account of his obligation, evade. Wilmot goes to Barbara's studio, where he finds her discouraged over a bust of Satan upon which she has been working. Still, what she chooses to call her career is stronger than his appeal for her to give it all up and marry him. She tells him to go away and amount to something, and he warns her that somehow he will make her love him, make her marry him. But upon him is the obligation to a street beggar who can lend various thousands in ready cash, who does not scruple at murder, who has a hat-manufactory manned with pretty girls, and who, for some reason, is interested in Barbara Ferris, daughter of the Avenue.

Walking to her studio on a May morning, Barbara comes upon the beggar. One glimpse of his face and she knows she has discovered her model for Satan. The artist in her overcoming her repugnance for the legless man, she asks him to pose for her, and he consents. At the studio she inquires of her studio-boy, Bubbles, about the beggar and learns that he is a wicked man, mysterious, a power on the East Side, and is held in general fear. Nevertheless she welcomes him to the studio. Bubbles is all solicitude and manages to have a young secret-service agent present in the guise of a workman while Blizzard is posing. The beggar gone, the young man warns Barbara against him, but she makes light of his fears and says it is her own affair anyway. At home she finds young Allen, who also warns her against Blizzard. Again she refuses to be alarmed, even when Wilmot insists that she carry an automatic pistol which he gives her. The struggle to save Barbara from a danger she will not acknowledge is now threefold: the secret service places a spy, Rose, in Blizzard's shop; West, in Barbara's studio, continues to guard her there—but she scorns his guardianship; Wilmot Allen goes to her father and pleads with him to interfere. This Dr. Ferris agrees to do, but when he arrives at the studio he is met by Blizzard, and at once it is the doctor, not the beggar, who is on his guard. Blizzard hints that he loves Barbara, and dares Dr. Ferris to tell her the truth about him. The doctor accepts the challenge, and that night he tells Barbara how he, through a mistake in judgment, had cut off a child's legs—how the child had sworn vengeance, had soon turned to crime, had become finally the Blizzard she knows. The recital has a wrong effect—Barbara sympathizes with the beggar. Fate has not yet been headed off; a heart-break still impends for some one.

THE legless man was not in the habit of waiting for things that he wanted, when the chance to take them had come. And he did not propose to endure the torture of sitting perfectly still hour after hour, morning after morning, while any young woman made a bust of him. Yet he allowed a number of mornings to pass without taking any definite steps toward the vengeance which he felt to be so dear to him.

That Barbara was a high-born lady was the chief obstacle in his plans. If she were to disappear suddenly out of the world which knew and loved her, there would be raised a hue and outcry greater, perhaps, than his utmost powers and resources could check. He would be run to earth without much doubt and put where even the sweet memory of vengeance would taste bitter in his mouth. It is perhaps pleasant to pluck the fruits of vengeance, but a man requires time in which to eat and digest them. If they are snatched from his hand the moment they are picked, his vengeance fails of all sweetness and justification.

On the other hand, Blizzard, in order to revenge himself on the man who had

maimed him, was willing to give, if not his liberty, his life.

If he could not abduct Barbara and go free, he would kill himself when they came to take him. But he did not wish to kill himself. He wished to live a long time after, gloating on his memories. He had also on foot a scheme which, starting almost as a pleasantry, had developed in his mind, and was still developing, until its latent possibilities staggered his own imagination.

A certain Jew, proprietor of a pawnshop, was in reality a receiver of stolen goods. It was common knowledge among certain crooks in the city, that the recently stolen Bland diamonds had come into this man's hands. Blizzard thought that it would be funny to take these diamonds away from the Jew, hold them for a while, and then, since the fellow was after all a friend, return them. To break into Reichman's store at night would be dangerous. Reichman himself was no coward, and he employed a savage night watchman, just out of Sing Sing. So Blizzard planned a robbery in a spirit of farce, and in the broad and crowded light of day.

Six stalwart young fellows entered Reichman's pawnshop at eleven thirty in the

The Penalty

morning. Each one had a watch or an overcoat to pawn. They crowded about Reichman, all talking at once. They were strangers to him. At exactly the same time the attention of the six policemen on the six nearest beats was attracted by the drunken and disorderly behavior of six more stalwart young fellows—one to each policeman. In the end six arrests were made, the six young drunkards were marched off to the station house, and the beats of the six policemen were for the time being deserted.

Sharp at eleven thirty-seven, five of the six young men in Reichman's shop flung an overcoat over his head and rushed him into a dark corner, clubbing him so that he could not scream. A person in the street, however, saw the struggle, and rushed off to find the nearest policeman, who of course could not be found. Meanwhile the sixth young man ran lightly up-stairs, looked under the mattress of the palatial Reichman bed, where he had been told to look, and secured the stolen diamonds. The farce came to a proper conclusion. Reichman could not complain to the police that he had been robbed of stolen goods. And he went about for many days with a sour face.

Blizzard came every day to condole with him, and finally to return the diamonds. Then he told Reichman, a man he could trust, how the robbery had been worked, and the two put their heads together.

If six policemen could be so easily put out of commission at a given moment, why not many? If a pawnshop could be so easily looted, why not Tiffany's, or one of the great wholesale jewelers in Maiden Lane? Why not the Sub-Treasury?

In Blizzard's mind the idea became an obsession; and he worked out schemes, in all their details; only to think of something bigger and more engaging. One or two details were present in all his plans; a hiding-place for the treasure when he should get it, and a large number of lieutenants whom he could trust. He could, he believed, at the least throw the whole city into a state of chaos for a few hours—for half a day—for a whole day. And during that period of lawless confusion anything might happen to anybody—to Barbara for instance. But his plans were not ripe, nor his trusted lieutenants as yet sufficient in number. He must therefore either put off his vengeance indefinitely, or run the risk of having his own career as a criminal come

to a very sudden end. For once in his life he vacillated. But it was something more than the desire for vengeance which decided him to risk everything on immediate action.

His plan was very simple. Sometimes a messenger-boy brought a note to her studio. And Blizzard had observed that Barbara's invariable habit with notes was first to read them, and then to burn them. She never tore them into pieces and threw them into the fireplace. She struck a match, lighted them at one corner, and saw to it that they were entirely consumed. When Barbara had finished with a note, or a circular, or a letter, Sherlock Holmes himself could not have recovered the contents or the name of the sender. Banking on this habit, Blizzard wrote Barbara a note and sent it to her father's house by a man he could trust. She received the note at six o'clock, while she was resting prior to dressing and dining out. It read as follows:

81 Marrow Lane.

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

My affairs don't seem to be prospering here, so I am going away. I am sorry the Bust isn't finished. You will be disappointed. I am leaving at 8 o'clock for the West. I have enjoyed sitting for you. I wish you all the success and happiness you deserve.

Very truly yours,

Blizzard.

Her mind working very rapidly, Barbara rose at once, and quite unconsciously, so strong was habit in her, struck a match, set the beggar's note on fire, threw it into the fireplace, and watched it burn to ashes. On the way to the fireplace she pressed a button to summon her maid. When this one came, Barbara, already out of her dressing-gown, spoke imperatively:

"I am going out. I want a taxi called at once. Then come back and help me dress."

But when the maid returned there was little for her to do. Barbara was in a hurry.

She found a taxi waiting at the door. She glanced at the driver, he was not one of those who usually drove her.

"Do you know where Marrow Lane is?"

"Is it near the Brooklyn Bridge, Miss?"

"I think so. Marrow Lane, No. 81. You can make inquiries. Hurry."

The strange driver drove skilfully and swiftly down the avenue. Two thoughts occupied him: the beauty of his fare, and the docility with which she came to the master's hand when he called.

In Barbara's mind there was but one thought: not that she was going to visit

a disreputable man in a disreputable part of the city, but that she was going to keep that man in the city and finish her bust of him, or know the reason why. Fame was in her grasp. She felt astonishingly sure of that. She was not going to let it escape for a mere matter of convention. It had been her first idea to send Blizzard a note by messenger. But she had more confidence in her personal powers of persuasion. If her model needed money or was in some scrape that could be righted by money and influence, she believed that she could keep him in New York.

It was not yet dark, but all the city lamps were lighted, and the East Side had that atmosphere of care-free gaiety habitual to it after business hours when the weather is rainless and warm. The taxicab moved slowly, because the children had overflowed the sidewalks and played games which kept them in blissful danger of their lives. Twice the taxi stopped. Instantly a crowd gathered about it, and Barbara became an embarrassed but amused center of criticism and admiration.

It became dark. The streets were less crowded. There were fewer lights. There was an unpleasant smell of old fish and garbage. The people Barbara now observed seemed each and all intent upon something or other. They were not merely loafing in the pure evening air, but hurrying. There were no more children. The taxi passed slowly (because of the uneven pavement) through a short, narrow street. The few lights in this street were nearly all red.

Save for the light in Blizzard's manufactory, Marrow Lane was dark and deserted. For some reason or other the city lights had gone out, or had been passed over by the lamp-lighter.

Through the glazed door Barbara saw the vast black shadow of Blizzard's profile on the white wall of his office. There was no bell. She turned the knob and pushed open the door. A bell clanged almost in her ear with fierce suddenness. It was like an alarm. Her heart beat the quicker for it; the number of her respirations increased. She was sorry that she had come. She was frightened; still she stepped through the doorway, and called in her clear, resolute voice:

"Mr. Blizzard! It's Miss Ferris."

His vast shadow remained motionless like a stain on the wall. And for a moment

he did not answer. Could she have seen his face itself, instead of only its shadow, she must have turned with a cry of fear and found that the door which had closed behind her, clanging its bell, was locked, and that there was no escape that way.

If she had turned her head she must have seen that her taxi had gone quietly away.

In the dim light she looked wonderfully young and beautiful. The parted opera-cloak disclosed her round straight throat and the broad smooth modeling of the neck from which it rose. She seemed taller and more stately than in street-dress, and at once younger, more defenseless, more virginal. There was not enough light in the place to bring out the contrasting colors of her hair. She looked like a black-haired beauty with ivory-white skin, instead of an amber, red, and brown beauty, with rosy, brown skin. Her head, small, round, and carried very high, lent her an air of extraordinary breeding and distinction. She had no thought for the short rose-brocade train of her dinner-dress, and let it trail over the dirty floor.

"Mr. Blizzard!"

This time he answered. It sounded less like a voice than the hoarse bass croak of a very enormous bullfrog.

"Please step this way."

Her head, if anything, a little higher than ever, she walked swiftly forward right into the legless man's office.

His face was very white, swollen, it looked, and blotched with purple. The veins in his forehead looked like mountain ranges on a topographical map.

"I've only a minute," said Barbara.

He lowered his head now over his ledger, but said nothing. Then he looked up and into her face steadily, and one by one the purple blotches in his own face paled, and vanished, like the extinguishing of as many hellish lights. And then to Barbara's horror a low groan, more like a dog's than a man's, passed his tightly pressed lips, came out, and was cut short off, as if with a keen knife.

"Are you sick?" she asked, not kindly, but imperatively and with a tone, perhaps, of disgust.

"Yes," said the legless man briefly, but without going into any explanation of his ailment. "You came to tell me that I mustn't go away till the bust is finished. Is that it?"

The Penalty

Barbara felt more at her ease. "Yes," she said, "I am selfish about it. It means so much to me."

"Well, you needn't have come," said Blizzard, and it was almost as if he was angry with her for having done so. "I've changed my plans. I've had to change them. I stay."

Barbara was immensely pleased. "I wish I could tell you how glad I am," she said.

"The thing now," said Blizzard, "is to get you back to your house. You shouldn't have come to this part of the city at all; and especially not dressed like that. But you didn't stop to think. You had an idea in your head. And you came. Did anybody know where you were going when you left home?"

She shook her head.

"Something dreadful might happen to you," he said, and a curious smile played about his mouth for a moment, "and no one the wiser. Suppose you hadn't found me here to look after you. Suppose you'd found some drunken crook just out of Sing Sing, or something worse?"

"But I *did* find you," said Barbara, "and all is well."

"Yes—yes," he said, "all is well. And you may thank your stars for that. Why didn't you tell your taxi to wait?"

"But I did."

Again the curious smile flickered about the legless man's mouth. "Well, he's gone."

Barbara followed the lead of Blizzard's eyes, and saw that the street in front of his manufactory was empty. He reached for his crutches, and swung himself down from his chair.

"Perhaps he's dropped down to Jake's saloon. Wait here. I'll see."

The bell of the outer-door clanged with horrid suddenness. And then she heard a piercing loud whistle twice repeated. And a few moments later the sound of a motor.

"All right, Miss Ferris, I've got him."

She drew her cloak together, and joined the legless man on the sidewalk.

"Thank you very much," she said, "and good-by till to-morrow."

The taxicab driver's face had no expression whatever. He who understood driving so well could not make out what the master was driving at.

Blizzard held open the door of the taxi, and Barbara got in. But he did not at once close the door. Instead he turned his head

and looked up the street. Then he called out sharply:

"Hurry up! Can't you see the lady's waiting?"

One came, running; a tall well-built youth, with an expression on his face of cool, cynical courage and good humor.

"Miss Ferris," said Blizzard, "this young fellow will ride in with you if you don't mind. You can drop him when you get out of the East Side, and reach your own part of the city. He will see that no harm comes to you. If you ask him questions he will answer them. Otherwise he will not speak unless you wish."

The youth grinned a little sheepishly, and Barbara made room for him on the seat beside her.

"He will answer for your safety," continued the legless man, "with his ears. Where to?"

She gave the number of the house at which she was to dine, and the legless man repeated it to the driver.

"Good night, Mr. Blizzard, and thank you."

"Good night, Miss Ferris, and welcome."

The legless man watched the taxicab until it had rounded the corner of Marrow Lane. Then he looked upward at the stars for a while. Then he swung slowly and wearily back into his rookery, and having extinguished the light, sat for a long time in the dark.

What was it that had come over the man to let his victim escape when she was so mercilessly in his power? Ask the stars to which he turned. Ask the darkness in which he sits, alone, thinking. Better, perhaps, ask the man's warped and tormented soul.

It seems that while he sat in his office waiting for her, a champion rose up to defend her, a champion in his own heart. A champion who made such headway against the brute's lawless and beastly intention as to overthrow it.

Blizzard was in the power of that which all his mature life he had feared more than hanging or the electric chair, more even than prisons. He had fallen quietly, even gently, in love.

"I'm not going to ask you any questions," said Barbara, "because I don't think of any. But if you like to talk, please do."

Without comment or preamble the youth who was to answer for her safety with his ears, began to talk.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Lady," he said, "what I've poured in jest, drink in earnest. All that's yellow isn't butter. But if anybody was to ask you—say, a man who shall be as nameless as he is legless—what I say to you during our discursive promenaid, you answer back and say, 'Kid Shannon, whenever I speaks to him, merely says, 'Ha! Hum!' or words to that effect' "

"Might have knocked me over with a feather," he said, "to find a lady like you sitting in a cab in front o' Blizzard's place. At first look I says to myself, 'One o' these high-fliers I've heard talk about that likes to fly low.' Then I flings your eyes one penetrating peep, and says to myself, 'Spect she ain't one o' that kind.' And I make out just this about you that you're O. K. from A to Xylophone, and I takes this opportunity to remark aloud to myself that I don't know what your game is and it's none o' my hate-rogeneous business, but if I was you I'd cut Marrow Lane out o' my itinerary, and stay home nights playin' a quiet rubber o' tiddle winks-the-barber."

Barbara laughed gaily. "Everybody," she said, "thinks that my friend, Mr. Blizzard, is a very bad man. But he does nothing to prove it. He has been very considerate of me in every way."

"Did I say anything against Blizzard? You'll tell him I did? Not you. And I did not. If it *wasn't* for him, I says, Marrow Lane *would* be hell's kitchen, and on the chanct that he ain't always going to be on the spot, nor me, cut it out, I says. But," continued the talkative youth, "in case you don't cut it out, in case you're ever in trouble down our way you take this," bluntly he handed her a small, dark metal whistle, "and blow her good. I knows the note, and if my ears is on the job, you gets help. You gets it sudden. You gets it good. And here, without fear or comment, I leaves you."

He signaled to the driver to stop. They had reached the southern boundary of Washington Square. Barbara held out her hand. She was greatly taken with her escort.

"And whom," she said, "am I thanking for the whistle?"

"Kid Shannon."

"Don't tell me," said Barbara, "that *you're* the man who put Hook Hammersley out in the third."

"A right to the solar plexus," said Kid Shannon simply, "to bring him in range and a left to the jaw. Even his friends admits that he begun to take his gloves off while he was still in the air. But I'm in the saloon business now, if it's all the same to you, having been light-weight champion, and spoke a monologue over three circuits—nice-behaved ladies and gentlemen o' both sexes always welcome, pay as you consume; but for you or any friends o' yours the drinks will be on the house."

He turned with one foot on the sidewalk, and one in the cab.

"Lady," he said, "what I've poured in jest, drink in earnest. All that's yellow isn't butter. But if anybody was to ask you—say, a man who shall be as nameless as he is legless—what I says to you during our discursive promenaïd, you answer back and say, 'Kid Shannon, whenever I speaks to him, merely says, "Ha! Hum!"—*or words to that effect.*' Here I wishes you salutations, and may your life contain nothing but times when you looks and feels your best."

Barbara shook hands with him again. "Come to seventeen McBurney Place," she said, "some morning. Ask for Miss Ferris, and see what you think of the bust she's making of Mr. Blizzard." She smiled mischievously. "He's supposed to represent the devil just after falling into hell."

Shannon nodded with complete understanding. "Then," said he, "I bet he looks a ringer for Hook Hammersley that time he hit the resin."

"Thank you for protecting me," said Barbara, "and for the whistle. Will you tell the man to hurry, please? Thank you! Good-by."

She was very late to her dinner, but much too amused with recent events to care. And nobody could have made her believe that her going to Blizzard's place had been fraught with terrible peril. She prized the whistle that Kid Shannon had given her, and resolved that some time she would adventure again into his part of the city, and see if she could bring him running to her side.

"I am sorry I am late," said Barbara, "but I couldn't help it." She vouchsafed no further explanation, and because she was so young and beautiful all those who had been kept waiting forgave her.

Wilmot Allen took her in to dinner, and looked much love at her, and talked much nonsense. He was, indeed, so gay and foolish that she imagined that he must have got himself into trouble again.

XVIII

Blizzard was an acute student of human nature. And a certain softening in Barbara's manner toward him was proof that she had learned his story from her father, and no longer regarded him as a stranger off the streets, but as a human being definitely



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Wilmot Allen took her in to dinner, and looked much love at her, and talked much nonsense. He was, indeed, so gay and foolish that she imagined that he must have got himself in trouble again

connected with her outlook upon life. Still, the suggestion that their relations had changed did not come from him, for he knew that pity or sympathy given by request lacks the potency of that which is spontaneously offered. So he held his peace in order that Barbara might be the first to speak, and during those days his heart became filled with mad hopes for the future.

Upon one thing he was determined, that when in the course of events Barbara should touch upon her father's criminal mistake, he would conceal, as something precious from a thief, the hatred and vengefulness that were in him, and unroll for her benefit a character noble and forgiving. He was content, or appeared content, day after day for a number of hours, to be with her, and to play the hypocrite so ably as to defy detection.

And Barbara, knowing how the man had been abused, guessing how he must have suffered, and still suffered, came to look upon him, not indeed as upon a person wholly noble, but as upon one who, with an impulse in the right direction, had in him possibilities of great nobility.

Just as a fine motor-car, perfect in mechanism, punctures a tire and is stalled by the side of the road, so works of genius like Barbara's head of Blizzard do not progress in one swift rush from start to finish. There were whole mornings during which it seemed that things went backward instead of forward, and when she was so discouraged that, had it not been for the legless man's almost fiery confidence in her ability to overcome all obstacles, she must have taken a hammer and pounded her fine sketch back into the lump of clay from which it had been evolved.

Blizzard's eyes had undergone a most thorough schooling. They had learned, to the flicker of an eyelid, when Barbara was going to look their way, and at such times were careful not to meet her eyes. When, however, they knew her to be intent for a period upon the work and not the model, they studied her always with zest, and always with more and more understanding.

Suddenly, one day, after he had been sitting motionless for half an hour, the beggar "broke his pose."

"Please don't," she said. "I'm not through."

In his eyes, soft and full of understanding, there was a gentle, if masterful, smiling.

"Yes, you are," he said, "for now. I haven't watched you at work all these mornings without learning something about the way you go at it. Do you know what a blind alley is?"

"Yes," she said petulantly, "and I'm in one."

"Quite so," said Blizzard. "And you're not taking the right way out. First you tried to climb up the house on the right, then the house on the left, and when I interrupted you, you were making a sixth effort to shin up the lightning-rod of the house that blocks the alley."

Barbara laughed. "But," she objected, "I've got to get out somehow—or fake—or call the thing a fiasco, and give it up."

"Of course you've got to get out," said Blizzard, "and it's very simple."

"Simple!" she exclaimed; "a lot you know about it."

"Quite simple," he repeated; "you merely face about and walk out. In other words, remove that lump of mud which one day is going to be more like my ear than my ear itself, and begin over."

And it came home to Barbara that the man was right. "Thank you," she said simply. "You're a great help. That is precisely what I shall do."

"But don't do it now."

"Why not?"

"Because you've wasted the freshness of your early-morning zeal with vain efforts. Destroy what you've done—there's always satisfaction in that; but either leave the re-doing alone for to-day, or try something else."

"When," said Barbara, beginning to feel soothed and confident again, "did I put myself in your hands for guidance?"

"The moment you lost your presence of mind," said the beggar, "that's when a woman always puts herself in a man's hands. Put a cloth over his satanic majesty's portrait, and sit down and relax your muscles, and talk to the devil himself."

Barbara did as he commanded with the expression of a biddable child. She flung herself into a deep chair, and drew a long, care-free breath.

"There," she said, "I knew I wasn't fit."

"You can't spend the night at a Country Club, dance till four A.M., catch the seven A.M. for town, and do good work—not always."

"How did you know all that?"

Blizzard laughed. "From a man," said he, "who had planned to rob the Meadowbrook Club last night. There is a fine haul of scarf-pins, and sleeve-links, and watches and money in the bachelors' quarters. He came to me in great dejection and explained what very hard luck he had had. He said the whole place was lit up and full of people and music, and no chance for an honest man to earn a cent. I happened to ask if you were there, and he said you were. The train was a guess, and so of course was the four A.M. Will you take a piece of well-meant advice? Either be a society girl or a sculptor. But don't burn the candle at both ends. You even look tired, and that's nonsense at your age."

He laughed like a boy.

"They tell me," he said, "that I could do the new dances. They tell me they are just like clinches in a prize-fight, and that only the novices move their feet."

Barbara's brows contracted. "I'm going to ask you a favor," she said. "If you want to talk about your misfortune, God knows I'm ready to listen. I feel some of the responsibility. But please don't joke about it. We're friends, I think. And I like to forget that you're not exactly like other people. And sometimes I do."

"Truly?" His eyes were full of suppressed eagerness and elation.

"Yes," she said, "when you talk high-mindedly and generously, as you can, when you want to, I enjoy being with you, in touch with a mind so much more knowing and able than my own. But, now we've made a beginning, I'd really like to talk about—all this dreadful mess that's been made of your life, and how things can be made easier for you, and for my father."

Figuratively, Blizzard's tongue went into his cheek at the mention of Dr. Ferris, but the expression of his face underwent no change. "Of course," he said simply, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, "I have forgiven your father. He was very young—very excitable—inexperienced."

"Actually," she said, "in your heart, you've forgiven him? And you're not saying things just to make me comfortable?"

"I am afraid," he confessed, "that I am too selfish to say or do things just to make other people comfortable. Did you ever hate anybody?"

"I think so."

"Did you like it?"

"For a while it was rather fun to think up things to do to the person, and then it got to be disagreeable, and feverish, like a cut that's festered, and then I made a strong effort, and found that hating was very poor company and led nowhere."

"Exactly," said the beggar. "Do you mind if I talk frankly? My hatred for your father persisted a great many years, until I found that going to bed with it every night and getting up with it every morning was a slow poison that was affecting all the rest of me—my power to think out a line of action, my power to stick to it, even my power to like people that were good to me and faithful to my interests. I found that I was beginning to hate everybody and everything in the world and the world itself. Meanwhile, Miss Barbara, I did things that can never be undone."

He was silent, and appeared to be turning over the leaves in the books of his memory. Suddenly he spoke again.

"And it was all so silly," he said, "so futile. The cure was in my head all the time—just longing to be used. And fool that I was, I didn't know it."

"What was the cure?"

"It was the sovereign cure for all our troubles, Miss Barbara—reason, and crowds. Stand morning or evening at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge—stand there with your trouble, and consider that among the passers, better carried than yours, are troubles far, far greater than yours, more poignant, dungeons deeper and more dark. Your father has lived a life of most admirable utility: should he be hated for one mistake? Suppose that it had been some other small boy's legs that he wasted, instead of mine? Would I hate him for it? Why, no. I'd say it's too bad. But since it was I that lost the legs I lost all sense of proportion and justice and was a long time—a long time coming back to it."

"May I know what brought you round?"

The beggar felt that he might dare a little. He smiled. "Of course. What brought me around was the discovery that he had created something far, far more important than what he had destroyed. At first I thought you were like so many other girls of your class—well dressed, and good to look at. Then that you had a very genuine talent, and were going to count in the world. Then, and this is best, it came over me that you were



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Through Bubbles Harry West received the happy news that Miss Ferris wished to speak with him. But her feet, his stout heart failed him a little. "Mr. West," said Barbara, "some person is annoying
"Is it the flowers which annoy you or the lack of comment?" "I love the flowers.



when he saw her with the vase of jonquils in her hand, and the empty box in which they had come at me." "Annoying you?" "I am continually receiving flowers without card or comment." but anything in the shape of anonymity is unfair, and I resent it," said Barbara

one girl in a million—that you would do whatever seemed right to you, not without fear of criticism, and pain and sacrifice, but regardless of them. And so, you see, the reparation is made. The father hurt, and the daughter cured.”

Barbara's face had become very grave. “However wrong you are about my character,” she said, “the reparation is not yet made. And you may be sure of this—that, whatever the criticism, I owe you friendship and you shall have it.”

The beggar trembled inwardly, but he shook his head. “You could hardly pull me up to a level,” he said, “upon which friendship between us would be possible. Imagine that I have sunk to the chin in mud, and that at the last time of calling I have been pulled out. Still the mud clings to me.”

“Nonsense,” said Barbara, “you can be washed.”

They both laughed, and at once became grave again.

“You don't know,” he said, “what I've been or what I've done. You can't even imagine.”

“That is not the point,” said Barbara, “and this is: Are you sorry? If you really have been rotten, do you want to be sound and fine? If you do I'm your friend, and whatever help I can give you, you shall have.”

“If you knew,” he said humbly, “how I dread the bust being finished! I'll be like a child stealing a ride by the strength of his arms, I'll have to drop off then—won't I?—back into the mud.”

“I'm not offering you friendship,” she said, “merely while you are useful to me. Do well, Mr. Blizzard, and do good, and I will always be your friend.”

“Do you believe that I want to do well, that I want to do good? That I want to wipe the past from the slate?”

“You have only to tell me,” she said loyally, “and I shall believe.”

“Then I tell you,” he said, and Barbara jumped impulsively to her feet and shook hands with him.

“And I may come to you,” he pleaded, “for advice, and help? Old habits are hard to shake. My friends are thieves, crooks, and grafters. My sources of income are not clean. Even now I have dishonest irons in the fire. Shall I pull them out?”

“Of course.”

“But people who have trusted me will be hurt.”

“You must work those problems out in your own conscience.”

To Blizzard, believing that he was actually making progress into the fastnesses of her heart, and that he might in time gain his ends by propinquity and his own undeniable force and personality, a sudden, cheeky knocking upon the door proved intensely irritating. It was a very small messenger-boy with a box of jonquils. Blizzard watched very closely the expression of Barbara's face while she opened the box. She held up the flowers for him to see.

“Aren't they pretty?” she said.

“They are very pretty,” said Blizzard, and he found it difficult to control his voice. “And it was very sweet of him to send them. Isn't that the rest of the speech?”

“Of course,” said Barbara gaily.

She lifted the flowers until the lower half of her face was hidden.

“Mr. Allen, I suppose,” said the beggar.

“Why should you suppose that?” said Barbara, a little coldly. “There is no card.”

Blizzard felt his mistake. And Barbara felt that he felt it. She went into the next room for a vase of water, and returned presently with heightened color. She had heard Harry West's slow grave voice explaining something to Bubbles. Her heart told her that West had sent the flowers, and she meant to get rid of Blizzard and find out. So, the vase of flowers in one hand, she held out the other to him, and said, “To-morrow.”

Blizzard was loath to go, but he felt that there was a certain finality in her voice, and he swung out of the studio, his heart gnawed with jealousy.

XIX

THROUGH Bubbles Harry West received the happy news that Miss Ferris wished to speak with him. But when he saw her with the vase of jonquils in her hand, and the empty box in which they had come at her feet, his stout heart failed him a little.

“Mr. West,” said Barbara, “some person is annoying me.”

“Annoying you?”

“I am continually receiving flowers without card or comment.”

“Is it the flowers which annoy you or the lack of comment?”

"I love the flowers, but anything in the shape of anonymity is unfair, and I resent it."

"I can think of cases," said West, "in which a man might properly send flowers without disclosing his identity—just as I may pass a fine statue and praise it, without telling the statue who I am." He smiled.

"Flowers don't resemble statues in the least, and your comparison is unnaturally far-fetched. Another thing, and this annoys me even more; my secretive friend sends flowers from the cheapest florist he can find. I argue from this that he is poor, and cannot afford to send me flowers at all."

"Perhaps his home and business in the city are too far from the Fifth Avenue shops."

"You are not saying gallant things, Mr. West. I—an unprotected young woman—tell you that I am being annoyed by a strange man. Instead of flying into a chivalrous rage and threatening to wring his neck when you catch him, you stand up for him. Very well. I shall set Bubbles to find out who the man is, and take my own steps in the matter."

Her expression was grave and unruffled, though a certain look of amusement might have been detected in her eyes, by a youth less embarrassed than Mr. West was.

"Don't do that," he said; "Bubbles could never find out. You wish to know who is sending you flowers?"

"Very much. Can you find out?"

"I think so. I mean, I'm sure I can."

"And when you have found him will you point out to him that in the future he must be open and aboveboard, or something disagreeable will be done to him?"

Mr. West bowed humbly.

"How long," she asked, "will it take you to run the creature down?"

"Well," said Mr. West, "I could go to the florist whose name is on the box, show my badge, and exact a description of the man who bought the flowers. Then I could give you the description, and if you knew any such man—"

"The florist," said Barbara, her expression Sphinx-like, "is just 'round the corner."

"I hear," said Mr. West, "and I obey."

"I will read a book till you come back," said Barbara.

But she didn't read a book; she leaned instead from a window and watched for Mr. West to come out of the studio-building.

He came presently, but did not turn east in search of the florist. Neither did he descend the steps. Instead, he took out his watch and sat down, and waited. Barbara in great glee watched him for ten minutes. She was possessed of a devilish longing to fashion out of paper a small water-bomb and drop it on his head. Memories of water-bombs brought up memories of Wilmot Allen and old days. She drew back from the window and was no longer gleeful. Why should men trouble her heart, since she wished and had elected to live, not a woman's life but a man's? She paced the studio, her soul at odds with the rest of her.

Had she ever encouraged Wilmot? Yes. West? Yes. And about a dozen others. And here she struck her left palm with her right fist. She had even encouraged a man who had committed all the crimes in the calendar and was only half a man at that! Half a man? She was not sure. There was a certain compelling force about him which at times made him seem more of a man to her than all the rest of them put together. "I can't imagine him in love," she thought. "It's really too revolting. But if he was, I can imagine nothing that he would let stand in his way. I wonder if he is married. And if he is I pity her. And yet she could say to other women, 'My husband is a man,' and most of the women I know can't say that."

And she remembered her father's perfectly ridiculous suggestion that perhaps the man so wronged by him had lifted his eyes to herself. The idea no longer seemed ridiculous; but quite possible and equally dreadful. She made up her mind that she would sacrifice her immediate chances of recognition and fame and tell the beggar to discontinue his visits. Then she withdrew the cloth from her work, and it seemed to her that what she had made was alive and had about it a certain sublimity, and that to surrender now was beyond her strength. She had a moment of exultation, and she thought: "In a hundred years my body will be dust. It doesn't matter what becomes of it now or hereafter; but people will gather in front of this head, and artists will come from all over the world to see it. And there will be plaster casts of it in city museums and village libraries. And I suppose I'm the most conceited idiot in the world, but—but it's good. I *know* it's good!"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She gave Bubbles a charmingly bound copy of Rostand's "Far-Away Princess," and when Bubbles had trotted off, she dropped into her chair and cried because she thought she had broken poor West's heart

She had forgotten West, and Allen, and Blizzard, so that when the first-named knocked, she had some ado to come out of the clouds and recall what they had been talking about. Then, not wishing to drive West into a lie, she said only,

"Have you the man's description?"

"He is not," said West gravely, "a man in your station in life. He is, I imagine, some young fellow to whom, in passing, you have been carelessly gracious."

"Is he handsome?" Mischief had returned to her mind.

"He is only bigger and stronger than usual."

"Dark or light?"

"Medium."

"And how long did it take you to find out all these interesting items?"

"Twelve minutes," said West gravely.

"By the clock?"

"By a dollar watch. . . . Miss Ferris, I haven't done right. I'm not doing right."

This came very suddenly. He had lowered his fine head and was frowning.

"I'm the man who's been sending you flowers. I didn't know it was wrong. I'm not a gentleman. But once I'd seen you, I could never see flowers without thinking of you, so I kept sending them, hoping that they would give you pleasure for their own sake. I had no business even to look at you: To win the kind of race I'm up against, a man ought to keep his eyes in the boat, and not look right or left till his race is won or lost. And even then it ought to be right or left: that he looks, and not up, and certainly not down. I didn't keep my eyes in the boat. I looked up, way up, and saw you, and caught a crab that threw the whole boat out of trim. I've no excuse, only this—that I haven't ever before even looked right or left or down. But it's all right now. Nobody's hurt. I won't come any more to watch over you. The lines are closing round Blizzard, and he knows it. His claws are pulled. He's got to toe a chalk-line, and you're as safe with him as with the Bishop of London."

Barbara said nothing. She felt very unhappy.

"One thing more. As long as I did forget the work in hand, as long as I did look up, why, I'd like to thank God, in your presence, that it was you I saw. Because in all the whole world there is nobody so beautiful or so blind."

He thrust out his hand almost roughly, caught hers, said good-by, and turned to go.

"Please wait," said Barbara. And she said it quite contrary to reason, which told her that it would be kinder to let the young man go without comments.

"You've done nothing wrong," she went on, "and I can't help being pleased by the flowers and knowing that you think I am all sorts of things that I'm not. If you really like me a good deal, don't go away looking as if the world had come to an end. I think you are a fine person, and I shall always be glad to be your friend."

There was agony in West's eyes. "My friendship," he said, "can never be any special pleasure to you. And seeing you—even once a year—would keep alive things that hurt me, and that never ought to have been born, and that were better dead."

"Faint heart—" Barbara began, and could have bitten out her tongue, since she had so often promised herself that she would never again encourage anybody.

The agony died in Harry West's eyes, and there came instead a look of great gentleness, compassion, and understanding.

"May I say things to you that are none of my business?" he asked. She nodded briefly, and he went on: "You mustn't say things like that. You have a race to row, too, but your beautiful eyes are all over the place!"

"I knew I was a rotter," said Barbara, "but I didn't know it was obvious to everybody."

"To eyes," said West gently, "in a certain condition lots of things are obvious that other people wouldn't see. May I still say things?"

"Don't spare me."

"You love to attract men. And if you happen to hurt them, you think you are a rotter. That isn't true. You're being pulled two ways. Art pulls you one—the way you *think* you want to go—and nature pulls you the way you really want to go. Men attract you to a certain extent. I can almost feel that—and you even tire of them, and think it's because you haven't got the capacity for really caring. That isn't true either. You have infinite capacities for caring, but as yet you haven't been attracted to the man you are really going to care for."

Barbara looked him straight in the eyes. "How do you know I haven't?"

He returned the look, as if doubting what he should say or do. Then he drew a deep breath to steady himself.

"Perhaps you have. But I know very well that it is not the man you think, at this moment. You are in the hunting stage, and you didn't know it. Now that you do know—unless I am greatly mistaken—I think you will try very hard not to hurt people, not to let them have wild dreams of something doing in the future."

"But if I really think—"

"Then be secret until you know."

"And if everything that is me seems to be going out to a certain man—"

"Then be secret until it has really gone out to him."

"I don't know why I let you talk to me like this."

"There you go again," he said, and she bit her lips. "It is very awful for me," he said, "to think that I have raised my voice in any criticism or disparagement of you."

"Oh, it's all true, and it's all deserved."

"But you are like that. And all at the same time it's your greatest strength and your greatest weakness, and for the right man, when he comes along, it will be his greatest treasure. . . . I don't like to say good-by. It comes hard."

"If I said, 'Don't say good-by,' would I be breaking the rules?"

"Yes," he said, "for I could never be the right man."

"Not even if—"

"Not even if—and you will have forgotten any kindness that you felt for me, while I am still wondering why the city is so empty; that once seemed so full."

The tears sprang into Barbara's eyes. "Is there anything about me that you don't know?" she asked bitterly.

"Oh, yes," he said.

"Do you know that if you asked me to marry you, I should say yes?"

"And I know that I am not going to ask you. There are two reasons. You don't love me. And I do love you."

Her arms dropped limply to her sides.

"And it shall never be said of me," he said proudly, "that I dragged anyone down. . . . Will you promise me something?"

"If you care to trust me to keep promises or to do anything that's right and honest."

"Only promise to keep your eyes in the boat. Don't help a poor dog of a man into love with you. And don't help yourself into love with him. When the right man comes along, he will *make* you love him, and then you will be sure."

"I will promise," said Barbara simply, "and I never knew how rotten I was. And I'm glad you've told me. If it's any comfort to you—you've helped. And nobody ever helped before. I shall always be proud to remember that you loved me. And I'll keep my eyes in the boat."

"And that," said Mr. West, "is where I'll keep mine, only, if it's nothing to you, I'll remember sometimes how the moon looked that time I looked up."

She stood uncertain.

"It's kind of awkward," he said, "sometimes to make a clean break. Good luck to you. And don't feel sorry about me. And be true to yourself. And if you ever really need me for anything tell Bubbles. He knows where to find me, when anybody does."

A few minutes later Barbara was asking Bubbles if he happened to know Mr. Harry West's address.

"He won't be coming back here," she said, "and I want to send him a book."

"I'll deliver it," said Bubbles. "He don't keep no regular *address*. You have to catch him on the run."

"Very well," she said, "take him this, with my very best thanks and my very best wishes."

And she gave Bubbles a charmingly bound copy of Rostand's "Far-Away Princess," and when Bubbles had trotted off, she dropped into her chair and cried because she thought she had broken poor West's heart. But there was stern stuff in his heart, and exultation, for he knew that in the supreme test of his life, he had thought only of—her.

The next instalment of "The Penalty" will appear in the December issue.



Watson of West Virginia

By John Temple Graves

THE laboratory of national legislation is the committee-room. Orators may thunder and statesmen plead, but in five cases out of six the fate of legislation rests with the men who serve and work upon the committees.

Into this real workroom of the American Senate, Clarence W. Watson, of West Virginia, has gone with the resolute determination to take his place among the statesmen who do something in this vital and tremendous period of our history. The young senator from West Virginia is a statesman with the crowning grace of common sense. A keen business man who has won his spurs and his fortune early in the commercial world, Senator Watson is also a man of splendid abilities and far-seeing sagacity in politics and in the industrial problems of the times. It is astonishing how quickly these qualities, joined to tireless industry and a singular fidelity to his public duties, have won for a public man so young and so new to legislation the respect and confidence of his older and more experienced colleagues. Modest in demeanor, reticent, accurate, reliable, and almost taciturn, Senator Watson is thus early in his first term a power in the Senate. His judgment is appealed to, his influence has shaped many important lines of legislation, and he has foreseen and helped powerfully to bring to fulfilment some of the political events that are now history.

Not that Senator Watson could not speak if his inclinations led him to the platform. Mrs. Clarence Watson, who knows him best of all the world, said to me, "I fully believe that if he ever makes up his mind to address the Senate, he will make one of the notable speeches of the session."

Perhaps this may be a burst of admiration from an interested source, but it is an eminently level-headed woman that spoke it, and every friend who knows Watson shares his wife's confidence in him.



(C)
CLARENCE WATSON
"Senator
Watson

makes a capable
and fitting successor upon
the Interstate Commerce
Committee to the lamented
Senator Elkins, whose
place he fills in the Senate"

The Watsons are admirable advertisements for matrimony in an age of divorce. They are thoroughly congenial and thoroughly happy. Mrs. Watson is a social leader in the high circles of Baltimore and Washington, and a brilliant representative

Watson of West Virginia



"A man who can win and hold friends is pretty sure to win and hold the confidence of a people. Watson of West Virginia is the center of a strong circle of devoted friends

of the best type of West Virginia womanhood. The Watsons yield to no Kentuckian in their love of blooded horses. Their stables at Fairmont are unsurpassed in the country, and their horses wear international blue ribbons from Paris and London to Lexington and New York. Mrs. Watson is famous among American gentlewomen as a whip and equestrienne.

But the senator's wife is also a woman of splendid executive ability and a noble heart. When an explosion in one of her husband's mines at Monongah sniffed out three hundred lives and left a thousand children orphaned, Mrs. Watson hurried from Washington and became for days an angel of relief and comfort among the helpless and desolate. And it was her practical genius for philanthropy which planned and provided the home in which those thousand children are being cared for by her husband.

The talents of Senator Watson are constructive and his methods conservative. In no demand of labor or business or statecraft would he dismantle any structure without building something better in its place. With a vast knowledge of the intricacies of trade, transportation, and allied problems he makes a capable and fitting successor upon the Interstate Commerce Committee to the lamented Senator Elkins, whose place he fills in the Senate.



A vast employer of labor, he does not engender friction, and he has never had a strike among his thousands of employees. His relations with all of them are not only friendly, but cordial. He believes the conditions of living are inequitable, and would give the worker a larger share of the fruits of his labor. He votes to lower the tariff even

though it lessens his interests. He does not believe in the regulated monopoly of Roosevelt or the impracticable remedies of Bryan. He thinks the overshadowing menace to our institutions and to our general prosperity is in overcapitalization and in the enormous concentration of capital.

"People are more and more unwilling," says this Democratic capitalist, "for three such enterprises as Steel, Tobacco, and Standard Oil to distribute an aggregate profit of \$400,000,000 a year, with the consequent danger to our general welfare."

He regards it as a misfortune to any young man to be born to enormous wealth, and favors in legislation a graduated income and inheritance tax that will level our great fortunes as they pass from one generation to another.

Senator Watson and his brilliant and popular colleague, Senator William E. Chilton, are counselors and leaders of the progressive Democracy in and out of the American Senate. The two West Virginia senators are fast friends, and their teamwork is perfect in its results to the interests and repute of the great state which they represent and to the best interests of the Democratic party and the people.

Commend me to a man who has friends and grapples them to his soul with hooks of steel. A man who can win and hold friends is pretty sure to win and hold the confidence of a people. Watson of West

Virginia is the center of a strong circle of devoted friends.

He was elected for the short term in January,

1911. His term expires March 4, 1913.

But the quiet, solid worth of this diligent, faithful, sagacious

publicist—

West Virginia

born and

West Virginia

bred—

has won too

far upon

the people of West

Virginia

to leave

any doubt

of his re-

turn to the

seat which

he ably and

honorably

occupies.



PORTRAIT (C) CLINEHINET

Mrs. Clarence W. Watson, wife of the senator. In spite of her social duties and her philanthropy, Mrs. Watson finds time to be an expert whip and equestrienne

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

We have told you many times—and are willing to repeat it—that we think Mr. Chester's name adds strength to any table of contents. It's not our say-so that makes his popularity: under his name you get what you pay for. That's efficiency. It's the spirit of the day, and the demand for it puts a ring around most people's prospect of getting "something for nothing" and "getting away with it." You have a right to expect it—of us and others—and by the same token you are willing to pay for it when you get it. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money—to some folks—but it was tied up with ribbons and offered to J. Rufus Wallingford—just like that—when he sized up a certain situation in a jay town. It was a careless thing to do because Wallingford was on the job and liked the color of the ribbons

"**A**NYTHING else, boss?" asked the boy, as he flopped open the clasps of Wallingford's suit-case and struggled with the intricate fastenings of Blackie Daw's oxford.

Wallingford paused in the operation of shaking out his pajamas, took a critical survey of the big double-bedded apartment, inspected the parlor, and walked to the door of the bathroom.

"Well, hardly anything, George," he replied. "Just bring us two extra pillows, and some bath-towels, and some coat-hangers, and two fresh bulbs for these burnt-out lights, and some stationery, and six assorted sandwiches, some ice-water, a bottle of Vichy, and two large, strong, double drinks of red liquor."

The "boy," a particularly black-faced and white-toothed one, stopped at his eighth finger, and held it while he grinned cheerfully at his two profitable-looking guests. "You'll have to hush right there," he chuckled. "There's a padlock on that red liquor."

Wallingford, calculating the drawer-space, turned to Blackie, who was examining his saxophone for possible dents. "No wonder we thought the town looked dead," he observed. "It's dry."

"Well, no, boss, it ain't exactly dry," denied the boy, rubbing his broad nose re-

flectively with his thumb, though still holding his eighth finger; "but it's kind o' petrified. You can drink if you eat. You don't want to stay up late, though, 'cause when eleven o'clock goes 'boom' the barroom door goes 'click,'" and he finished with a high falsetto laugh of one syllable.

"I can finish that," decided Blackie Daw. "To-morrow morning's train goes like this," and he made his saxophone go "toot! toot!"

Only the dignity of his position and the fear of losing his clasp on that eighth finger kept the Alabama boy from rolling on the floor. "That's what they all says," he laughed. "Everybody goes away from this town next mornin'. Some awful nice gentlemen comes to this hotel, but they only says, 'Howdy-do, Jeff, good-by.'"

Blackie studied his jovial countenance reflectively, and slipped a dollar into his hand. "I guess you could get us some Irish tea or something, couldn't you?"

The boy slid the dollar from his palm to the table. "If that there nice, big, iron dollar is jes' for Jeff, you all can say 'Good-by, buck,' to it, but if it's for gettin' you-all some corn-juice in a teacup, I'll have to say 'Good-by, buck.'"

"Good-by, buck," grinned Blackie, and waved farewell to the coin.

"Howdy, dollah!" shouted Jeff, and the money disappeared from the table. "Now

I'm goana move fast for you gentlemen," and, still gripping the number-eight finger, he jiggled out of the room.

Blackie drew a particularly dismal strain from his saxophone. Wallingford, thoughtfully arranging his linen in the big chiffonier, turned on him with sudden impatience.

"If you must make a noise, I wish you'd learn to play a phonograph or a Swiss music-box," he objected. "That big calabash of yours always makes me feel guilty."

"That's because you have no soul for divine harmony," calmly explained Blackie, pausing to finger a loose valve. "That beautiful selection was the heavy part of Gounod's 'Funeral March,' and I'm playing it in celebration of our prospects in this dead town."

"You're too quick with the sad rites," remonstrated Wallingford, sitting down with a fancy waistcoat on his lap. "This used to be considered a live town, and I know there's money here. I got that on the way up from the depot. The buildings are heavy and substantial. The shop-windows are bright and clean. There's a twenty-five-thousand-dollar bronze fountain in the little park out there. This hotel was furnished regardless of expense. The men are plump. They don't smile, but they wear good clothes and heavy watch-fobs. This town isn't dead; it's just sick."

"Maybe a bleeding will do it good, then," hopefully opined Blackie.

"I think it will," judged Wallingford, rising to hang up his waistcoat. "The only thing which troubles me is that I don't see any place to insert a lancet. You couldn't start a quick-action stunt of any kind in a town where all the electric signs are dark at eleven o'clock."

"That's what I said," insisted Blackie. "We'd better look at a time-table."

"I can't leave money," argued J. Rufus.

Jeff came in with two pillows, a pitcher of ice-water, and a box of matches. "I plumb forgot everything but number one and number seven," he cheerfully explained, putting the pillows on the beds, and the ice-water and the matches on the table, so that his fingers were free for counting. "Number nine was the liquor, and my sympathies was aroused so much for number nine that I fussed up the rest of your order. Was these matches number five?"

"Number ten, Jeff," chuckled Wallingford. "I'll write the rest of the order for you."

"I got a pretty good memory, if I don't get fussed," stated Jeff, in his own defense. "Say, boss, there's one of the niggers downstairs has got a little pet bottle of gin in his pocket. Shall I jes' kind o' pester around till he goes to sleep in his chair?"

"No, thanks," laughed Wallingford. "Jeff, what's the matter with this town?"

"Well, boss," hesitated Jeff, with his thumb against his nose, "the women started votin' jes' last year, and since then the town's done flatted out like a johnny-cake where the batter was too thin. They put crape on the doors of all the saloons, started noonday prayer-meetings in the place where used to be a mighty prosperous dance-hall and beer-café. Now everybody goes to Chicago to get soused."

"Poor town," commiserated Blackie. "No wonder its pulse is low."

II

"WHERE do the best business men go for lunch?" inquired Wallingford of the clerk, who was a grim-lipped young man with his hair parted flat.

The clerk satisfied himself about Wallingford before he answered. "I think they bring it in a pail," he said dryly. "They used to patronize our grill-room, before the bar was a butler's pantry; but if you'd like to see a business man eat, Mr. Sattler lunches down there, in the sunny corner, at twelve thirty."

"Who's Mr. Sattler?" asked Wallingford, with courteous interest.

"He's a regular man, and he walks this hotel," replied the dismal clerk, dipping a pen in the ink-well, from force of habit, and laying it down again. "He used to run it."

"The town doesn't seem very lively," suggested Wallingford. "There's money here, too, isn't there?"

"Plenty; but it has the sleeping sickness," returned the clerk, seemingly relieved to speak his mind. "We used to have traveling men change their routes a hundred miles to Sunday here; but now they 'tend to business."

"Tough luck," sympathized Wallingford. "You have a good hotel."

"The best in the Middle West," earnestly responded the clerk. "Would you like to buy it?"

"Not till the women are tired of voting," chuckled Wallingford. "Is it for sale?"



"Do you insist on knowing?" inquired Mr. Kacker hotly, jumping to his feet. "I certainly do!" roared
 "Then I'll tell you," retorted Mr. Kacker. "I've had your record

"You can buy any business in the town," said the clerk, with a trace of savageness. "This place is on the blink. I wouldn't have it as a Christmas gift. If this town were to be put up at auction—"

"Oh, Al," called a quiet voice, and, turning, Wallingford saw in the door of the glass-caged office a well-poised man with a good brow and a square-trimmed brown beard.

"Pardon me," begged Al, and walked over to the brown-bearded man.

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way," protested the quiet-voiced man in a low tone. "It doesn't help business any. I heard you clear over the partition."

"He hit me too hard, Sattler," protested the depressed clerk. "He asked me where the best business men went for lunch."

Mr. Sattler smiled slightly, and gave Wallingford a critical inspection. He saw before him a huge, pink-faced, stubby-mustached man with jovial eyes, a four-carat diamond in his cravat, and a general appearance of being a ton of money out for an airing.

"The town is rather quiet just now," he advised his guest. "The business men, however, are usually to be found at the

Mercantile Club at this hour. I'd be very glad to take you over, if you care to go."

"There's no one in particular I wished to see," responded Wallingford, gaging his man with narrowed eyes, and adjusting his language to his audience. "I've been driving about all morning, and now I wish to study your business men in a body, so that I can tell whether it is worth while for me to stay here very long."

"That's an interesting reason," returned the hotel proprietor, leaning comfortably against the desk. "I don't know of many businesses which are conducted on that basis."

"There aren't," admitted Wallingford, with a chuckle. "I'm almost alone in my profession. I'm a municipal nerve-specialist."

III

MONEY had been spent on the furnishing of the Mercantile Club. In the main dining-room were marble pilasters, and rather well-executed frescoes, and expensive chandeliers; but the tables were cheerlessly vacant, except for a very long one at the



the apprehensive Wallingford, whose moral courage, however, was greater even than his physical cowardice. looked up, and you're a crook." "Order!" rapped President Diggins

end of the room, where a small number of the faithful were gathered, in a brave determination to keep up their spirits. To this table, which had still some dozen of covers vacant, Mr. Sattler took his guest.

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Wallingford, of New York city," introduced Mr. Sattler, as he drew out a chair for J. Rufus, and he named each of the members in turn. Each man rose and bowed gravely, and sat down, and concerted on Wallingford a disconcerting gaze.

"Mr. Wallingford is a municipal nerve-specialist," explained Mr. Sattler.

The man at the head of the table, a bloodless, funereal fellow, with hard lines of business care all over his thin and sallow countenance, rose again, and bowed profoundly. "He looks the part," he dryly stated, and everybody smiled in friendly fashion.

"That's Henry Diggins, our leading practical joker," remarked Mr. Sattler, *sotto voce*.

"Welcome to our city," conventionally observed an oily-faced man, who had built a big coal consolidation, and kept it moving.

"Speech!" demanded a long-eared young man with a turned-up nose and a perpetual

appearance of enjoying a secret joke on some one.

"Speech," echoed the company.

Wallingford, not at all averse to the opportunity, rose to comply.

"Not yet," Mr. Diggins severely stopped him. "The rule of the club is no speeches before coffee."

"I think Mr. Sattler introduced you as a municipal nerve-specialist?" remarked the man with the big ears. "In what line, may I ask?"

"In the larger sense," returned Wallingford promptly, his entire course of action having come to a head as he studied these men. "I'll be perfectly frank with you, gentlemen. I came here on business, and I think you need me. Your city requires a social awakening. Your ladies are not elaborately enough gowned for the dry-goods stores to make money, and this means that their opportunities for publicly outdressing each other are entirely insufficient."

Mr. Diggins pounded with his gavel for silence. "All in favor of suspending the coffee rule say 'aye,'" he proposed.

"Aye!" chimed the chorus. Everybody was laughing appreciatively.

"Mr. Wallingford has the floor," announced the preternaturally grave Mr. Diggins. "So long as he will deliver such superb common sense as that, he may speak between bites, and smoke between courses, and drink between applause. I run a dry-goods store."

"Let me give you the big shock first," went on Wallingford. "I want to organize a million-dollar company for the promotion of extravagance, and I won't put up a cent. On the contrary, I expect one-fourth of the stock for my services in organization and direction."

The oily-faced man looked at him with a certain amount of coldness. "I guess the speech is over," he dryly observed.

"Order," demanded Chairman Diggins. "I'm interested in knowing what we get."

"If I'd tell you the whole scheme right now, you might carry it through yourselves and leave me out," chuckled Wallingford, making a mental memorandum of the oily-faced man and his attitude. "The leading thought of what I have in mind, however, is this: Frivolity encourages extravagance. Frivolity, therefore, is the backbone of commerce. Now, frivolity begins and ends with eating and drinking. You need some elaborate eating- and drinking-places."

"Friend Sattler has a good one, and he's doing no business," objected the president of the First National Bank, who was a well-dressed slender man, and looked entirely like a human being.

"Friend Sattler is a follower of a dying sport," smiled Wallingford. "If he had about six live competitors he'd do more business, both local and transient."

Mr. Sattler was so earnest in his reply that he stood up to make it. "That's sadly true," he acknowledged. "I can remember when I used to see the most of you in my dining-room, both before and after the theater, once or twice a week."

"You won't sell us anything to drink, Charley," objected a wavy-haired man, whose glasses could not conceal the twinkle of his eyes.

"Not after eleven," responded Mr. Sattler quietly. "The very ladies who used, with perfect propriety, to enjoy an occasional glass of champagne at my place, were at the head of the movement to suppress joy. Now, I understand, they take you for

an occasional week or so of shopping in Chicago—and Chicago sends us no money in return."

"This is a heart-warming occasion," approved the leading dry-goods merchant. "Every time a good customer of mine goes to Chicago, I lose at least five hundred dollars. Sit down, Charley Sattler. Go ahead with your answer, Mr. Wallingford."

"I propose to put a punch into your public life," resumed J. Rufus. "I propose that the million-dollar company I mentioned shall finance a French café, an Italian restaurant, a Japanese tea-house, a Chinese chop-suey place, a roof-garden, a Viennese kitchen, an English grill-room, an American lobster-palace, and any other variety of eating-house which may be decorated with pink lights, enlivened with music, and made to lure your rapidly aging people from their dismal firesides. We'll make some of them simple and some of them fussy, and you'll see the effect at once. Your ladies will dress better, your taxicabs will go faster, and your stagnant financial circulation will take on a new activity. You have the money here; you look healthy; you'd appreciate a good time. I wouldn't open the doors until 11 A.M., and I wouldn't close them until daylight. I'd—"

"Out of order," interrupted Mr. Diggins. "The big dynamo at the electric-light plant stops work at 11 P.M."

"I know," laughed Wallingford. "Black Jeff, at friend Sattler's place, put it even better—'When eleven o'clock goes "boom" the barroom door goes "click." I expect to break up this condition."

He saw no hope in the faces about him. There was almost a groan in response.

"How?" inquired the president of the First National, almost eagerly.

"Make the ladies do it," chuckled Wallingford. "Lead them all up to a dazzling good time on opening night. Let the affair be brilliant, let there be enough wine to decorously exhilarate, let the lights be burning brightly, and the hum of happy voices fill the festive hall—then, at eleven o'clock, suddenly stop the music."

Mad enthusiasm greeted that clever plan, and, amid the hearty applause, one strong-lunged singer started the club ode.

IV

WALLINGFORD, much worried, at midnight, went down to the desk, where he

found a spruce-looking night clerk, who, though intended by nature to be of a happy disposition, was as gloomy as the day clerk had been.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Daw?" inquired J. Rufus.

For a moment a flash appeared in the eyes of the gloomy-looking night clerk, and then he quite carelessly answered, "He was around here earlier in the evening, but I haven't seen him for a couple of hours."

"I was a trifle worried about him," confided Wallingford, much relieved. "I haven't laid eyes on him since morning. He's with me in sixty-one and sixty-two, you know."

"Oh, you're his room-mate," responded the clerk, with an instant change of manner, and he smiled most cordially. "I can send you right to him. Front!" and he whanged a bell. He leaned over the desk, as a tall, thin, shuffle-jointed negro with a shiny head came over to him. "Show this gentleman down to the cave," he directed, in a half whisper. "It's Mr. Wallingford."

"Yassah," returned the boy, grinning broadly. "We all knows Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw. Yassah."

He beckoned with a mysterious finger, and led Wallingford down-stairs, past the barber-shop, down another flight of stairs, and through a long, dark corridor to a big oak door, behind which, as they approached, could be heard a sliding minor chord, in four or five more or less loosely attuned voices. The sound stopped abruptly at the knock on the door, which, a moment later, was opened by no less a person than the proprietor himself.

"Why, hello, Sattler," greeted J. Rufus. "I wondered why you weren't at to-night's organization meeting."

"Come in, Wallingford," invited Mr. Sattler, who was beaming with enjoyment. "I found your friend Daw this evening, and he's the most irresistibly persuasive rowdy in the world. He's made me open the cave, for the first time in a year."

Stepping into the low, heavily beamed oak room, Wallingford found Blackie at the head of a long table, surrounded by three athletic-looking young men. A little farther away was a red-whiskered man, whose visible features bore an expression of almost infantile happiness, and with him was a fat man. In front of these gentlemen was an enormous glass pitcher, filled with a golden liquid which was liberally decorated with oranges and cherries and pineapple, and cucumber rind and mint. Behind this cheerful group, with not less than twenty white teeth glistening, was Jeff.

"Hee-hyeh!" laughed Jeff, in a high falsetto.

"Lock the door, Charley," Blackie ordered the proprietor. "The party is now complete. Jim Wallingford, shake hands with my friend Billy Hassan, the chief of police. He's the one with the whiskers. The fat sport is Bob Tills, the manager of the



Dreamed he was in a planing-mill, and woke up to find the big end of Blackie's saxophone at his ear, and Blackie, in blue pajamas, bending over him interestedly with his cheeks puffed out

Grand Opera House. These other scouts are advance members of the United Brotherhood of Crows. Everybody shake."

The young giant with his arm draped loosely around Blackie's neck, rose to his full humorous height to shake hands. "Brother Wallingford," said he, in a bass voice so deep that it rattled the loose slivers in the ceiling-beams, "do you harmonize?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't," reluctantly confessed Wallingford.

"Then sit with the audience," directed the tall Crow. "Jeff, juggle the gentleman a jorum. Daw, give us the key."

"Ting!" intoned Blackie, striking his forefinger on the edge of the table, and holding it critically to his ear; then the old oaken bucket begun to hang in the well, in all the minor chords known to amateur quartets, the four transported musicians holding their heads closely together, and "harmonizing" with every appearance of solemn ecstasy.

"I'd pay heavy salaries, and give free accommodations, to have a regiment like your friend Daw stay in this town for about a month," declared Mr. Sattler to Wallingford, leaning back in his comfortable armchair, in huge content.

"If there's a live wire in town Blackie finds him," replied Wallingford, eying the leader of the quartet with amused proprietorship. "Where did he pick up his friends?"

"They just naturally found each other," laughed Sattler. "The boys there came to engage quarters for the convention of Crows, which meets here three weeks from Saturday night. Mr. Hassan has promised to go out of the city on that day."

"I've decided to shave off my whiskers and stay," grinned the chief of police. "I've agreed to unlock the city for the occasion, and tie the key to a rabbit."

"It will be some day, and also some night, believe me," declared the manager of the Grand Opera House. "The boys picked their date by looking over my list of attractions, and they landed on the one-night stand of the big Herald Square Girl Show; sixty of the freshest chorus beauties of New York."

"A two weeks' joy ride," chuckled Wallingford. "The speculators already have the seats."

"All but the family box," acknowledged Tills. "The papers are even now calling

me a robber, but they do that every spring; and I get the money."

When the party had reluctantly broken up, at three o'clock in the morning, Blackie remembered to ask where Wallingford had been all day.

"Working," replied J. Rufus, with a trace of reproof in his tone. "We can't both of us spend our time harmonizing."

"That's why I'm so glad to have you along, Jim," responded Blackie cheerfully, humming away at a second-tenor minor of "Old Black Joe." "I realize that somebody has to work. What have you been doing to earn our living?"

"Scaring up a legitimate game," boasted Wallingford virtuously. "I started a great big scheme to-day which will make us a quarter of a million dollars, and be worth every cent of it to the town."

Blackie stopped the leisurely operation of untying his cravat, and turned on Wallingford a face full of concern. "Touch wood," he advised. "Jim, I did want to stick around here for the convention of my favorite brotherhood, but I'm willing now to take the morning train."

"Why, what's the matter?" remonstrated Wallingford.

"I'm scared stiff," stated Blackie. "Any time you say you're going into a legitimate game, I look for us to be pinched."

V

THE CITY PROGRESS INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION, under the energetic influence of J. Rufus Wallingford, subscribed its total stock, and took options on desirable property, and filled the newspapers with columns of live matter, and bought up the effects of three defunct cafés, and secured a good dramatic stock company and a good musical stock company, and furnished up the old Palace Music Hall for a three-story rathskeller and roof-garden café, and secured its charter, and met for a final organization. In the midst of the latter proceedings, the oily-faced man, whose name was Carter Kacker, rose to his feet as placidly as if he were about to ask the time of day, cast a fish-like eye on Wallingford, and observed:

"Mr. Chairman, by verbal agreement, we're bound to give Mr. Wallingford the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock for which he has subscribed, in payment for his services of suggestion,

organization, and inauguration. I move that this stock be given to Mr. Wallingford, as agreed, but that it be put in escrow until such time as all our scheduled enterprises are under way and our stock has paid a dividend."

Wallingford, full of happy content, had been about to light a fat black cigar, but he allowed the match to burn his fingers. This had been a pleasant apartment. It was later to be the tea-room, and some of the wistaria vines were already hung. Every stockholder had been Wallingford's cheerful friend, but the purple-gauze wistaria blossoms suddenly grew gray.

"In escrow!" exclaimed J. Rufus, and sucked his blister.

"Second the motion!" impulsively remarked the large-eared young man who perpetually looked as if he had a secret joke on some one.

"Why, look here!" remonstrated Wallingford, rising heavily to his feet.

"Order," demanded President Diggins, and he put the motion. "Now, Mr. Wallingford."

Mr. Wallingford seized eloquent advantage of that invitation. He protested by the high heavens, and the low heavens, and the middle heavens, that they were muzzling the ox which trod the corn; that their town would have stayed in stagnation until the health officers ordered it removed, had he not come along; that the motion was the result of some personal animus, which he could not fathom. He expanded his broad white waistcoat. He pointed with pride to his already remarkable achievement. He called on President Diggins to testify that, never in the history of his establishment, had that enterprising dry-goods merchant sold so many evening gowns, and fluffy accessories for the same, as he had for the anticipated opening of the Café Palatial. He called on the butcher, the grocer, the shoe-dealer, the tailor, and the secretary of the electric light company, to prove that there had been a quickening in every line of commerce, and he demanded of Carter Kacker to know why he had made this offensive and restrictive motion.

"Do you insist on knowing?" inquired Mr. Kacker hotly, jumping to his feet.

"I certainly do!" roared the apprehensive Wallingford, whose moral courage, however, was greater even than his physical cowardice.

"Then I'll tell you," retorted Mr. Kacker. "I've had your record looked up, and you're a crook."

"Order!" rapped President Diggins.

"He don't dare deny it," asserted Kacker.

"I'll not permit him to do so on the floor of this meeting," declared the president, pounding the table for emphasis. "I take that ground because I refuse to consider that the assertion has been made, and the secretary is hereby ordered to take no note of it in his minutes. The problem is not pertinent to our purposes. Mr. Wallingford has done here what none of us have been able to do for ourselves, and I warn the members that there is to be no more unparliamentary language. An apology from Mr. Kacker will restore us to a decent consideration of things."

Mr. Kacker, who had built up a big business by being able to take back a few things, immediately apologized to the meeting and to Wallingford, and went right on with his argument. "I wish to say, in support of my motion," he urged, "that it is only a reasonable and normal precaution. If the stock is put in escrow, Mr. Wallingford may vote it, and it will be his, except that he cannot sell it so long as we have need of his services. I don't propose to have him sell out and leave this city as soon as the prospects look good. It is only," and here he smiled with satirical suavity; "it is only a device to retain, as one of our leading citizens, so valuable an organizer."

The debate waged fast and furious for thirty minutes, but, at the end of that time, Wallingford, dripping with perspiration, realized that he had never wasted so much good, two-lunged eloquence in his life. Kacker had evidently secured an effective letter or two, and had quietly shown them about before the meeting; for J. Rufus was the only stockholder who spoke against the motion, and he was the only one who voted against it.

He went to the hotel with indignation and indigestion, and his heated state of mind was in no wise cooled by finding Blackie at work on a most mournful saxophone solo.

"For the love of Mike, can that brass pipe!" he snorted. "You'll drive me to murder with that thing some day!"

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" inquired Blackie blandly, turning over a page of music, and fingering the top bar experi-

mentally while he talked. "Did you find a plugged nickel in your change?"

"I found a plug in the whole works!" snapped Wallingford. "Blackie, the only way I can get our quarter of a million is to stay in this morgue town about three years; and *work!*"

"Well, it has a perfect climate in pleasant weather," grinned Blackie. "Jimmy, you've hurt my pride in you. How did they hand it to such a cunning little financier?"

"Put our bonus stock in escrow until the whole schedule is on a dividend-paying basis," and Wallingford bit off the end of his cigar so viciously that he pulled the middle out of it.

"In escrow!" repeated Blackie. "Great Scott, that sounds rotten, Jim. What is it?"

With much heat and vigor, Wallingford explained, and when Blackie thoroughly understood it he played a page of the most doleful music ever set to notes.

"Didn't I tell you?" he finally claimed. "Didn't I tell you there was trouble ahead every time you tried a legitimate stunt? Now you'll hit on some crooked way out of it, and drag me into disgrace! Let me get this straight. Is the money up?"

"There's seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the treasury; all regular cash."

"And to get yours you have to make good?"

"That's the only answer."

"Poor Jim!" sympathized Blackie. "Suppose they stopped you from making good, could you hold them to anything?"

"Oh, order a drink," requested Wallingford wearily. "You talk like a bicycle-pump."

He spent the rest of that evening in profound and gloomy cogitation, and, at eleven o'clock, Blackie, disgusted with life in general, left him to his heavy thought, and went to bed.

At one, Wallingford, his vexing problem still unsolved, himself retired.

At three, he dreamed he was in a planing-mill, and woke up to find the big end of Blackie's saxophone at his ear, and Blackie, in blue pajamas, bending over him interstedly with his cheeks puffed out.

"Here's your idea, Jim!" exulted Blackie. "Hurry up your opening night of the Palatial about a week, and start it on the Saturday night when the Herald Square Girl Show is here."

Wallingford sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes. "What good will that do?" he wanted to know.

"Leave it to your Uncle Horace!" grinned Blackie, and went back to bed.

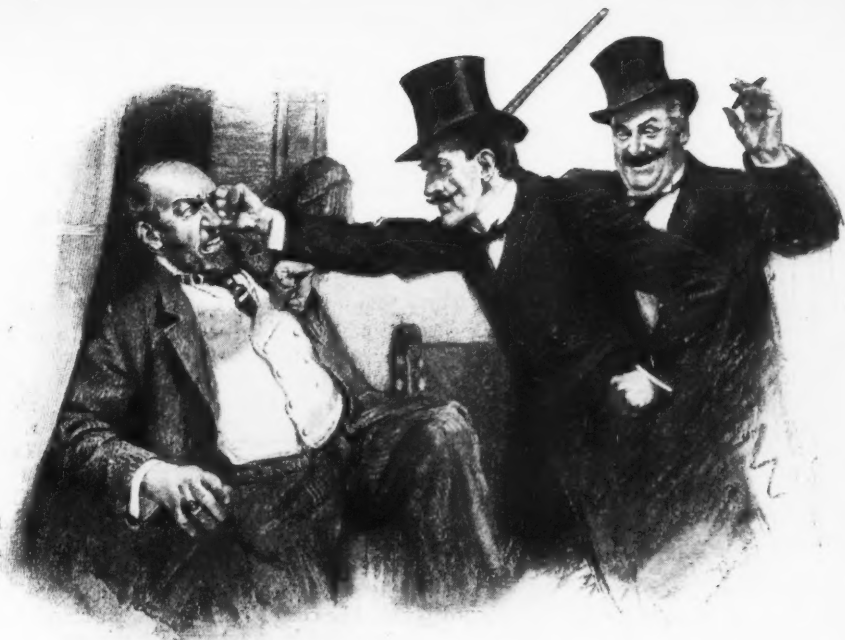
VI

EVEN the Women's Civic League gave its cheerful consent to have the eleven-o'clock-closing law shifted to twelve on the night of the opening of the splendid new Café Palatial; yet not even those ladies had imagined that twelve o'clock could come so soon; right in the very beginning of things, as it were. It had been such a thoroughly enjoyable evening, too. The big white-and-gold room had been thronged at dinner, the famous Herald Square organization had given an unusually sparkling performance, and now the cabaret supper-show was just beginning to add its delightful climax to the gayest night in the history of the staid old town. Every table had been engaged days in advance, and every woman, by midnight, was beginning to be friendly with her new gown.

At eleven thirty, the girls of the famous beauty chorus had added their touch of vivacity to the scene. The place had seemed rather empty before, with all those alternate tables vacant, but when this throng of gaily chattering, handsomely gowned young women entered, accompanied by particularly live-looking men, who of course were all strangers, the place took on an instantaneous snap. Really, the girls were not vicious-looking at all, and they were quite decorously behaved; even well mannered, which was astonishing. Wasn't it jolly, and a trace deliciously wicked, too, to mingle with these interesting pariahs, and to study them at such close range? Besides, their gowns were so well worth inspection. They were an advance hint of what the home ladies themselves might probably be wearing, in a much modified form, a year later.

Suddenly the music stopped, and every fourth electric bulb went out! A hum of dismay arose! What was the matter! Manager Wallingford, frantically appealed to from a score of tables nearest him, smilingly explained that it was twelve o'clock.

"It's the way of the world," he told the charming Mrs. Seymour Gadson, who was the president of the Women's Civic League.



"What do you want to do?" inquired Wallingford, glancing at the impatiently waiting Kacker.
 "Paste this big slob," returned Blackie—and he did

"Sometimes the drinks keep on after the music stops, but the music never keeps on after the drinks stop."

"But we've only just begun our suppers," prettily pouted Mrs. Gadson. "At least we will be served with the refreshments which were ordered before twelve."

"Not alcoholic refreshments, I am afraid," replied Wallingford with a smile. "I don't want the Women's Civic League to close us up."

"You may rest perfectly secure about that," laughed Mrs. Gadson. "I happen to be the president of the League, and I am willing to wager that every member who is present would sign a petition to have you break the law to-night. Oh! what's that big black crow?"

"That's a grotesque dancing number we'd arranged in honor of the Crows' convention, which opens here to-day," Wallingford explained. "We had prepared several novel cabaret features, but they will be rather flat without music. The café ordinance, you know, forbids music after eleven o'clock, where drinks are sold."

"Oh, that was never intended to apply to a respectable place like this!" worried

Mrs. Gadson. "Why, Mr. Wallingford, the musicians are putting their instruments in their cases! Please don't let them!"

"I can't stop them," regretted Wallingford. "The chief of police is entertaining his friends here to-night, and I saw him with his watch in his hand at two minutes to twelve."

"Is Mr. Hassan here?" eagerly asked Mrs. Gadson, half rising. "Why, we elected him! Just have him come over, Mr. Wallingford, and I'll tell him it's all right."

"I'll see what I can do," promised Wallingford, who had kept himself in reach of the more prominent members of the Women's Civic League expressly for this purpose.

Two minutes later, he led Mr. Hassan to the center of the little dancing space.

"I have taken the police department into custody," Mr. Wallingford explained to the guests of the Café Palatial, and he chuckled as he saw the dismal-looking faces of the Broadway beauties begin to lose their disfiguring gloom.

There was a cheer at the announcement, and a volley of rapid-fire hazing from the men who knew the chief of police. Wallingford had to raise his hand for silence.

"Mr. Hassan does not wish to be cruel, and, in fact, he's not ready to go home himself," Wallingford laughingly went on. "He quite properly declines, however, to bear all the responsibility of lifting the lid, for even this pleasant occasion. He's afraid of the League."

"I'll just put it to a vote," awkwardly announced Mr. Hassan, who was not much of a speech-maker. "If the ladies won't raise any trouble afterward, I won't now. All the ladies of the Women's Civic League who are in favor of forgetting the closing ordinance will please say 'aye,'" and he held to his red whiskers.

It was astonishing what a vociferous response came to the proposition. Every member of the Herald Square Company's chorus voted heartily in the affirmative, and there was even a heavy bass note in the overwhelming majority.

"Contrary 'no,'" requested the grinning chief of police.

Only a joyous laugh greeted that absurd suggestion. The pretty bright lights flashed up, and the smiling musicians took their instruments from their cases, the big human crowd pranced down into the dancing space, and the hum of conversation went up three tones in the musical scale and four in volume!

What a happy, happy time that was! Scores of most estimable ladies and gentlemen wondered how they could have been so long dead, and some of them, quite innocently imbibing more champagne than they were used to drinking, laughed quite naturally.

One clever entertainer after another followed in quick succession. Everywhere were sparkling eyes, smiling lips, and very rosy cheeks. Waiters were bustling in every direction, and a popping of corks sounded like a fusillade of firecrackers.

At one thirty, the professional entertainers had begun to pall; and, watching carefully for that moment, Manager Wallingford gave a signal to the conductor of the orchestra, and the exhilarating strains of the drinking-song from that night's "Pinky-Punk" burlesque smote upon the air. It was irresistible! Not only the sixty chorus-girls, but everybody who could sing, or thought they could, grasped eagerly at the opportunity, and, at the finish, the applause lasted for five minutes. They had two encores of that song, between which Walling-

ford sent over hastily for all the wine in Sattler's cellars.

The equally catchy marching-song followed. Everybody was in the mood now, and about forty of the Crows stood up to sing. From the rear corner of the dining-room appeared a tall, slender gentleman with a dark mustache, who had secured, from the property man of the Herald Square show, a gaudy dunce-cap, and a Pierrot collar, and a six-foot gold-headed white cane decked with gay ribbons. Just behind him came the giant Crow, the fellow with the subway voice, and he had his hands on Blackie Daw's shoulders. Both gentlemen were singing at the top of their capacity. The giant Crow's shoulders were embellished by two white hands, which belonged to one of the tallest ladies of the chorus. The string was forty persons long before it had proceeded half-way down the center aisle, and the conductor of the orchestra took a firmer grip on his baton, foreseeing that he would be compelled to play that marching-song for at least twenty-five minutes.

Around and around the big rathskeller swayed the ever-lengthening serpentine procession of happy singers, while the waiters seized the occasion to clear the tables and open the fresh bottles which had been ordered. As the tail of the procession passed the Gadson table, Mrs. Gadson, who was a live member when she was started, pulled her husband up by the sleeve, and fell in behind him. Mr. Plummit followed suit, but it was his wife's pretty cousin from Chicago who put her hands on his shoulders. Mrs. Plummit, though politely smiling, remained in her seat with her sister Jennie, as did some few of the other ladies of the Women's Civic League. There were not many, however; not nearly enough to cast any cloud upon the merry scene. In fact, most of them only held to their seats through sheer force of will—and through fortunate remembrance!

Exhausted, happy, and thirsty, the marchers returned to their seats and grasped clean glasses. The conductor of the orchestra held a pleasant little confab with the musical conductor of the show, and gave him the baton. The conductor of the show made a smiling little speech to the smiling players, and distributed some music to them.

Oh, everybody was having a good time! The sea of faces became more and more



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Gertie, a slender, beautifully molded slip of a girl with a face like an angel, gave a performance which everyone had to admit was highly artistic, though thoroughly Parisian!

rosy, and eyes which had only sparkled, now began to glisten. The laughter, especially that of the ladies of the chorus, became more and more care free. Mrs. Somerland and her husband, who had been sitting at Mr. Sattler's table, up quite near the front of things, went home. It was noticed that Mrs. Somerland's hat was tilting, and her husband held her firmly by the arm. The orchestra began some seductively wild music, which no one remembered from the show. The ladies of the chorus clapped their hands enthusiastically.

"That's you, Gertie!" they cried.

Gertie obliged. She was a slender, beautifully molded slip of a girl with a face like an angel. The giant Crow placed a table for her in the center of the dancing space, and swung her on it. The modest-looking Gertie gave a performance which everyone had to admit was highly artistic, though thoroughly Parisian! Mrs. Plummit and her sister Jennie took Mr. Plummit and went home, but Mrs. Plummit's pretty cousin from Chicago remained with the Gadsons.

At four o'clock in the morning, even the most liberal minded of the local ladies suddenly awoke to a realization of the fact that this was no place for them! They were helped to this conclusion by the startling spectacle of the always conspicuously sedate Mrs. Pew, who insisted on singing a solo, and was only removed from the place by coercion. Even Mrs. Gadson, clear eyed as ever and as clear headed as her experienced husband, hastily effaced her party from the scene, reminding Mrs. Plummit's pretty cousin to remember that they had left early in the evening.

While the church-bells were ringing on the peaceful Sabbath morning, clusters of Girl Show beauties, crowded into taxis and touring cars, were enjoying the fresh air.

VII

"So I move you, gentlemen, that the City Progress Investment Association suspend its operations and surrender its charter," concluded the oily-faced Carter Kacker, after a very sober speech of some length. Mrs. Kacker had been one of those to stay late, and encounter remorse.

"I second the motion," spoke the doleful voice of the large-eared young man, who looked as if he had at last found out whom that long-enjoyed secret joke was on, and was not pleased with the discovery.

The stockholders of the City Progress Investment Association, a particularly sad and unsmiling lot, were about to pass that resolution listlessly and without discussion, when J. Rufus Wallingford arose. He alone, of all that gathering, was able to smile; and he did so.

"I wish to propose an amendment," he stated. "You will, of course, recognize that this action on your part prevents my fulfilling my contract with you, which I am ready to continue and to which I have been faithful. The money now in our treasury, amounting to about seven hundred thousand dollars, will naturally, and without specific resolution, be divided pro rata among the stockholders." He paused, and glanced at Carter Kacker.

That gentleman opened his mouth, and half rose, but thought better of it and sat down, still staring blankly at Wallingford.

"As I wish to leave the city at once, I would request the stockholders to pass an amendment that I be given a treasurer's check for the one-fourth of the money now in the treasury, such division being called for by my twenty-five per cent. of the stock in this corporation."

Mr. Carter Kacker jumped to his feet, and swung his arms. "I ask you gentlemen to remember the assertion I once made in this very room!" he shouted. "This man Wallingford is a—"

The gavel of President Diggins beat a loud and violent tattoo on the table. "The gentleman is out of order," he declared. "Is there a second to this amendment?" Then he added somberly, "We may as well pass it."

Wallingford was quietly exhibiting a City Progress Investment Association check for one hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred dollars to the pleased Blackie Daw, in the anteroom after the meeting, when Carter Kacker came fuming up to them.

"Now, you grafter, I can tell you what I think of you!" he began, his eyes blazing and his fists clenched.

"Wait just a minute," requested Blackie Daw, stepping in between them, and holding up his hand commandingly. "Jim, you've done nearly all the work on this job. May I take it up from here on?"

"What do you want to do?" inquired Wallingford, glancing across Blackie at the impatiently waiting Kacker.

"Paste this big slob," returned Blackie—and he did.

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the December issue.

Madame Alla Nazimova

By Acton Davies

IN a tiny summer house, perched on a huge rock at the foot of an old garden just outside of Portchester, New York, Madame Alla Nazimova sat chatting of the affairs of the world in general. In her hand was the manuscript of her new play, "Bella Donna"; but for the moment the actress seemed to have lost all interest in Mrs. Chepstow, Robert Hichens's heroine. Her eyes were fixed delightedly upon the huge masses of old-fashioned flowers which decorate the garden of "Who-Torok," which, in English, means "The Little Farm."

"There is only one thing better than being a successful actress," laughed Madame Nazimova, "and

that is to be a successful landscape-gardener. It may sound rather a foolish thing to say, perhaps, but I am really serious when I state that designing and

Alla Nazimova, now playing in "Bella Donna," by Robert Hichens. Hitherto she has been partial to Ibsen, and has played that master dramatist's "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "A Doll's House," and "Lille Eyolf"

arranging and planting this garden of mine has given me as great pleasure as any of my stage creations. And then the joy I get from my garden will last me so much longer, too. Think! This little home of mine, or rather the garden part of it, is only three years old. All this I have accomplished in three short seasons. But I love it all so much now that I never care to go home to Russia any more, nor even to stray so far away as Paris.

"You know, of course," continued the little Russian, "that the first word I ever learned to speak in English was 'sea-sick.' I learned it on a ship, needless to



Madame Alla Nazimova

I have had the character so clearly outlined in my mind. Besides, I do not think it is a good idea for one actress to see another one play a rôle in which she is to appear herself.

Unconsciously it must affect her own interpretation, no matter how strongly molded in her mind it may have been originally. But it is the whole cast of Mr. Hichens's play which engrosses me quite as much as my own character. You see, I have three specialties, each one of which I pride myself on very much indeed. I am a landscape-gardener; I am an actress; and I am also a stage-manager. That was what I learned first, you know—stage-management. I was

born and brought up in Yalta, a little city of southwestern Russia. When I was sixteen years of age and

very poor I was sent to Moscow to enter a dramatic school to learn

stage-management so that I could take charge of the productions at our little home theater.

But that plan was never carried out.

Long before my three years' course was completed I had discovered that acting was my *metier*.

"For myself I do not expect ever to act in Russia again. There are many reasons why, but the chief one is that I love America too well.

Having worked as hard as

say, and we were having a fearfully rough passage. Perhaps the fact that I am such a constant victim of this disease has something to do with my contentedness to remain here in my garden.

"Do I like my new rôle of Mrs. Chepstow? Yes, indeed I do. But please don't ask me, as one silly man did yesterday, if I am going to make her at all like Hedda Gabler. Why should I? I asked him, quite indignant for the moment. Hedda was Ibsen's creation, Mrs. Chepstow is Hichens's. As dramatists these two are as far apart as the two women are as characterizations. I am looking forward to playing this rôle with the very greatest interest. No! I did not see Mrs. Campbell play the part—I did not go abroad this year for that very reason—that and the seasickness," she laughed. "I did not want to see her play it, because from the moment I read the novel

"I learned American slang first. I could say, 'I get you, Steve,' a long, long time before I could conjugate an English verb"



(C) AIME DUPONT



all our slang.' I had to explain to her that most of the slang I learned before I had mastered the English grammar. You see, I used to talk to everybody—the stagehands, the bell-boys, the newsboys on the street. They were my best and quickest teachers. 'So, madame,' I said to her, 'it is no very great credit to me. If I am very well up in American slang I could not help myself. I learned that first. I could say, 'I get you, Steve,' a long, long time before I could conjugate an English verb."

I have to master English, would I not be foolish to let all those years go for nothing? Everybody seems to think that I learned English with the greatest ease. That is not true. From the day I learned that first word 'seasick' I passed through many months of black despair because I did not see how I could ever master the idioms of your language. It was only when I cut myself off from all my Russian friends, from all my Russian books, that I could make the very least little bit of headway. Then one day—and this was hardest of all, though I was determined to remain in America and learn to speak English!—I told myself that I must always think in English. That helped me very, very much. But it was not until one night I had an English dream that I felt I could win out. A lady who was congratulating me upon my English the other day made me laugh very much though. She said to me, 'Madame, you have not only learned our language, but you know



"I do not expect ever to act in Russia again. There are many reasons why, but the chief one is that I love America too well"

(C) FROEMAN

Marvelous Mary Garden

By Stanislaus Colt



"LET me declare myself at once," exclaimed Miss Mary Garden as the interviewer approached. "There are two subjects which I place a ban on—only two! But with regard to these I shall be adamant—or rather, I should say, quite mum."

"And they are?"

Miss Garden threw back her head and laughed. "Isn't that like a man!" she exclaimed. "You couldn't even wait for me to tell you. Well, I'll relieve your anxiety at once. One of the banned subjects is wrinkles, the other is Oscar Hammerstein. And why do I place them under a ban? I bar wrinkles because they're

a scourge, and I bar Hammerstein because—well," Miss Garden puckered her brows and cogitated for a moment, "because he's an impresario. A scourge should never be seen. An impresario should never be heard. Neither of them, to my mind, has any right to be in evidence. Therefore, I refuse to act as press-agent for either of them."

"But what is your favorite stage character, Miss Garden?"—in a laudable desire to change the subject.

"That question brings us right back to wrinkles again," said Miss Garden. "My favorite character is Louise, and I can't possibly talk to you about Louise without talking about wrinkles."

"But I don't see how—"

"No, of course you don't," laughed Miss Garden, "so I shall have to explain to you.

"I make it a rule whenever I sing an opera to sing it for one person alone"

By the time I have finished the opera I'm as limp as a rag—and as for my face—well, I just wish you could see that.

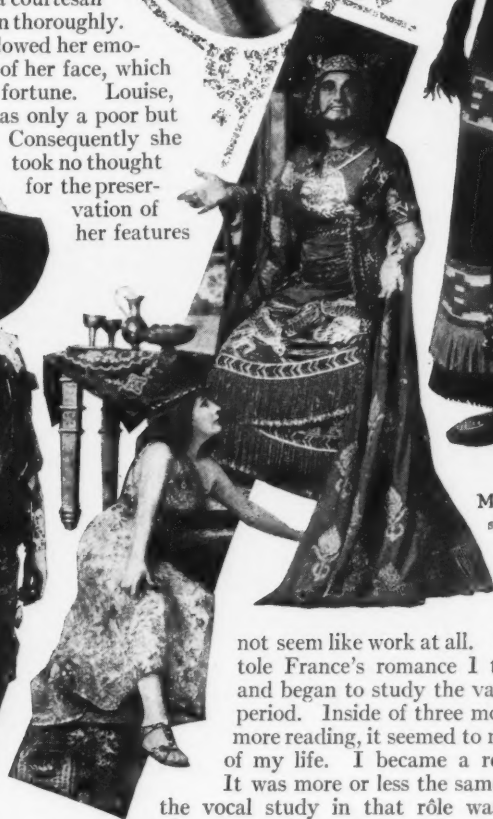
Oh! no, I don't, either! I wouldn't let anyone see my face under those conditions. I'm a sight, I assure you—quite an old, old woman. I always throw a veil over my face passing from the stage to my dressing-room, I'm such an unholy spectacle. Louise is the rôle which lets the wrinkles get in their fine work. You see, I feel Louise more acutely than any other rôle I sing."

"Even more than 'Thaïs'?"

"Oh, dear me, yes. Immeasurably more. Thaïs was a courtesan who knew her profession thoroughly. Therefore she never allowed her emotions to get the better of her face, which was, naturally, her fortune. Louise, on the other hand, was only a poor but honest working girl. Consequently she took no thought for the preservation of her features

a character I am living it as well. Consequently when I play Louise, I simply have to let her go as far as she likes."

"Fond as I am of 'Louise' though," continued Miss Garden, "I have a special little corner reserved for 'Thaïs.' It was such fun studying it did 'Thaïs.'"



Mary Garden in rôles which she has played with great success. She is shown here as she appeared in "Faust," "Mona," "Salome," and "Cinderella"

and was most prodigal in her grief. It was foolish of her, I know; but I can't prevent it. You see, while I am acting

not seem like work at all. Once I had read Anatole France's romance I threw the book away and began to study the various histories of that period. Inside of three months' time I had done more reading, it seemed to me, than in all the rest of my life. I became a regular library mouse. It was more or less the same with 'Salome,' only the vocal study in that rôle was very much harder. It took me two solid years to master 'Salome,' while many of my other rôles I have learned in less than half that time."

Genée

The Dainty Danseuse



The two small figures show Mlle. Adeline Genée as Camargo, the dancer of the court of Louis XV, an episode in whose career furnishes the basis for Mlle. Genée's miniature ballet "La Camargo."

The public are familiar with photographs of Mlle. Genée in ballet costume. In the large picture, however, Mlle. Genée is shown in private evening dress—a gown which she recently wore at a reception

MLLE. ADELINÉ GENÉE came to us five years ago in "The Soul Kiss," and New York, aroused to enthusiasm over her really brilliant artistic powers, literally fell in love with her at first sight. Since that day her popularity on this side of the water has not wavered, although she has made us but few visits. The designation, deservedly

won, of "Queen of the Dance," is still hers, and her imitators have succeeded only in emphasizing her esthetic superiority. Mlle. Genée is just now partial to London, where each evening she scores an unequivocal success in her new miniature ballet, "La Camargo."

Mlle. Genée is the finished product of the Italian school, and she is emphatic in her assertion that no other school of dancing really counts. She commenced to dance at the National Theater, Munich, when nine years of age, and several years later the little Danish girl took her first big part at the Royal Opera House, Berlin. At Copenhagen



Mlle. Genée in three of the exquisite costumes she wears in "La Camargo." These costumes are studied reproductions of those actually used by Camargo, the first dancer to wear the short ballet skirt now used



a few years the august audience incrowned heads other royal-

The art of Mlle. Genée governs her whole life; it is built upon a stratum of sacrifices. She never touches wine; she rarely attends supper-parties; and her

ago she earned plaudits of an cluding four and seven ties; and Mlle. Genée can proudly, though modestly, tell you how on one occasion her dancing delighted the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Chatsworth.

food, in the words of an intimate friend, "would scarcely keep a sparrow alive." Yet Genée is never ill; she is always physically fit. A firm believer in deep breathing, she has a chest expansion that would make a physical culturist marvel. Like an athlete, she is always in arduous training. Each day finds her practising at least a couple of hours in a room walled with mirrors.

Her dancing is the very quintessence of joyousness, poetry, charm, and rhythm.

The moment she first flutters, a vision of pink, with fairy-like lightness onto the stage, she becomes the embodiment of idyllic joy. It is a treat to witness her twinkling *entrechats*.



His only definite Yearn was to crawl into a dark Cellar with Fungus on the Walls, and do the Shuffle, after making a sarcastic Will that disinherited all Relatives and Friends



He experimented sincerely with the Caledonian Cure, acquiring a rich sunset Glow, much affected by half-pay Majors and the elderly Toffs who ride in the Row

("George Ade's New Fables")

George Ade's New Fables

Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" might have been inspired by these Ade Fables if it hadn't been written long before. At any rate the Fables have proved it true. They have "caught on." They are being laughed over wherever *Cosmopolitan* goes; that is, enthusiastic letters say they are, and we are willing to believe them. No combination of fun-makers surpassing Ade and McCutcheon could be invented; they are a ten-strike. We certainly shall keep the Fables going as long as their mirth-provoking qualities assay as high as they do now.

The New Fable of the Search for Climate

ONCE there was a Gentleman of the deepest Dye who was all out of Kilter. He felt like a list of Symptoms on the outside of a Dollar Bottle. He looked like the Picture you see in the Almanac entitled, "Before Taking."

When his Liver was at Perihelion, he had a Complexion suggesting an Alligator Pear, and his Eye-Balls should have been taken out and burnished.

He could see little dirigible Balloons drifting about in all parts of the deep-blue Ether. His Tummy told him that some one had moved in and was giving a Chafing-Dish Party. Furthermore, a red-hot Awl had been inserted under each Shoulder Blade.

When every Tree was a Weeping Willow and the Sun went slinking behind a Cloud, his only definite Yearn was to crawl into a dark Cellar with Fungus on the Walls, and do the Shuffle, after making a sarcastic Will that disinherited all Relatives and Friends.

This poor, stricken Gloomer had time-tabled himself all over the Universe, trying to close in on a Climate that would put him on his Feet and keep him Fit as a Fiddle.

He had de-luxed himself to many remote Spots that were supplied with Steam Heat and French Cooking, together with Wines, Liquors, and Cigars, but no matter what the Altitude or the Relative Humidity, he felt discouraged every Morning when he awoke and remembered that presently he would

have to rally his Vital Forces and walk all the way to the Tub.

It was too bad that a Clubman, so eminent Socially, should be thus shot to Rags and Fragments. Could aught be more Piteous than to Witness a proud and haughty Income tottering along the Street, searching in vain for a Workingman's Appetite? When one with a spending possibility of \$2 a Minute is told by a Specialist to drink plenty of Hot Water, the Words seem almost Ironic.

His Operating Expenses kept running up, and yet it looked like sheer Waste to lavish so much Collateral on the upkeep of a Physical Swab.

To show you how he worked at recouping his Health, once he spent a whole Summer in Merrie England. He had been told by a Globe-Trotter that One lodging within a mile of Trafalgar Square could hoist unlimited Scotch and yet sidestep the Day After.

The Explanation offered by members of the Royal Alcoholic Society is that the Moisture in the Atmosphere counterbalances or nullifies, so to speak, the interior Wetness.

Also, the normal state of Melancholy is such that even a case of Katzenjammer merely blends in with the surrounding Drabness.

He experimented sincerely with the Caledonian Cure, acquiring a rich sunset Glow, much affected by half-pay Majors and the elderly Toffs who ride in the Row. He began to wear his Arteries on the out-

side, just like a true son of Albion. This cherry-ripe Facial Tint proves that the Britisher is the most rugged Chap in the World—except when he is in Stockholm.

In fact, if the New York Duds worn by the Yank had been less of a Fit, and he could have schooled himself to look at a Herring without shuddering, he might have rung in as a Resident of the tight little Isle, for he was often Tight.

He learned to like the Smoky Taste and could even take it warm, but still he felt Rocky, and up to 3 P.M. was only about 30 per cent. Human.

One evening in a polite Pub he heard about the wonderful Vin Ordinaire of Sunny France. He was told that the Peasants who irrigated themselves with a brunette Fluid resembling diluted Ink were husky as Beeves and simply staggering with Health.

So he went motoring in the Grape and Château District and played Claret both ways from the Middle. Every time the Petrol chariot pulled up in front of a Braserie, he would call for a Flagon of some rare old Vintage squeezed out the day before.

Then he would go riding at the rate of 82 Kilos an Hour, scooping up the Climate as he scooted along.

Notwithstanding all these brave Efforts to overtake Health, he would feel like a frost-nipped Rutabaga when the matutinal Chanticleer told him that another blue Dawn was sneaking over the Hills.

He began to figure himself a Candidate for a plain white Cot in the Nerve Garage, when he heard of the wonderful Air and Dietary Advantages of Germany. It seemed that the Fatherland was becoming Commercially Supreme and of the greatest Military Importance because every Heiny

kept himself saturated with the Essence of Munich.

He could see on the Post-Cards that each loyal subject of Wilhelm was plump and rosy, with Apple Cheeks and a well-defined Awning just below the Floating Ribs, and a Krug of dark Suds clutched in the right Mitt.

All the way from Düsseldorf to Wohlgebaum he played the Circuit of Gardens with nice clean Gravel on the Ground and Dill Pickles festooned among the Caraway Trees. Every time the Military Band began to breathe a new Waltz he would have Otto bring a Tub of the Dark Brew and a Frankfurter about the size of a Sash Weight.

Between pulls he would aspire deeply, so as to get the full assistance of the Climate.

Sometimes he would feel that he was being benefited.

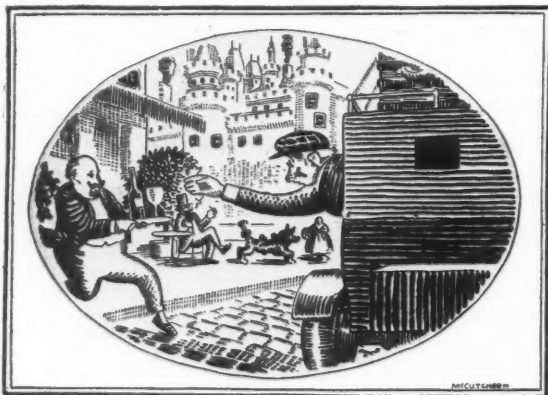
Often, at 9 P.M., before taking his final Schnitzel and passing gently into a state of Coma, he would get ready to renounce allegiance to all three of the Political Parties in the U. S. A. and grow one of those U-S haped Mustaches.

Next Morning, like as not, he would emerge from beneath the Feather Tick and lean against the Porcelain Stove, wondering vaguely if he could live through the Day.

The very Treatment which developed large and coarse-grained Soldiers all through Schleswig-Holstein seemed to make this Son of Connecticut just about as gimpy as a wet Towel.

Undismayed by repeated Failures, he took some Advice, given in a Rathskeller, and went to a Mountain Resort famous for a certain brand of White Vinegar with a colored Landscape on the Label.

It was said that anyone becoming thoroughly acidulated with this noble Beverage



Every time the Petrol chariot pulled up in front of a Braserie, he would call for a Flagon of some rare old Vintage squeezed out the day before

would put a Feather into his Granulated Lid and begin to Yodel.

He sat among the snowy Peaks, entirely surrounded by the rarefied Atmosphere so highly boosted in the Hotel Circulars, he tried a tall bottle of every kind ending with "heimer," and yet he didn't seem to get the Results.

At last he headed for the barbaric Region which an unkindly Fate had designated as Home, almost convinced that there was no Climate on the Map which would really adapt itself to all the intricate Peculiarities of his complicated Case.

Often he would be found in the Reception Room just next to the Chamber of Horrors.

After reading a few pages in a Popular Magazine dated Two Years back, he would be admitted to the little inside Room, faintly perfumed with something other than New Mown Hay. Here he would cower before the dollar-a-minute Specialist, who would apply a Dictagraph to the Heart Region and then say, "You are all Run Down."

Next day the Sufferer would collect his folding Trunks and Head-Ache Tablets and

Hot-Water Bags and start for Florida or California or the Piney Woods.

Sometimes he would seem to perk up for a Day or two. Enlivened by Hope and a few Dry Martinis, he would

move up to a little Table in the shade of the sheltering Candelabrum and tackle the Carte du Jour from Caviar to Café Noir.

The Climate would seem to be helping his Appetite. Within 24 Hours, however, he would be craving only some cold Carbonic and a few Kind Words.

Florida seemed to enervate him. California was too unsettled. Even in the Mountains, his Heart always bothered him after a Hearty Meal. And the Piney Woods only made him Pine more than ever.

Time and again he would curl up in the palatial Drawing-Room at one end of the Sleeper and dream that six Life-Long friends in deep Black were whispering among the Floral Tributes and putting on Cotton Gloves.

While searching for the Fountain of Youth he would bump into Sympathetic Souls of the kind who infest Observation Cars, and hold



Every time the Military Band began to breathe a new Waltz he would have Otto bring a Tub of the Dark Brew and a Frankfurter about the size of a Sash Weight



He sat among the snowy Peaks, entirely surrounded by the rarefied Atmosphere, he tried a tall bottle of every kind ending with "heimer," and yet he didn't seem to get the Results

down Rocking-Chairs in front of Wooden Hotels. These Fellow Voyagers in the realm of Neurasthenia would give him various Capsules and Tablets, supposed to be good for whatever Ailed one at the Time.

Soeager was he to regain his full Vigor and be able to eat and drink everything forbidden by the Doctors, he would fall for every kind of Dope made from Coal Tar. Even if he had worn Blinders he could not have walked past an Apothecary Shop.

As he moved about he produced a muffled Castanet Effect, for he had a little box of Medicated Bullets in every Pocket.

Yet he was not in Condition.

His Complexion was a Bird's-Eye Maple, and he looked like the Superintendent of a prosperous Morgue.

One Summer Day, when he was only about three jumps ahead of a Cataleptic Convulsion, he had to get on the Cars and take a long ride to inspect some Copper Mines which helped to fatten his impotent Income. The Train was bowling through a placid Dairy Region in the Commonwealth regulated by Mr. La Follette.

The Chronic Invalid was in the Buffet,

trying to work up a Desire for Luncheon, when suddenly the Car turned a complete Somersault, because a heavy Freight Train had met Number Six head on.

When the Subject of this Treatise came to, he was propped upon the front Porch of a Farm House with one Leg in Splints and a kind-faced Lady pressing Cold Applications to the fevered Brow.

He was O.K. except that he would have to lie still for a few Weeks while the Bones did their Knitting.

The good Country Folk would not permit him to be moved. He was dead willing to sink back among the White Pillows and figure the Accident Insurance.

Through the Honeysuckles and Morning-Glories he could see the long slope of Clover Pasture, with here and there a deliberate Cow, and the Steeple of the Reformed Church

showing above a distant clump of Soft Maples.

About two hours after emerging from the Trance, he made his customary Diagnosis and discovered that he was nervously shattered and in urgent need of a most heroic Bracer. So he beckoned to the president of the



After reading a few pages in a Popular Magazine dated Two Years back, he would be admitted to the little inside Room faintly perfumed with something other than New Mown Hay



The Chronic Invalid was in the Buffet, trying to work up a Desire for Luncheon, when suddenly a heavy Freight Train met Number Six head on

local W. C. T. U., and said if they were all out of Scotch, he could do with a full-sized Hooker of any standard Bourbon that had matured in Wood and was not blended.

Nurse readjusted his Pillow and told him that as soon as he came out of the Delirium he could dally with a mug of Buttermilk.

By and by, as he gathered Strength, she would slip him some Weak Tea.

He had heard that in some of these outlying Regions the Family Sideboard stood for nothing stronger than Mustard, but this was the first time he had met Human Beings who were not on visiting Terms with the Demon Rum.

At the Cocktail Hour he ventured a second Request for any one of the standard Necessities of Life, but Mrs. Peabody read him a Passage from the Family Medicine Book to the effect that Liquor was never to be used except for Snake Bites.

When he ordered the Hired Hand to bring him a large Snake, they gave him a Sleeping Powder and told inquiring Neighbors that he was still out of his Head.

Next day he found himself alive, thanks to a wonderful Constitution.

The Samaritans came and stood around his Couch and jollied him and offered him everything except what he needed.

When he offered to compromise on Drug-Store Sherry, the Daughter of the Household, Luella by name, brought out a colored Chart showing the Interior of a Moderate Drinker's Stomach. After that he was afraid to Chirp.

Even the Cigaroot was Taboo among these Good People, although Father could Fletcherize about 10 cents' worth of Lico-rice Plug each working Day.

Far removed from the Lad with the White Apron, and with nothing to inhale except Ozone, the unhappy Bon Vivant was

compelled to put up with these most unnatural Conditions.

When he was tired of dozing he could take his choice of any kind of Milk and read a few more pages of Robinson Crusoe.

Then ensued the Miracle.

His Nerves began to unsipiral themselves and lie down. He began to sit up and listen for the Toot of the Dinner Horn.

As soon as he could hobble on Crutches they put him on the Hay Scales, and he thought the Thing was out of Whack, for he had taken on 4 Pounds.

The fresh Garden Truck seemed superior to any that he had been able to obtain in the Best Restaurants.

What was more amazing, he now evinced a critical Interest in Clydesdale Colts and Leghorn Roosters, although nothing of the

sort had ever come into his Life while he had an Apartment in Forty-seventh Street.

When he took his Game Leg back to the Metropolis, he hurried to the Club and made a startling Report to all the broken-down Sports assembled in the Card-Room.



This was the first time he had met Human Beings who were not on visiting Terms with the Demon Rum

He said he had discovered the only Climate in the World. It had Switzerland skinned and was not enervating, like Florida, for he had been sleeping like a Baby and felt like a 2-year-old every G. M., in spite of the fact that he could not get his regular rations.

He wanted to organize a Company and build a Million Dollar Hotel at Once.

With a New York Steward to supply the Table and a well-stocked Cellar, the Resort ought to get all the classy Trade, for he hoped to die if the Air out there hadn't done more for him in One Month than Europe had done in a whole Year.

MORAL: Nature will sometimes help the Unfortunate who finds it impossible to reach out and help Himself.

The next instalment of the "*New Fables in Slang*" will appear in the December issue.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

Strangely the weeks fly and my life goes on: strangely, because something within me seemed to die the day my baby died. And yet the sun rises and sets in the old way; and Estelle is beginning to sing and play; and Jack to respond

(*"The Story of a Plain Woman"*)

The Story of a Plain Woman

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

Are our ideas of marriage changing? Are we drifting nowadays farther and farther from the old sacred traditions? If so, isn't it about time to wake up and take a reckoning? In this story the author tells the experiences of a man and woman who begin their married life under ideal conditions—and in the midst of it come face to face with the tragic, home-wrecking problem of the "other woman." We hope the situation is impossible in your home. But if the problem in the story were yours, what would you do? What the wife finally decided to do would probably not appeal to all women. But she had her own ideas of happiness and how to get it—and she won out

I REMEMBER now with a thrill my radiant happiness when I married Jack. I could see nothing but Jack's face, hear nothing but his voice. After two years I am still deeply happy; peacefully content with our little suburban home in Allendale.

I am plain of face, plain of manner; and often, when I look admiringly at my cousin Estelle (who has recently made her home with us) I wish I had a little of her sparkling charm, a touch of her magnetism. And Estelle will be more beautiful when she knows love with all its gifts. But now she seems indifferent to deeper things, living a great deal on the surface. She smiles in a superior way at my "vagaries." For instance, because now I do not read much fiction. Before my marriage, when I could snatch the time, I did read, greedily, but now my life is so normal, so satisfying, that I cannot give hours to tales of adventurous ladies and bold knights—the sort of story that once most appealed to me.

Now with music there is a difference, for I can sing my dreams. I can weave my fantasies (that are yet so real) into songs, for nature was lavish with her gift of a voice to me. And music brought Jack and me together. When I first met him I was giving music lessons and his sister was one of my pupils. Many times he accompanied her to my little home. He used to sit in a corner near my austere little mother, and watch me with interested eyes. He told me later that under the cloak of "Little Gray Janet" he sensed the turbulence, the clashing, of two natures, and he believed that out of the cloud of depression I would emerge into a "brilliant, charming woman."

He was right in his perception of my inward struggles. The dream of my life was to be a great singer, but my mother scathed me for such an unholy desire. She always took me sternly to task whenever the urge of youth and life sent glowing words to my lips. My father was a Quaker, and my mother early imbibed the stern qualities of that sect.

Estelle's mother and mine were sisters, but Estelle's mother was a bit of sunshine. She married a man who worshiped her, and when she gave up her life for Estelle, she whispered that it had all been worth while. And Estelle has always lived quite simply and naturally, never questioning but taking whatever she wishes; while underneath my impassive cloak many emotions fought. I never knew spirit-tranquillity, and the slow, barren years crept on till, when I was nearly twenty-eight, mother died as austere and strengthfully (that word is well chosen) as she had lived.

And then when my thoughts turned free as air to the career I longed for, Jack asked me to marry him. My world then flamed like a glorious sunrise. It seemed that all the dogged resolves that nothing should stand in my way in the march to fame died. I stood crowned, glorified, by a good man's love. I realized then, though perhaps Jack did not, that the clash within was gone, that I should always be "Little Gray Janet," with no subtleties, no complexities. Life in one intense moment had found me out!

Now two years have gone, and at thirty (I am just ten years older than lovely Estelle) I am still breathless at the miracle of Jack's love for me; and not once have I longed for the world and its acclaim. Only, at times

when Jack whimsically teases me about my long silences, and when he is roused to laughter by Estelle's sweet nonsenses, I wish I were more like my cousin with her changing moods that range from lovely coquetry to moments of quiet which equal mine. Understanding Jack so well and his love of light and life, I would at times that I could make myself over.

He says I am a little Quaker. Friendlily he tells me that I even talk in a stilted, roundabout way, and if anyone who knows me reads these notes of a plain, uneventful life, he will probably agree with Jack.

II

JACK has many spectacular surface qualities. And he has a few small gifts. He sings in a natural barytone which is most pleasing. He has a keen sense of humor, and often sends Estelle into gusts of merriment by his clever mimics. And yet, beneath all these light qualities there lies a man—a strengthful, purposeful man! But now, though thirty-three, he is but a heedless, lovable, often thoughtless boy. He will not develop into his real self (unless circumstances conspire to hurry the process) until he is years older. I catch soul-satisfying glimpses of this possibility now; for at times he is understanding, manly, very tender of me.

Jack and Estelle are chums, and I am glad that this is so. They touch the volatile part of each other's upper nature, though there are depths in each that the other does not sense, could not sense, since, aside from the badinage they both love to indulge in, their tastes are dissimilar, their temperaments almost antagonistic.

But Jack is always disappointed if, upon returning from a business trip, he finds Estelle away. So it was the other day when he returned unexpectedly to Allendale. Estelle was attending the opera in the city with a devoted cavalier; the cook had left, and I was baking a cake when Jack found me in the kitchen. He seemed annoyed at my work, and told me in a fine manner of a certain investment that is to make him rich. But I care nothing for the talk of money; and I assured him it was a relief to part once more from a haughty and peripatetic cook. There is glory in making a cake or a Spanish stew for a loved one.

We ate our dinner alone, and when I had

washed the dishes I joined Jack smoking his pipe on the veranda. We sat there together, hand in hand. I breathed deeply, thankfully, for it is good to be alive and working out your purpose. Love has quieted me, has thrown my nature into focus, has given me a sense of values, a sense of true proportions. I feel as though there are no high-lights and shadows, but a soft neutral tint over the world—my world.

Later we heard the whistle of the city train, and I knew that Estelle would soon be with us. We watched the long, white road down which she would come, and soon we saw her, her slender form quite visible in the liquid moonlight. She said a gracious good night to her young squire. Then, as the gate clicked, I went down the garden path to meet her, for always I have in mind that she has never known a mother's solitude. And now the mother-spirit seems an exquisite, brooding benediction, that should rest on all within its circle.

III

I HAVE A SON!

I pen the words proudly, and then thrill again and again with the wonder of this experience, too sacred and too deep for mere words to express. And my boy has Jack's features. Is that not joy enough for one woman? I wish that every loving woman might see this little mite with its tiny pink fingers and wondering eyes. I wish that every longing, childless woman could feel the cuddling body; could experience the ineffable wonder of motherhood.

Jack avers that I was made for sacrifice, for when baby suffered with ordinary colic, I walked the floor for hours, holding him and trying to soothe him, till Estelle relieved me.

Sometimes, with the baby in my arms and Jack near me, peering interestedly into the little face, I feel that it is not hard to know that God is in his heaven.

IV

THREE months have gone, and winter is here. And the dark ways my feet have trod! My baby is dead! For two weeks the little child lay suffering grievously, and all my bitter strength was aroused. I fought desperately, but to no avail; my little longed-for son went away. He left me before he had learned to call me Mother!

Strangely the weeks fly and my life goes on: strangely, because something within me seemed to die the day my baby died. And yet the sun rises and sets in the old way; and Estelle is beginning to sing and play; and Jack to respond.

And I am glad that they can be happy together. I am glad to see them take long walks together, to talk together, sometimes to read together, for then they do not miss me as I slip quietly away up-stairs.

V

I FIND, as the months go by, that the great, almost resentful grief is leaving me. Only the ache, the loneliness, remains. And plunging into work, I am at times a little happier.

Jack is fond of marmalade, so with great stress of spirit I sliced and seeded a dozen oranges, Estelle helping me, but even though following directions implicitly, there resulted from our labor only an unappetizing mixture.

And yesterday I fitted a blouse for Estelle. It has a low, rolling collar with a wide tie, and when in the evening she wore the blouse, her face flowered entrancingly above it. But she is a complex creature now. Her eyes are more unrevealing than ever, and she holds her thoughts in a deep reserve. Are we all changing? To-night in a spirit of jest I questioned her about the young man who is so attentive to her, but she flushed and would have none of the subject. She gave me news, however, to the effect that she had been thinking of leaving us.

I was sorry. I asked her reason, and surely, as she gave it, it was not a plausible one. She believed, she said, that married persons should be alone. I at once assured her that Jack would be satisfied with a regiment about us, calling upon him for corroboration, which, rather gravely, he gave. Then he returned to his paper, and Estelle, putting her arms about me, looked deep into my eyes.

"Do you really wish me to stay, Janet?" she whispered.

I kissed her fondly. "Of course I wish you to stay," I answered; "we both wish it. Don't we, Jack?"

And Jack, absorbed as he was in his paper, glanced up for just a moment and replied laughingly, "We couldn't do without you, Estelle."

And so she is to remain with us. I must have been sunk in melancholy and made the girl feel that my ugliness was directed toward her, when the real truth is that I am consumed with longing for a precious gift that was taken from me.

Estelle is a mercurial creature; at least that seems her present way, for since our talk she has vacillated. She wants to stay with us; she wants to go. Can it be that love plays such havoc with her will? And is it, after all, the excellent young man next door? When I found love it seemed as though a healing calm stilled my turbulent mind. But Estelle will bring to her husband the infinite variety that seems necessary to please and to hold a man. I am just Janet. I love, that is all. It is there, and I cannot play with it. Perhaps in time I might learn faintly to resemble Estelle, who is an exquisite chameleon, changing her moods with her frocks.

Also, when I am denied anything, I grow sulky and unbearable, so Jack says in all frankness and kindness. I have not known this. But I am sure Jack wishes me to reach the best in myself. Indeed I have tried, but sometimes I fear not for the resultant good to my character, but simply to stimulate his admiration. And never in all my life have I accomplished anything when a motive lay behind.

But perhaps had my little child lived and had I felt the entirety of its love, I might not have come to this state of morbid introspection and dissatisfaction. For, mark you, never a valued possession is lost but some blame must be cast upon the loser. And is it not egotism to think to hold a love simply because you are you? If grief for a lost child, if sleepless nights and inward agonies leave their traces on the face, leave one cold and still, shivering at the pitilessness of fate, can one expect to hold the admiration and love of another who worships light and happiness?

Bit by bit Jack has slipped from me; and yet I could put forth no effort when I saw him going. This woman of mournful eyes and aching heart is not the creature Jack thought he saw in the molding a few years ago. The "brilliant, charming" woman did not evolve, for when consciousness has adventured into the land of birth and death, not at once can one turn from such uncovered realities to the expression of life, merry, joyous, and on the surface. And

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because the woman-heart would throb with pity for one it loved, because the woman-arms would hold close within them the drooping form, and the woman-lips kiss the pale cheeks of the sufferer, can one cast in another mold so understand and respond?

VI

ESTELLE has left us for a week's stay with an aunt in a near-by city, who high-handedly wrote demanding the girl's presence for that length of time. I am preparing to entertain a number of friends at a dinner, so for some days I have been wrestling with the menu, since Jack desires a pretentious affair. At his request, too, I am practising so that I may sing on that evening. And I have chosen the most joyous of all my songs, the songs of spring and of hope.

Jack has not left me since Estelle's departure. We have spent our evenings together in delightful companionship. And once when my hand strayed to the arm of his chair, he laid his fingers tenderly upon it.

Have I not been a wicked woman!

VII

THE dinner was a success, although I had a new waitress for the evening, and I suffered agonies when she clumsily knocked against pieces of furniture in her entrances and exits. But Jack's eyes were kind, and though I watched furtively all evening, I found no criticism in them. He was at his best. At dinner he sat next a Mrs. Kennedy, a young, magnetic woman who has recently married and settled in Allendale. I had her husband, and I liked him well because he neglected me. He rarely took his eyes from his wife's sparkling face; and when Jack saw this, with wicked mischief he paid her assiduous attention. But I am not jealous. The memory of the other evening when his hand crept about my fingers and held them closely still warms me.

I could never be jealous. I should simply be heartbroken; perhaps weeping in a corner, and that is a rôle a man hates. For I am not gifted with the faculty of slipping on moods like a garment. I wish I were, since Jack admires dexterity of this kind.

After dinner, when I had finished my group of songs, I sat watching Mrs. Kennedy, fascinated by the interplay of emotions that brilliantly irradiated her features.

Then I glanced at Jack, who was animatedly responding to her gay badinage. And as I gazed, warm and glowing as though it were endowed with life, I felt a return of my old, undirected strength; and in my mind, sharp with its persistency echoed the question: "Why not you? Why not you?"

If sparkling inanities, if gay laughter, if light repartee, bubbling like the amber drops on champagne; if looking unutterable and yet meaningless things would contribute to Jack's happiness, I, too, would learn them all. I, too, would meet his temperament. And I would dress the part, wearing dainty gowns, with quantities of soft laces. I would be a colorful creature instead of the gray, uninteresting one Jack deploras. I would be changeable, moody, springing from one light word to another; smiling at him, coquetting with him. I, too, would try to fill that part of his nature which calls for the light, frothy thips of life.

And the time is at hand for my metamorphosis, for Jack is to be at home for three entire days.

VIII

OH, the glory of the past three days! Jack and I have lived another honeymoon, and in my new rôle I have been gay and laughing, shifting quickly from one mood to another. And ever I summoned Mrs. Kennedy's image, that woman of sunshine, of perfume, and of radiant color. I borrowed those plumages, for I had not watched her in vain. Every charming trick I took for my own, even to the quick fluttering of demure eyelashes, the adorable pouting of red lips. I doubt not that these tricks savored of the amateur; that they lacked the flavor given to them by a beautiful, exquisitely finished woman. But in their very newness in my hands lay their power of attraction, I soon discovered; for I found Jack's first surprise soon turning to a faint reflection of the interest he had given to Mrs. Kennedy.

But let me tell all.

When Thursday dawned it was a perfect May day with the warmth of summer in its hands; so away we started for the woods. We drove an old brown horse, and we sat together in a squeaking buggy, an outfit belonging to our neighbor, who insisted upon lending it to us. Jack was quiet at first, but I bent my will toward rousing him. I

talked gaily; as we drove into the country, I sang parts of lilting songs, and once I drew the reins from Jack and urged the brown horse faster, faster, till the spring breezes whipped my eyes and made them bright. And the laughter parted my lips and made them crimson; and I was the incarnation of Mirth.

And then suddenly I dropped the reins and sank back and became again a gray mouse. And Jack was interested. And then I told him the last humorous saying of old Betty King, our famous Allendale character. And

soon, like our May day, I was mirthful again. And once, when the lazy horse had almost stopped, I sprang from the buggy and, pulling up the wild flowers that fringed the road, wove a wreath and set it atop my hair. I could feel my cheeks glow with the merry blood within. And soon he smiled, and the listless look faded entirely from his face.

When we reached the woods Jack tied the horse, and hand in hand we swung into its shadowy depths. We found a place and spread our rug and sat together, laughing and talking, still Jack closed his eyes. And then I fell silent.

Soon I think he slept. But I was wakeful and vigilant with a strength within that was like steel. And my blood raced through me with the thought that I must work, no matter how unfamiliar the tools I must use. For, see, I had thought my husband's love lost! And the fault lay in me, gray and still, with pleading eyes and longing heart.

In the afternoon we drove through the towns of Renforth and Barry and reached home just as the day was fading. At once I flew to the kitchen and crushed nuts and whipped cream and concocted a dessert fit for Jack, while the new cook looked on superciliously but said no word.

Friday dawned in May mood, and with the peep of day I woke and mused on a heavenly plan, which was to include taking an early train to the city and there boarding a big boat which in three hours would land us at a charming little town with an old-fashioned hotel where we had spent the one week of our honeymoon.

So, breathlessly, I consulted Jack. At first the words of refusal hovered on his lips, and then he nodded consent. By noon we were at the quaint old hotel where, once before, with all memory of the world lost, I remembered only Jack, and could not look at him for shyness and could not eat for seeming desecration of perfect hours. And he was so good and so strong; and he loved me well, for then, perhaps I was not so nunlike, so dove colored.



Jack caught my wrist. "Keep your hands off," he repeated, still agitated; "and don't look so anguish-stricken"

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So we went back, and the proprietor welcomed us and laughed slyly at the memory of our glorified looks when first we visited him. After lunch we strolled down to the river, and Jack hired a boat and we sailed away to dreamland. And when I saw the tired look creep into his eyes I grew merry and held him with my mirth and my laughter. Soon he was interested and responsive, and my heart leaped in my breast!

In the warm evening we sat together by the bank of the river; and the night was kind, and warm, and lovely, and we saw boats drifting on the water, always with the man and the woman, some with fingers trailing in the water, some close together, so that the boat described uneasy curves; and all, oh, I wished desperately, with souls as joyous, as grateful, as mine!

But once, when we had returned to the little hotel where we were to spend the night, I forgot my rôle and leaned for a moment against Jack. And he put his arm about me in the dusk, while all the beauty of the world came stealing to me, and my lips moved, and Jack, bending, asked softly, "What are you saying, Little Girl?"

I looked up into his dear, dear eyes, and answered, "I am thanking God, Jack, that I am a beloved wife!"

Then he kissed me quietly, solemnly, and his kiss seemed to hold a promise.

Then the end of the holiday came, and we were at home again. We sat on the veranda in the dusk, and faint spring fragrances came to us; and only at the sound of wheels did I remember that Estelle was returning. So away I hastened to open the windows in her room and to perform little, welcoming services so dear to the returning one. For our home is the only real one that Estelle has ever known.

Then I washed my hands in fragrant water and looked at them in the half light. They are all of beauty that I have.

I believed I heard a murmur of voices, and leaving my wedding ring on the stand (my heart stood still afterward at the thought of my carelessness, for nothing in all the world bears the value of my wedding ring) I went quickly down-stairs and paused for a moment in the hall. The voices had ceased; Estelle had not then arrived! The vehicle must have stopped somewhere down the street.

I wanted to light the big yellow lamp in the hall, thinking to send a mellow glow

out upon the veranda, a golden glow to welcome Estelle. But some careless hand had twisted the chain; the new, awkward little maid, I thought. So, after a moment, I left the lamp, and went softly out upon the veranda. And she had come. *She had come!*

While I had paused, seeking to send out the golden light to welcome her, she had walked softly down the garden path, softly up the broad steps, down the veranda—to Jack. She was standing before him, as I stepped out. The flickering gas-glow from the music-room fell on them both. She stood while he rose to his feet. She stood, nor yielded at once to his embrace; yet did I not know that every line of her body desired to yield? Did I not know that her soul leaped to meet his as he cried: "Estelle! Oh, God, how long the time has been!"

And she answered in her soft, rich voice, "Yes, the long, long days, Jack!" Then she gently put his arms from her. "We've forgotten Janet. Oh, there's always Janet, you know."

"Always Janet," my heart repeated, heavily, sluggishly, as I turned and left them. What was for me now? Oblivion, perhaps, if that could be. Surely not life—never life now! I went up-stairs quietly, the one big thought filling my mind. Oblivion! How great a boon that one thus could seek forgetfulness.

Once in my own room, I went to the window and looked up at the stars, cold, brilliant, selfish. And down-stairs they stood, deploring the fact that I was alive to stand between them and their love! And I had lived my simple days, never dreaming of the drama played right beneath my eyes. How blind, how laughably blind, I had been. Laughably! The word cut into my lethargy, rousing me to the sense of an emotion hammering within; an emotion that pierced through the dulness, the hopelessness, that had wrapped me about. It clutched at me so I could have cried aloud; I could have torn pictures down; smashed every sweet-smelling vase filled with the spring flowers I had recently gathered. At last I knew: this wildness, this madness, was jealousy!

Can any agony of body or soul equal that of jealousy? None, I aver now, and I have passed through deep waters in my life! Does any other emotion bring to the surface such elemental passions, such sweeping thoughts of revenge, of cruelty?

It was quite dark in the room. I grew afraid of myself, and pulled the lamp-chain, flooding the room with a soft glow. And then I gave back to myself in the long mirror a glimpse of a distorted, anguished face. Was this the woman who thought she could never be jealous; who for cause would hide herself, weep herself blind? Was this wild creature with the burning eyes, the white cheeks, the quiet, neutral-tinted woman Jack and Estelle knew—and banked on as they pursued their wicked way?

That thought gave me my clue—death! How easy I could have made it for them! No! I would live and move between them; bending every energy toward keeping them in ignorance of what I knew. I would live unchanged to them, yet underneath the passive surface I would plan to make them suffer.

And then—the white-faced woman still looked back at me from the mirror—when they had suffered as exquisitely as I could make them—then I would turn Estelle away, scathing her for what she had done, for what havoc she had wrought in my life. She must go. It did not matter to me where, but go she must. And then, of course, Jack would leave me, and following would come the divorce, and, for all three, shadowed lives. The usual gamut to be run!

Would I have strength to carry out this program? I felt the old-time, unyielding, steel-like strength pouring into me now, and my feet were steady as I left the mirror and again sought the window. I heard Jack stirring about in his room next mine. I heard the little squeak his ridiculous sanitary couch gave when he sought its arms. The hours dragged on, and at last I sank down on the floor and buried my head on my arms crossed on the white window-sill.

Down-stairs a clock struck two, and continued its leaden way to three, to four, and dawn. I saw the new-born day with its lovely promise of colors, of mystery, of giving and taking. The storm within had subsided. A spiritless quiet, a hopeless inertia, bound me. This was the pause before the irrevocable end, the breaking up of my home, the return to the old life of loneliness and painful endeavor to still deep longings. And Jack and Estelle? At least they would be free of me.

So I had lived every wild and rending emotion, to come back to the starting-place, to stand once more a hurt, a soul-wounded woman.

The sun had risen grandly now; sounds came up to me from the kitchen. And at the far end of the hall I heard Estelle's door open and close softly. The cook, coming up the stairs for something forgotten, spoke a good morning, and Estelle answered sweetly, saying something about being glad to be home again.

How young her voice was! How inexperienced its musical cadence! I recalled how always she threw her tones out; they fell on the air with no rich undercurrents, because there were none in her nature. Why, at twenty I had known heavy responsibilities, I had faced life, and had come through the fire strengthened, understanding, sensing realities, not skimming surfaces.

Well, the thought was an opening one, and led me on to prick this situation in my home, to examine it, to put aside myself for the time and clearly analyze every element, humanly examine every person in the play. There was Jack, debonair, undeveloped, laughter-loving. Estelle, spoiled, taking with unthinking hands any pleasure near, with the egotism of twenty in her laughter, savoring of the child in her love of the spectacular. And I, plain, gray Janet, who lately had borrowed the brilliant plumage of another to stir into life ashes that were dead, and who, while mourning for her child, had thrown these other two together, urged them to take long walks together, to sing together, to read together.

Why then stand aghast at the natural result? And why lie back supinely and let the situation master us all, weakly putting the blame on destiny? The thought was like an ice shower, rousing every benumbed faculty. I would work, calling to my aid each day methods that would serve for that day! I would, if possible, save Jack to himself and from the consequences of his weak yielding to an interesting condition; I would save Estelle from years of vain regrets over her youthful folly. So exalted was the mood that held me then that I hoped nothing for myself, an asceticism springing out of the many black hours I had passed through; a natural reaction from the revengeful, bitter plans that earlier I had dwelt on.

IX

THE weeks pass, and every day I am glad that I did not act the conventional part. For Jack and Estelle are not happy, and in

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their unhappiness they each turn to me. A strange state of affairs; and, after all, I cannot sink beneath the weight of things, since there is always the stimulus of my work.

And yet, I want to be honest; there are times when, underneath the fierce heat of my unkilld jealousy, I turn faint, when, catching a glance of Jack's directed at Estelle, I feel again the surging warmth creep, creep, till it reaches my heart and suffocates me.

If possible at such times I turn to cake-making, to sewing, to visiting old Betty King. Or perhaps I walk miles and miles till I have the monster somewhat subdued and return to find Estelle wandering unhappily about the house. And then in the light of her welcome my burden eases. It is always so, I find; take up work, face a situation squarely, take into consideration humanity and its human failings, and you must rise, you must conquer!

Each day, by example, I try to teach Estelle this. And she is slowly responding. But Jack, man-like, is simply down on fate for having thrust him into his serious position. He is at times hard to live with; and yet, strange to say, he has my deepest pity.

Another one has entered the group, Harry Schuyler, a young man who is already an ardent lover of Estelle. There is a promise about this young man, a firmness in his fine chin, a light in his young eyes that makes me wish that Estelle could learn to care for him. But she accepts his attentions without pleasure, it would seem. And often she will leave him talking to me, while quite frankly she seeks Jack's company. Since my consciousness has opened, I am seeing clearer, and the reckless part of Estelle that I had not before fully sensed makes me gasp for what would have transpired had I confronted her scornfully with my knowledge.

She is unanchored, undirected, very thoughtless. And yet she is bound to me by a deep love. She turns to me, as I have said, as though finding her greatest comfort in one she believes she has wronged. But when she goes out attended by Harry Schuyler Jack flings about miserably. What must he think of my feelings? Or doesn't he care? One evening when Estelle went to the opera with Harry, Jack waited restlessly till her return. When, for the moment happy after the excitement of the evening, she entered the little music-room where Jack and I were, and began to talk,

Jack was gloomily silent. Then he crashed into the conversation, his voice harsh.

"It's late for you to return from the city, isn't it?" he asked.

Estelle's face fell; she leaned a little nearer to me. Her love evidently has not brought her courage. "I didn't think it late, Jack," she half whispered.

"I think it would be better if you would obey the conventions and return earlier," Jack said, his voice shaken with his feelings. He looked straight into her eyes as she leaned against me. Then, as though waking from a nightmare, he finished, "I—I am taking advantage of our relationship, you see, Janet."

I smiled. Women, it seems, can always smile. "You must expect Jack to take a cousinly interest in you, dear," I said to the girl. Then soon with a little still good night, Estelle left us.

Jack and I fighting the same arch-enemy, Jealousy!

X

HAVE I mentioned that Jack's investment proved a bad one, and that we have to economize materially? Well, that is the case, and to help out I am singing at church and enjoying the experience. So on Monday, returning from a rehearsal, I bathed my face in lavender water, smoothed my hair, and once more was ready for the tasks that lie ever at hand. And then I sought Estelle with her dress in the making over my arm.

At first she would have nothing of dresses or the dainty things of women, but now she is becoming a little interested. And so on this day we worked together, each fighting her battle. Surely in this work I am helping myself; I am learning, for one lesson, that there are sorrows to be locked away deep in the heart the while we smile and sing. For many people use many words, and at any moment a vagrant unmeant sentence will set every nerve to quivering, will send the color from the lips and darken the eyes with pain.

"Estelle," I began, "we'll not make a high collar."

"Very well," she answered indifferently.

I continued deliberately, striving to beat down the wall of her indifference, "I love your neck with its soft whiteness, and I'm going to cut the blouse without a collar."



DRAWN BY JOHN ALMOND WILLIAMS

"Is marriage then a joy?" Jack asked. "Love is!" I replied, bravely meeting his eyes. "I shall always be thankful that I love you." He regarded me strangely, then he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands

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She smiled at me whimsically then.

"And," I went on quickly, delighted at my success, "I'm going to make very short sleeves so the dimples in your elbows may readily be seen."

"Is it so important?" she asked, dropping into her old listless way.

"Very," I answered; "the things of beauty are always important. The duties that lie at hand are important."

"Duties, yes; but white necks and dimples in elbows cannot matter; such trifling affairs when there are big joys and big sorrows."

I took her hands in mine, lace, ribbons, and all. "I know of no greater human asset than to be able to find happiness in the color of a flower, the sweetness of the morning, the soft, cool patter of the rain."

She flung the lace trifles from her, and fell upon her knees before me, still clinging to my hands. "Tell me, Janet, do you know anything?" she cried.

I forced myself to meet her seeking eyes. "Many things I know, Estelle. I am a wife, I have known motherhood. Also I have a gracious gift—that of song."

She rose after a time; the haunted, frightened look was gone from her face. "I will do anything for you that I can, Janet," she said then.

"Well," I seized the opportunity, "will you give music lessons to that harmony-loving child we met the other day?"

Because she had promised, Estelle consented. So, her hands being full of work, she has less time to brood.

XI

YESTERDAY was Jack's birthday, so we celebrated. I made a chocolate cake, and Estelle originated a salad (for which pleasant things she possesses great aptitude), and we despoiled the garden till the table was a thing of beauty and fragrance. Jack was pleased, and jested merrily all during the meal. Estelle, too, answered him in kind, and our one little maid waited quite cleverly upon us and threw many an admiring glance at Estelle, whose sweet laughter filled the room.

Had I, after all, been dreaming?

After the birthday dinner, we sought the little music-room. And there a sudden quiet fell. Estelle went to the window and drew back the curtains. Jack picked up

the paper and idly scanned it, but he had grown restless and ill at ease.

"Let us go outside," I said finally.

Estelle looked around, leaving the sky and stars for the moment. The light had died from her eyes. "Very well, Janet," she answered.

"Come, Jack," I said gently, speaking to him from the doorway, for he had not moved.

He followed us and balanced himself on the railing of the veranda. Estelle swung in the hammock, and I rocked in the old willow chair. Then the gate turned, and young Harry Schuyler shortly appeared. His face brightened at sight of Estelle. Jack shook hands and muttered some word of greeting.

Soon Harry was rocking comfortably between Estelle and me. He did not mean to sit in silence, and so he talked, lightly, yet with much cleverness. Estelle answered him in kind, yet I knew she was but dutifully entertaining a guest and that no emotion other than friendship touched her. Soon, when things dragged, I said,

"Would you enjoy a little music, Harry?"

"Oh, will you sing, Mrs. Doane?" he asked, with flattering eagerness.

"I'll be glad to; you and Estelle stay out here, and I'll open the windows of the music-room." I turned to Jack. "Will you turn my music for me, Jack?" I finished.

Jack followed me into the music-room. Arranging my songs, I felt the strength of his gaze and turned to look at him. "What is it, Jack," I gasped, dropping the music in a heap on the floor.

"You might learn to keep your hands off!" he cried in a voice of uncontrollable anger.

For a moment the room was plunged into blackness. Then my lips moved again. "I thought to give him a chance," I murmured.

He caught my wrist. "Keep your hands off," he repeated, still agitated; "and don't look so anguish-stricken. We live in a small town," he went on, "and I wish to protect your cousin from gossip." Poor Jack, with so inadequate an imagination; a woman could have thought up a dozen better excuses.

He left the room then, and soon in his room just above I heard him restlessly walking back and forth. The moments sped.

"Are you going to sing, Janet?"

Estelle's voice floated in to me, and I knew that I must answer. I grasped the music-stand and forced the words out into the room. "In a moment, Estelle."

Sing? With every fiber wrung with pain. Sing? While my husband paced the floor, consumed with bitter longings and hatred of the tie that bound him to me. Sing!

The piano seemed far away, but I reached it finally. My hands crashed on the keys, but they sought clumsily and at last found the chords. Soon, not at once, I heard the words which my throat at last liberated,

"Comfort ye, my people, comfort ye."

XII

JACK, arriving home early one afternoon, found me in the kitchen. "Where's Estelle?" he asked.

"Gone for a drive with Harry Schuyler," I answered.

"You are an interfering matchmaker; you're always at that game, Janet," he said, speaking lightly, but covering deeper feelings.

"But I want Estelle to marry; she must not miss the joys of womanhood."

"Is marriage then a joy?" he asked.

"Love is!" I replied, bravely meeting his eyes. "I shall always be thankful that I love you."

He regarded me strangely, then he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. After a space he looked up at me, standing so near to him, and all his trouble spoke in his eyes. "What shall I do, Janet?" he asked, like a child, and at that moment all was uncovered, laid bare between us. He knew I knew, and when suddenly I knelt before him and took his hands in mine, looking up at him with all the pity I felt for him, the hardness went out of his eyes. In that second, I saw his soul, clean, manly, purposeful. The selfish, pleasure-loving, unthinking Jack was gone, and he stood revealed in his real strength, the strength he had covered, drowned with self-indulgence. In this great moment it was as though he reached the mountain-peak of his own promise. "What shall I do, Janet?" The glorified possibility of his manhood was gone, but I had had the glimpse.

"Go away, Jack," I said. "You mentioned the other day that your firm was about to open an office in California; you take charge." His eyes wavered. It was

hard for him to leave Estelle's presence; did I not know! But I went on: "Freedom—in a new place—will mean a great deal to you. There'll be big, clean spaces; there'll be silent nights and fresh early mornings. You can get to know yourself, your possibilities, as I know them, Jack. And remember that I'll never lose confidence in you."

"Janet!" Were his eyes misty? He took my hand in his. "And so this is the love of woman! To forgive, to trust, to inspire. Dear, if I weren't all at once honestier than ever before, I'd ask you to go with me."

My heart leaped at the picture his words painted, but I knew out there I should still be the same unloved woman as here.

Jack continued: "I'll make arrangements as soon as possible; then I'll pull out. Janet, thank you!"

That was all; but he kissed me softly.

XIII

ESTELLE sought me one morning when Jack had been away nearly a year. Her face was pale, her eyes big. "Harry Schuyler has asked me to marry him, Janet."

My heart leaped. "Do you love him, Estelle?" The words were on my lips before I knew. I had not meant to ask that question.

The color flamed in her cheek. She flung up her head and gazed at me almost defiantly. "No; I've tried to care for him, but I can't."

"There's no compunction—" I began.

She flared about at me. She was reckless now. "There is compunction. I wish I could bring myself to marry him without love. Do you suppose I am stone? I can't bear the memories here—"

She stopped, horrified at what her words implied. A silence heavy, big with portentous meaning, reigned. We gazed at each other, and the vivid color slowly died from her face, leaving her white.

"Well, at last you know," she half whispered finally. Then suddenly her voice quickened with passion, as a truth grew upon her. "Why, you've known all the time. And you didn't hate me! What a pitiful thing your love is then. Oh, I've hated you at moments, when I remembered you were his wife. No, no, don't speak to me."

But in a second the passion died from her eyes; her lips trembled, and her hands

reached out timidly as though to touch mine, then fell as though afraid.

"Janet!"

She was on her knees now, her head against me. And still I could not speak, and once more she began in a pitiful, broken voice: "Sometimes at night when I cry because I never knew my mother, then I think of you, Janet. And yet I've hurt you. I'll go away now."

"No, not yet." At last my voice came. "The situation hasn't changed because you know I know. At least while Jack is away you must stay here. Come, sit over here by me, with your hands in mine."

The scene had ended, with no great dramatic flourish. We simply sat together for an hour, till, feeling that the girl's emotions had wracked her unmercifully, I put her to bed.

XIV

THOUGH the days move grayly one after the other, I feel that I am living a suspended moment of my life, either to crash into the end or to swing back again and begin over. With me it has always been the same—days, weeks, months of monotonous living, then I am plunged into the thick of a situation that is born, ripens, and ends breathlessly.

So events were set going with Estelle's unmeant avowal; and the following day young Harry Schuyler came to me and began with no preface: "Do you know that Estelle is going to Renforth Hospital to study nursing? And I want her to marry me."

He was high handed; his chin was bigger and firmer than ever, and his dark eyes flashed into mine.

"I didn't know," I said; "but twenty-three is very young and very dramatic, Harry."

He ignored that. "Do you know why she won't marry me?" he went on. "She likes me, I know; she says so; better than any other she's friendly with."

There was a little rustle at the door. Estelle stood just within and gazed at Harry. "I'll tell you why," she said quietly. She advanced into the middle of the room. "You see, I'm in love with a married man!"

Without a second's hesitation, Harry was at her side, his hand reaching out and gaining hers. "Is that all? I'm willing to fight *that* love; to put my oar in against his. I'm going to win out!"

Wideeyed, Estelle looked at him. "Why?" she asked. "Why?" He had roused her from her apathy; her cold indifference.

"Because you're good," he answered simply.

But she turned away from him again.

XV

THE telegram came a week later. I tore open the envelope and read:

Will be in Allendale 27th or 29th according to arrangements here. JACK.

So Jack was coming home. He had said nothing to me of such a contemplated move. I wondered. Had the year away helped him? Or had he reached the conclusion that a return to life with me was impossible?

Estelle was away making her final plans for entering the hospital on probation. So alone all day I pondered, one moment my heart hammering with the thought of Jack's return, the next falling as I thought of Estelle. She had not forgotten, I knew.

In the evening Estelle returned from her trip. "I go on the 27th," she said. "Everything is arranged. Harry will call for me and drive me to Renforth." She smiled half wistfully. "To hear him talk one would think I was going to cloister myself in a convent."

On the 27th. No need then to tell her of Jack's return. No need to agitate her. She had hard, close work before her. For the last few days she was to be with me, I wanted her to be as happy, as peaceful as possible. I could only hope that Jack would not arrive before the 29th. If he followed his usual leisurely procedure, I was safe.

XVI

THE 27th dawned with no more feverish haste because Jack was nearing home than on more ordinary days. I had not realized how terribly lonely the past year had been till I waited for his return now. Estelle went about her packing quite calmly, yet I sensed the turbulence beneath. If only she would turn to me, I thought sadly. And then, suddenly, as I entered her room with a little sewing-case I had made for her, she was in my arms, crying, her slender form shaking as I held her close.

When she was quieter she looked at me and said almost solemnly: "Did you ever

get to know yourself well, Janet? Well, in the last few weeks I've come close to my own soul. And I've been afraid of what I was. Janet," she looked deep into my eyes, "if, when you found out, you had turned against me, closed your door on me, I—I mightn't have been what Harry called me."

She went on before I could answer: "He said I was good; but I am reckless, too. And a year ago, nothing mattered because I couldn't get what I wanted." She kissed me. "I can only say thank you, Janet. And it isn't enough."

And then while we stood together we heard Harry on the drive. We both knew his quaint, chirruping halt when he drew up at the gate.

Estelle turned to me again. "Good-by, Janet. I dedicate anything fine I may ever do to you."

I could not speak. We went down-stairs hand in hand, but half-way down such a whirlwind of emotions overcame me, misting my eyes, hurrying my pulses, that, without a word, I almost ran back to my own room. In a few moments I had conquered myself, and I went down the hall again and to the top of the stairs. Estelle stood below, nearly

at the bottom, and as she looked up at me, the front door opened.

Estelle turned, and I could see her straighten, stiffen, as though life were struck from her. Jack stood in the vestibule, and at sight of Estelle he, too, stood motionless.

The tableau lasted a second. Jack did not see me, though he must, I thought, hear the throbbing of my heart. Then he said quietly, "Where's Janet?"

Then in a flash there was swept from me every emotion, every thought but that just below, within reach, was Jack, my husband, my man! Everything in the world was forgotten but that I must get to him, must touch him.

He looked up startled at my swift flight, and he opened his arms to me—to me—do you understand? And then I was in them crying out, "I've wanted you; I've ached for you; and you're here." And then, even in the wonder of his closeness, his response, I

moved away, for a memory flooded me, drowned me; I went down in its wave. "I—I forgot, Jack."

But he put his hand over my eyes. He drew me back to him again. "Hush, Janet, my wife; I've wanted you. Out there I've grown to know you. You'll let me stay with you now!"

Let him stay! I looked up at him then, and he smiled.

"Hospital?" I heard Harry say cynically. "Never!"
She smiled at him, and put her hand in his



The Useless Woman

But was this man Jack? Why, he had gone away a boy, and he had returned a man, acquainted with his own soul—a strong, understanding man!

And then I remembered Estelle. She stood watching us, and Jack, seeing my glance, looked up at her.

"Going away, Estelle?" he asked quietly.

At once she breathed deeply as though for all time casting from her the enchantment of her spurious love for Jack. This ordinary man, shorn of his spectacular qualities, was not the one who had captivated her girlish fancy. He seemed now, travel stained, undramatic, a very ordinary mortal, not calculated to stir hidden pulses.

So it had all been a psychologic tangle, as so many of life's plays are; a situation pieced up of environment, propinquity, opportunity, mystery.

Now, as Estelle started down the stairs, the door opened, and Harry entered. "Went to see Graham" (our next-door neighbor) "a minute," he commenced, then

stopped, gazing at the three actors in a drama just concluded.

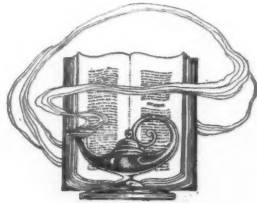
Estelle did not speak, but her face brightened as she gazed at the young man. His youth and fire and great desire for her made him all suddenly a romantic, alluring figure, balanced against unpretentious Jack. And her spirit went out to the masterful one.

Why not? She, too, was young, romantic. In the rush of a big moment she had swung about, dropped the shackles her vivid, unfed imagination had clamped about her, and she emerged, free, open to her own.

Harry, through the eyes of his love, saw all. He was by her side in an instant. "Hospital?" I heard him say cynically. "Never!"

She smiled at him, and put her hand in his. "Drive me to Renforth, anyway," she said, carried away by his fervor. "We'll have plenty of time to talk."

And so they left Jack and me alone, together, as never before. I write myself now a happy woman.



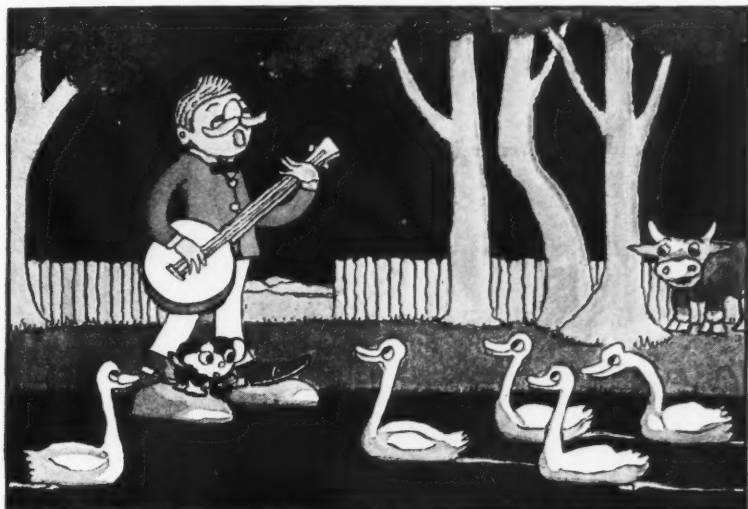
The Useless Woman

By Herbert Kaufman

GOD wrought you to produce the seed—
 To be the mother-mate—to breed
 Strong sons and daughters in your kind—
 To dream far goals for them to find
 Beyond the dim horizon's veil—
 To bid their argosies make sail
 Upon the Seas of Hope—you fail
 Before your trust and quail
 At thought of pain.
 Your sacred heritage all vain!
 A useless parasite, you drain
 The cup of life and eat your bread,
 Exulting in your sterile bed.
 A queen-drone, snug and smug you thrive
 As though you fairly served the hive!

The Swansons' Swan-song

By Childe Harold



'Way down upon the Suwanee Mr. Swanson used to dwell.
Though Swedish on his father's side, he played the banjo well,
And all the swans for miles around would come to hear him sing,
And murmur, "Ain't he wonderful!" and all that sort of thing.



And Elsa Swanson used to run, and climb in her canoe,
And race the swans for miles and miles when she was feeling blue.
She was a charming creature, though perhaps a trifle thin,
And later settled down in life as Mrs. Lohengrin.



And Mrs. Swanson was a Greek with profile most patrician.
 She used to spend her afternoons a sittin' and a fishin'.
 She never caught a thing, but from letters it appears
 The purring of the catfish was like music to her ears.



And so the Swansons lived along, content from moon to moon,
 Till some one wrote their river up and set it to a tune;
 And then they sang a swan-song for their bonnie Suwanee place,
 And thereupon, each with a swan, stepped sadly into space.



The flavor of Spring—

VEGETABLES as fresh and tender as if you had picked them right in your own garden this morning; and with all their juicy nourishing qualities perfectly retained—that is what you get in

Campbell's ^{VEGETABLE} SOUP

The rich beef stock is plentifully supplied with peas and baby lima beans, corn, rice, barley, sweet and white potatoes, tomatoes, celery, carrots, ham, imported macaroni alphabets—32 different ingredients in all.

No home kitchen—not even yours—could produce such a soup as this, no matter how much time and trouble you take over it. Order at least half-a-dozen at a time. And try it *today*.



"My Campbell Soup yearning
Two plates will not smother
And so I'm returning
With hope for another".

21 kinds 10c a can

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Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
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Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Victor-



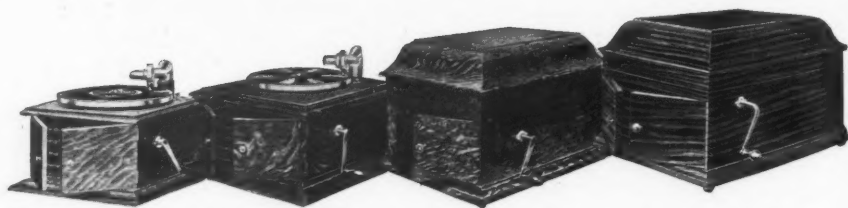
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for 1913



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200

Mahogany or quartered oak

The instrument by which
the value of all musical
instruments is measured.



Victor-Victrola IV
Oak, \$15

Victor-Victrola VI
Oak, \$25

Victor-Victrola VIII
Oak, \$40

Victor-Victrola IX
Mahogany or oak, \$50

Victrola

Each year has witnessed important improvements in the development of these wonderful musical instruments, and with the complete line for 1913 now on exhibition and sale at all Victor dealers, it is certainly well worth your time to at least see and hear them. In no other way can you fully inform yourself so easily.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records are on sale
at all dealers on the 28th of each month

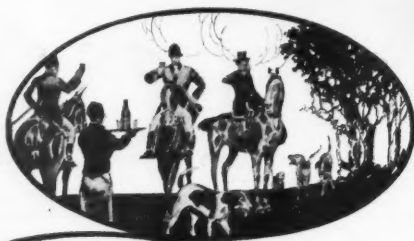


Victor-Victrola X
Mahogany or oak, \$75

Victor-Victrola XI
Mahogany or oak, \$100

Victor-Victrola XIV
Mahogany or oak, \$150

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If you prefer a blue serge for Fall and Winter, ask your tailor or clothier to show you Oswego Serge.

You can find Washington 1789 and Oswego Serge at good custom tailors' and in high-grade ready-to-wear suits at the better class of clothiers'. If your clothier or tailor cannot supply you, send check or money order for quantity required (3½ yds. for average man's suit) at \$3.25 per yard for Washington 1789 and \$3.00 for Oswego Serge, and we shall see that you are supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

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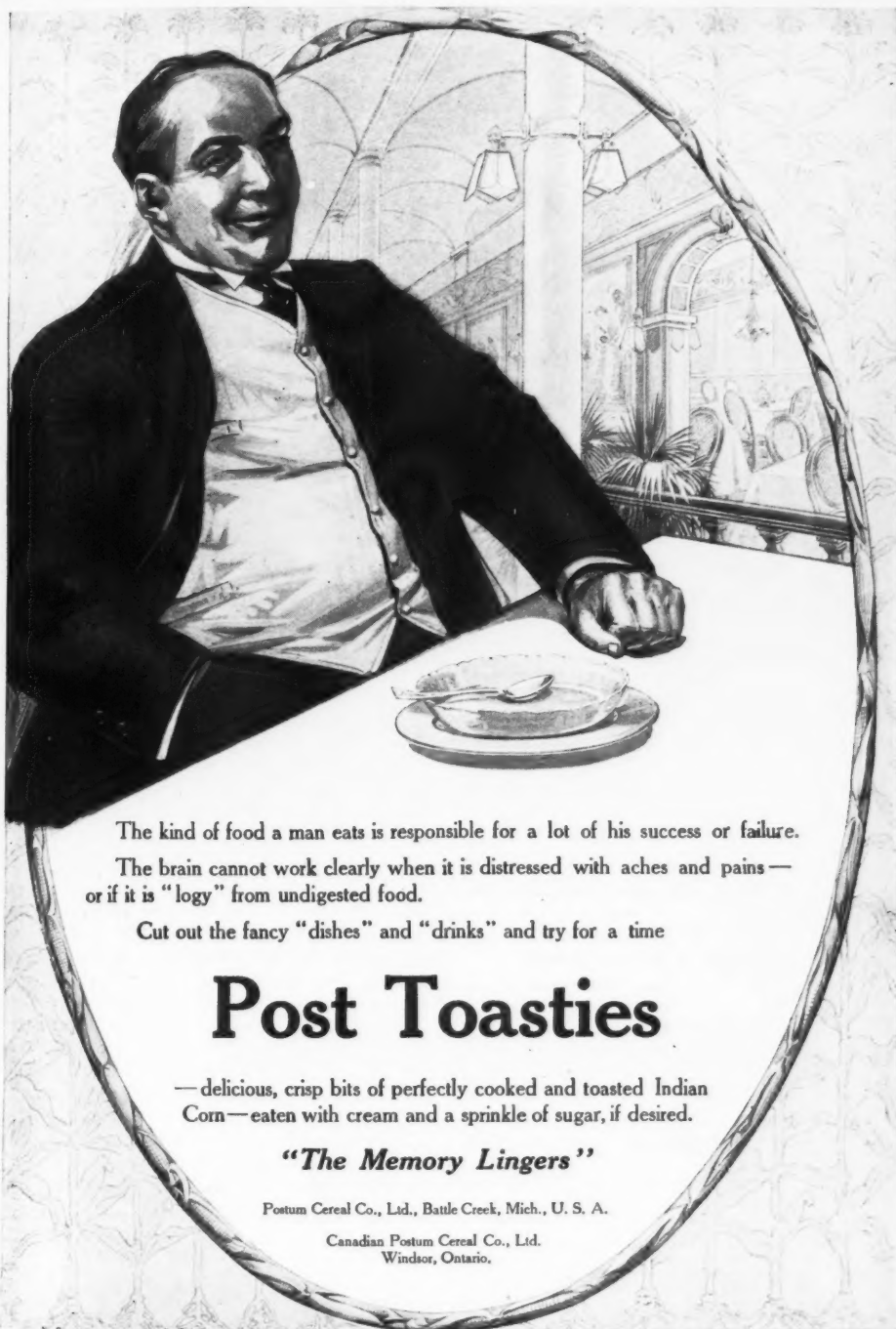
Wm. M. Wood, President.

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You know it would be absolutely ruined.

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You can pour boiling water on a Valspar surface and leave it there until it cools—it won't hurt it a bit.

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This proves that Valspar is really waterproof. Other varnishes under such tests turn white and disintegrate.

Valspar is unapproached for household use on floors, furniture, trim and fixtures of every kind. You can wash it without fear of having the surface turn white. On interior work of every kind we guarantee that it will give *twice* the service of any other varnish made for that purpose.

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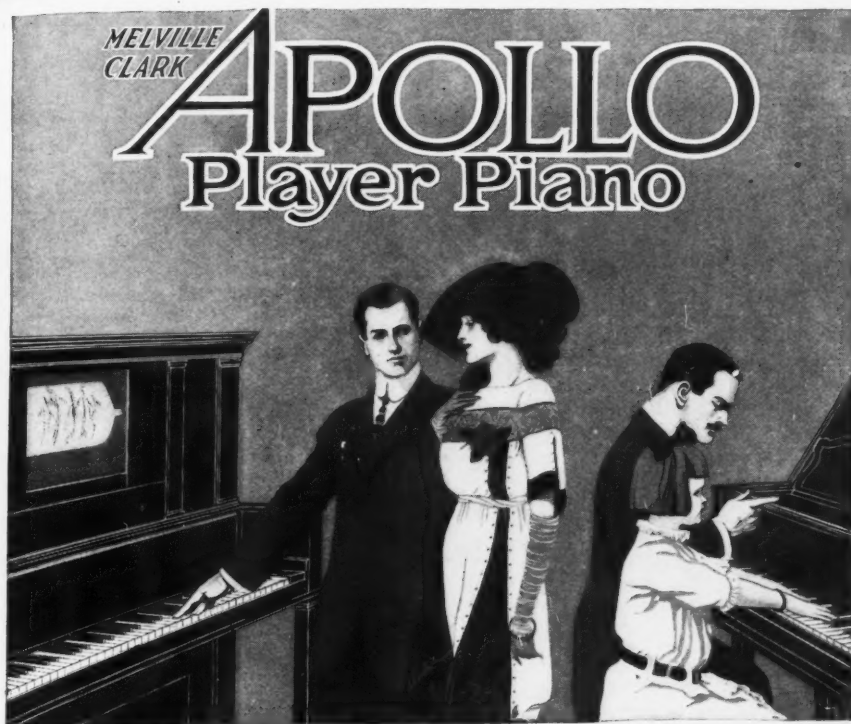
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This *natural* asphalt, endowed by Nature with permanent oils, has never been successfully imitated by any man-made substance.

It takes Nature centuries to make such a product; it *must* last longer than hurriedly-manufactured so-called asphalts, frequently used in roofing.

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Genasco comes in rolls, with mineral or smooth surface. Ready to lay — no experienced help is needed. Ask your dealer for Genasco. Write us for the valuable Good Roof Guide Book and samples, free.

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Trinidad Asphalt Lake

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Big Ben



ARNOLD Bennett says: "The attitude of the American business man toward his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. He *loves* his business."

Most American businessmen know Big Ben. He routs 'em out o' mornings and starts 'em off with a merry and irresistible "Good luck to ye"

Big Ben loves *his* business. He runs on time—he rings

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Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Heel and Toe, in Black and the following colors: Tan, White, Gray, Navy, Purple, Helio, Suede, Green, Burgundy and Cadet. Best pure silk sock made at the price.

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D118. Plat. 14 kt. Dinner Ring Compl., \$57.50

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Diamonds! Genuine perfect cut, pure and brilliant, at prices within reach of every purse. **Diamonds!** Safest of all investments, noblest of gifts, most *pleasure-giving* article you can wear! Buy diamonds! Buy them *right!*

THE BASCH PLAN

enables you to go *direct to the Importer*—to save the middleman's profits and expenses and losses—to *see* any diamond before you decide to purchase, right in your own city—without cost to you or obligation. The **BASCH** way is the **ONLY** way to buy diamonds safely, intelligently, besides saving you 40%! The only plan that offers you choice of thousands of solid gold mountings at *actual manufacturers' cost*.

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Champion Wrestler of the World uses the Swedish Rhythmic Vibrator and says:

"For limbering up, keeping in condition and strengthening the muscles, there is nothing that equals or exceeds the use of the Swedish Electric Vibrator. I always use one in my training and I certainly find it a wonderful help. It reaches the seat of all stimulation and gives me a perfect circulation. Its use gives all the muscles elasticity, makes one powerful, quick and active."

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is open to anyone who wants to make money and who is willing to work. We furnish complete instructions that enable you to start immediately. Nothing difficult. No experience required. We want applications from men and women in unoccupied territory everywhere—clerks, teachers, mechanics, farmers, etc., etc.—all can make money on this grand, new, easy selling plan. Act today. Put your name and address on a postal card and mail it at once. Find out all about this tremendous opportunity.

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We are appointing men every day to manage our business in local territories. **We need good, honest men who are willing to work—and we will give you today this opportunity to**

Make \$5000 This Year

It is the chance of a lifetime. You will be in business for yourself. **You will be your own boss—independent, abundant money, pleasant position—and your time will be your own. At home or traveling—all or spare time—get an appointment immediately and commence earning money next week.**

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FRANK CHANCE, Manager Chicago National League Ball Team says: "After seeing how it removes stiffness and soreness from my arms, legs and fingers, each player absolutely insisted on having one; and had it cost twice as much they would have had it."



ELSIE JANS, the dainty and popular actress, says: "The nice things I could do and do say about your vibrator, I cannot write, as I would not have space enough."



JULIA SANDERSON says: "I don't see how I got along without it. It certainly is far better than anything I ever tried for the throat and vocal cords."



WM. H. CRANE, the famous American actor, says: "I have been using your vibrator for several weeks for nervous trouble, circulation, etc., and found it exceedingly beneficial. It is all that you claim for it."

OSTERMOOR^{\$15.}

Try
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nights. Send coupon below
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THIS fascinating 144-page booklet will show you why you'll never enjoy a perfect night's rest until you try an Ostermoor. It will convince you that its wonderfully light, airy, fleecy, elastic layers *must* give you the refreshing buoyancy that simply makes you sleep.

Then select your ticking from the beautiful samples; write us your order; and a handsome, full-size Ostermoor, 4 feet 6 inches by 6 feet 3 inches, beautifully finished, securely packed in leatherette paper and burlap, will be sent you by express (prepaid) on the very day that we receive your check or money order for the price, \$15.

This amount will be placed to your credit for 30 days, until you've had time to prove that the Ostermoor provides the only absolutely even, elastic surface, soft and springy, yet firm and buoyant. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you without question, if you are dissatisfied in any way.

Write Right Now!

Either clip coupon or send \$15. for immediate receipt of your Ostermoor. You'll be glad you did so, because this is the only mattress that is "*built—not stuffed*," by the Ostermoor process illustrated below, and therefore makes life infinitely smooth, brighter and more enjoyable, by permanently ending sleep troubles.

Clean—Comfortable—Economical

The cotton for the Ostermoor is made germ, vermin and moisture-proof, then lightly blown apart, thoroughly worked and beaten into a loose, flakey make-ready, which superheated steam cylinders form into rolls.

These rolls are fleeced, beaten and spun into

"units." Sixteen units, redrawn and respun, produce one "single." Eight singles, carded, shrunken, doubled, make one "layer." Four layers, joined and interlaced, form one Ostermoor "sheet." Eight Ostermoor sheets build one Ostermoor Mattress.

16 x 8 x 4 x 8 = 4096

filmy layers beneath you! Just think of such comfort. No wonder the Ostermoor supports your body so yieldingly, springily, caressingly that you are hardly conscious of support at all. No wonder you wake refreshed after the most delightfully refreshing nights you ever slept. No wonder the Ostermoor has become the standard mattress for the best homes, most luxurious hotels, finest schools, and in all branches of the government service.

Can you even think of getting a poor imitation, or the out-of-date, unsanitary hair mattress when you can get the genuine

Ostermoor Mattress \$15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

And, mind you, the Ostermoor is cheaper than any, because it is sanitary, non-absorbent, never needs re-making nor repairs (except an occasional sun-bath) will not pack nor mat like hair, and is fully finished in beautiful and substantial ticking.

Send this Coupon or \$15. Now

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MATTRESSES COST		
Express Prepaid		
Best Blue & White Ticking		
4'-6" — 45 lbs.		\$15.00
4'-0" — 40 "		13.35
3'-6" — 35 "		11.70
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All 6 feet 3 inches long.
In two parts, 50c extra.
Dust-proof, water-shedding, \$1.00 more.
French Mercerized Art Twills,
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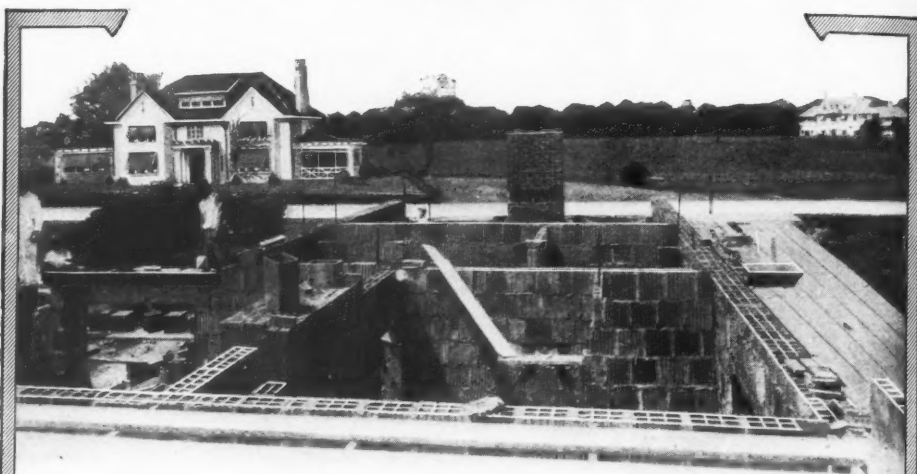
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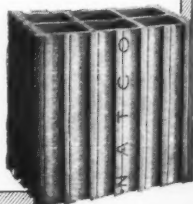
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You waste half the goodness and flavor of meat by cooking in an open pan. Cook in a **Savory Roaster** and you can buy cheaper cuts and still have the flavor and goodness which the choicer cuts have left after being cooked in the ordinary way.

The **Savory** cooks all the flavor into the meat, chicken or fish (none escapes). Is self-basting and self-browning, making cooking a lot less tedious because you need not watch the roast.



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You can get **SAVORY Cooking Utensils** at most **Department and Hardware Stores**

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An improved collar, applied by 485 duly licensed makers of clothing.

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THE tired, hurried, hardworking business man appreciates the solace and comfort to mind and body afforded by a glass of

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IT is a physical elixir that lessens the tension of the daily grind and makes life normal and productive. Braces the nerves and tones the entire system. Affords the most lasting results and gives man the physical and mental stamina that makes for health enjoyment and longevity. Enables those who drink it to get the maximum nutriment from their food and corresponding benefit.

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Both Arms Gone Feeds Himself

A seemingly remarkable feat—not so, however, when you know of the real usefulness of the Carnes Arm.

Mr. C. E. Huffman, of 813 Bird St., Hanibal, Mo., whose pictures are shown above, after wearing a Carnes Arm only five weeks, was able to feed himself, shave, dress and care for himself with almost as much ease as before losing his arm.

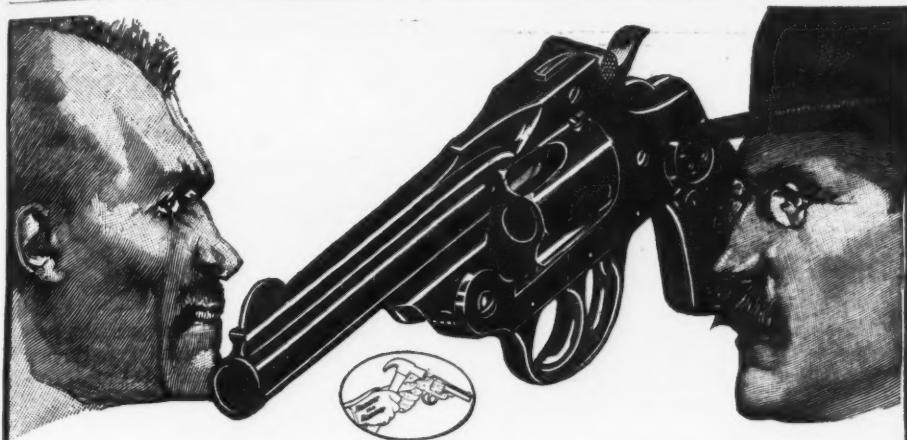
The Carnes Arm is the only arm made which has a bending elbow, turning and bending wrist, and fingers that open and close, locking in any position desired.

Employees of the Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburg, Pa., are now being supplied with this arm. Their chief surgeon put the arm to every test he could think of before deciding to adopt it—he was convinced. We are also supplying arms to many of the largest railroad companies and manufacturing concerns in America.

Realizing that our claims in regard to this wonderful invention may seem untrue to a great many people, we make the following offer: Call at any of our five offices and if we cannot prove that this arm is exactly as we have told you we will pay your expenses to that office and return from any place in the world. That's fair, is it not? Write the First National Bank of Kansas City and ask them if our guarantee is good.

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If householders were required by law to own and know how to use revolvers, burglary would cease. It is an act of good citizenship to make crime dangerous—an encouragement of crime to remain defenseless.

The IVER JOHNSON can be fired as fast as you can pull the trigger—and

that's faster than you can aim—but it can not be fired unless you *do pull the trigger*. Accidental discharge is rendered absolutely impossible by the famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety device. The IVER JOHNSON is accurate, dependable, beautifully made, and above all—safe.

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Has widest use of all machines, because really portable. Weighs but 4 1/2 lbs. Easily carried in grip or overcoat pocket. Ideal for traveling men, professional men and the home. Sold as a "money-back-unless-satisfied-guaranty."

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DO you know, there are some pianos the tones of which will thrill you to the very depths? It is because their tones are unusually rich.

See that your piano is *rich toned*. It will bring you a world of happiness which you would not obtain from an ordinary toned piano.

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The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board

In the Haddorff Piano, owing to its remarkable scientific sounding board, every note is 100% rich, brilliant and full of the tenderness that thrills.

The Haddorff is also pure toned and sweet toned, and is thoroughly well constructed of high grade materials. But its tone richness is wonderful.

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New Method of Massaging and Opening the

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For the

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By massaging the nasal passages, congestion is relieved, permitting fresh, new vital blood to flow into weakened, congested, closed and catarrhal parts. Room is made for the breath of life to enter, and the poisonous gases to escape. Poisonous and destructive germs are dislodged and destroyed. What I know about catarrh was found out upon myself, and I have written a long letter about it, which will be sent together with a free trial treatment to any one having any form of catarrh, closed nostrils or kindred ailments.

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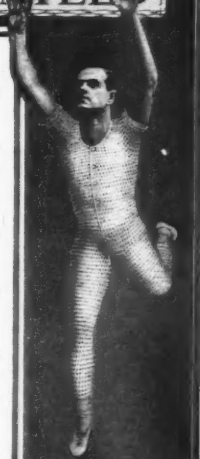
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Our Factory Price \$6⁷⁵

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Quarter-sawed oak MASTER-BUILT Chair, Marokene Leather Cushion, height 37½ in., width 31 in., depth 21 in.



Brooks Chair
No. 11

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Factory Prices enable you to buy furniture your dealer would give you for the same money. Don't delay—write a postal for the Furniture Book at once to

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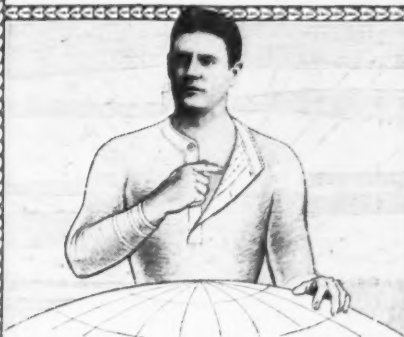
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for this extension dining table of choice quarter-sawed oak; top closed 48 in., 72 in. extension. Everything you desire in appearance. Most durable construction.



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This is the World's Greatest Improvement in Underwear



IT is practically a double garment—consisting of two light weight fabrics—an inner lining of soft cotton—an outer covering of warm wool—strongly held together by stitches wide enough apart to leave an air space between the two fabrics.

The wool absorbs the moisture of the body, keeps the cold out and the natural heat in—but it does not touch the skin. The air space ventilates the garment and keeps it fresh and dry.

Improved Duofold Health Underwear

Guaranteed Satisfactory

Duofold has all the warmth of an all-wool garment without any of its irritating "Scratchiness"—all the softness of a cotton garment without any of its sticky "Chilliness."

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By taking our course of fifteen lessons you will soon be able to do perfect mounting and can decorate your home, office or den with the choicest of art. Thousands of men and women of every vocation, bankers, lawyers and business men, are members of our school and endorse it in the highest terms.



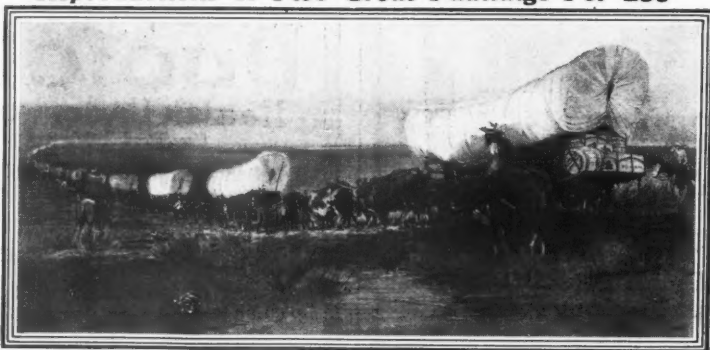
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Advert. Dept. N

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Mrs. Dock—a novice—

Fires on Burglar and Tips Him

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"About ten minutes before midnight she heard ominous foot-steps downstairs. Seizing my Savage Automatic she backed into the bathroom where she got a plain view of the burglar below.

"She fired and must have tipped him, as on the shot he nearly went down, but, recovering, disappeared in the darkness.

"When it is considered that Mrs. Dock had never touched the gun before, and her little daughter, frightened terribly, was clinging to her knees, it seems to me that the work was excellent in every way.

"Mrs. Dock had given me the Savage Automatic for Christmas, and through neglect I had never taught her to use it, as I never expected her to be forced to a position where she would have to use a gun. That she was apparently able to *hit the burglar the first time she ever had the gun in her hands* indicates that the Savage Automatic really does aim as easily as pointing your finger, as you claim."

(Letter from Herman Dock, Mechanical Engineer, Westerly, R. I.)

When are you going to get a Savage Automatic in your home? 'Phone your dealer to send one up before tonight.

Send 6c. in stamps for books by police authorities telling what to do when a burglar gets in.

AIMS EASY
AS POINTING
YOUR FINGER

10
Shots
Quick

A NEW SAVAGE RIFLE

Send also for our handsome free rifle catalogue explaining the new Savage 20-shot repeater (.22 cal.), 20-inch barrel, military bolt action, weight 4 lbs., \$6.50. Savage Arms Company, 1611 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

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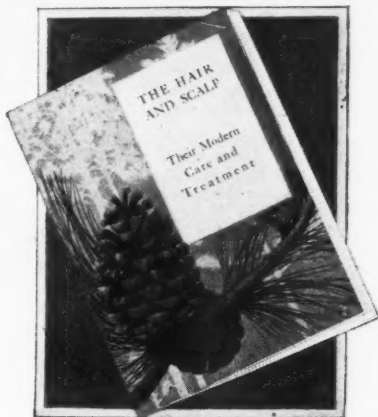
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"No, thank you," replied the man who was lighting one of my Panatelas. "This suits me fine. Mind you, I do not question the tobacco or workmanship in your twenty-five center. I believe that both are excellent, but the Shivers Panatela just fits my taste—it is mild enough, burns right and has the flavor I prefer. You imported cigar may be more expensive to make and sell, but puff for puff I prefer the Shivers Panatela."

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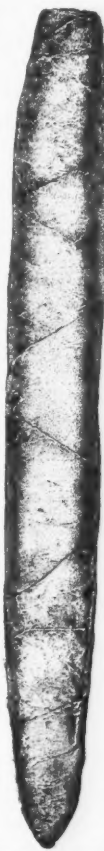
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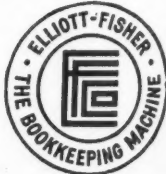
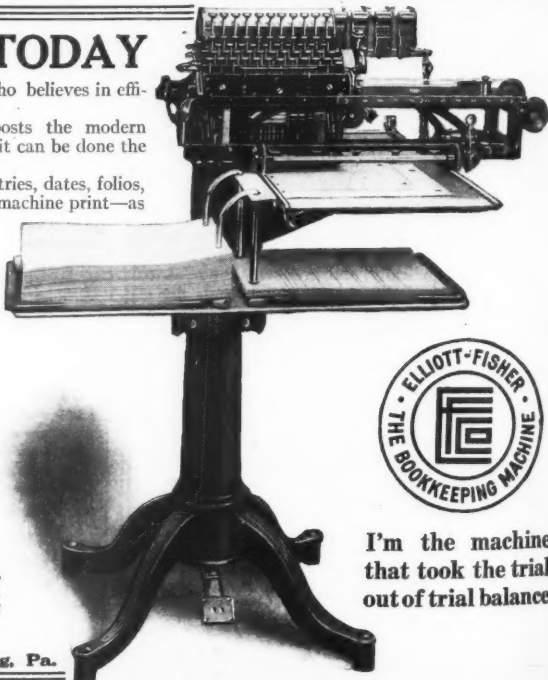
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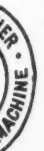
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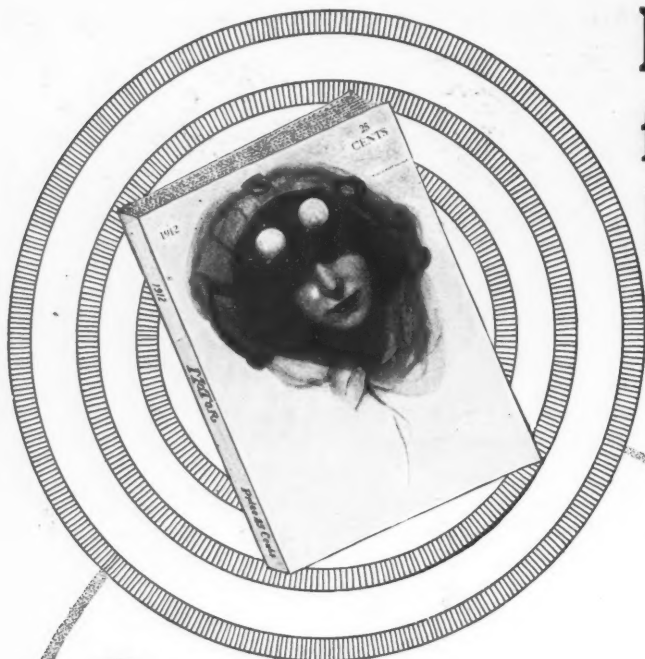
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These are the methods. Judge for yourself if they insure a square deal to consumers.

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It took these experts 13 years to make Goodyear tires what they are today.

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Of the men who did most, 134 are, by our help, partners in the business. Forty-nine of these men are in the factory, building Goodyear tires.

Our branch managers everywhere—the men who meet and serve the public—share in Goodyear profits.

Ninety per cent of our common stock is held by these men on whom its value depends.

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We stand for and court the freest competition. So we oppose consolidation, and maintain complete independence.

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10% Oversize

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Quality is something which only time can tell. And time has told it about Goodyear tires.

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He can see that No-Rim-Cuts—our patent tires—make rim-cutting forever impossible.

He can see that these tires average something more than 10 per cent. over the rated size.

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The saving of rim-cutting means an average saving of 23 per cent. For statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined old-type tires are rim-cut.

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These are apparent savings. A child can realize how they come about.

One cannot dispute them, for tens of thousands of Goodyear users have actually proved them out.

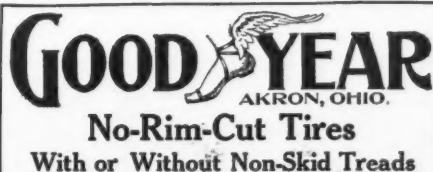
Then the point is this:

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Suppose that other tires, under like conditions, could give you Goodyear mileage.

Here is this patent No-Rim-Cut feature. And here is this oversize.

Are not these savings alone sufficient to bring careful men to No-Rim-Cut tires?



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The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know.

Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
 Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities. More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire
 We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
 Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(807)

To win the fiercest war ever known to motor-dom, the Michigan "40" enters the field with every big selling feature—electric lights, four speeds, extra-size tires, complete equipment—at a price no other maker will meet—

\$1,585

The Fight of the Forties

There are 72 makers in a fight for supremacy, with cars around 40-horsepower.

Most of the ablest engineers now give their whole thought to "40's." And some of the finest, most luxurious cars ever built are now in this class.

Yet the prices on Forties, since this war began, have been practically cut in two.

Into this fight comes the Michigan this year, after four years' preparation.

And the offer we make outbids every rival, and every man who knows will concede it.

300 New Features

We have worked out in the Michigan, in the past four years, more than 300 improvements.

We have brought to bear on this car some of the best brains in the industry.

We have built 5,000 cars and have carefully watched their performance.

Every engineering advancement has been noted and adopted. All the comforts and luxuries have been sought out and included.

Now, in this day of luxurious Forties, we believe that the Michigan outrivals them all.

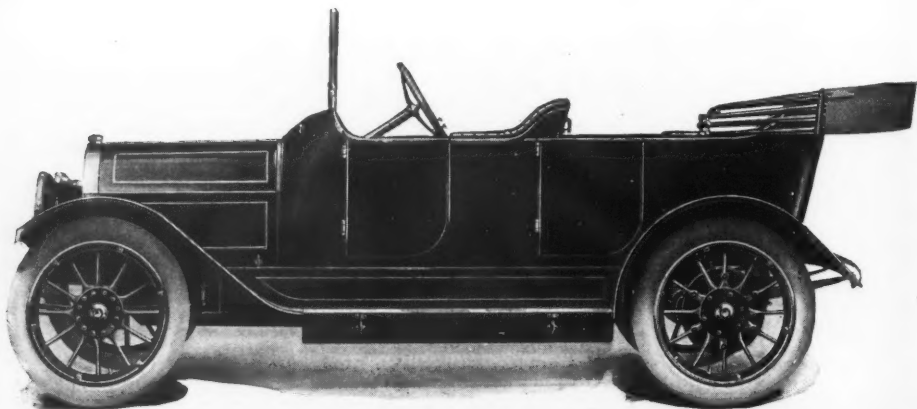
A Wonderful Price

The Michigan factory now has enormous capacity. Every detail of the car is built by modern machinery.

Through wondrous efficiency the cost of this car has been cut 30 per cent in four years.

Part of this saving has gone into extras. Part has been taken from the price. Now we offer this car with complete equipment at \$1,585. And no other maker will meet it.

With this car at this price, the Michigan is bound to take first place among Forties. You can prove that in an hour's comparison.



Cameron's Greatest Car

To W. H. Cameron, our designer-in-chief, is due the main credit for the Michigan "40." Cameron has built 100,000 successful cars, and all he has learned makes possible this wonderful machine.

To John A. Campbell this car owes its matchless body, its graceful lines, its finish, its upholstering. Campbell has designed equipages for kings, but this is his greatest achievement.

To an army of experts, selected by Cameron, we owe the strength, the simplicity, the over-capacity of every important part.

These men have combined to produce a wonderful car. And you'll find at no price any car that excels it.

Remember these men when some maker tells you that his higher price buys something better. This is Cameron's best, and Campbell's best. No designers have ever excelled them.

Get All You Can

It is up to you this year, if you are buying a "40," to get all that you can, and pay the least that you need to.

Make careful comparisons. Watch the points that count.

Require big tires—as wide as the Michigan's—for that is the secret of small upkeep. Get four forward speeds, for the world's best cars now have them.

Get electric lights with dynamo. To add them afterward would cost \$125.

Get a roomy car. Compare width of seats, size of tonneau, length of wheel base. Get a comfortable car. Note that Michigan cushions are 14 inches deep. Michigan springs are wide and long.

Compare the brakes, the axles, and the size of every vital part. Here you should have big margins of safety—ample for 60 horsepower.

Compare all these things which mean care and cost, and you'll find no car in the Michigan class which comes anywhere near to the Michigan price.

Send for our catalog, giving all the details and showing the various bodies. Then we'll tell you where to see the car.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the owners of the Michigan Buggy Company

(112)

Some of the Michigan Features

Four-forward-speed transmission

Oversize tires—35x4½

Electric lights and dynamo

Center control—left-side drive

Motor, 4¼ x 5¼

Extra effective brakes—16x2¼ inches

Big, comfortable springs

Adjustable steering post

Adjustable pedals

Firestone demountable rims—extra rim

14-inch cushions

Rear cushion 50 inches long

Hand-buffed leather upholstery

Best curled-hair filling

Wheel base 118 inches

Nickel mountings

Large over-capacity, giving big factors of safety

Pressed steel, full floating rear axle

Axles sufficient for an 80-horse-power car

Genuine cellular-type radiator

Best mohair top, side curtains and envelope

Windshield built in as part of body

Electric horn

\$50 speedometer, 4-inch dial

Special foot rail

Swing robe rail

Rear tire irons

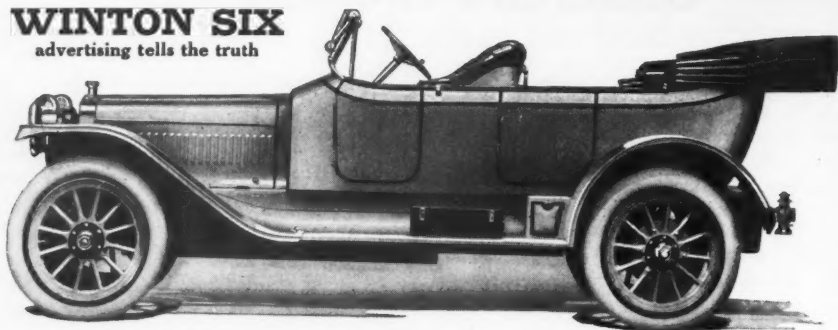
Complete tool equipment

Tool chests under running boards

There is such a difference of opinion about the various types of self-starters that we have not adopted any one type as regular equipment. We prefer to leave this selection to the buyer. We equip with either the gas or a positively efficient electric starter at moderate extra price.

WINTON SIX

advertising tells the truth

**This Tax Boosts Price, Not Quality**

Import duty (tax) on set diamonds is 60 per cent. Diamonds worth \$3000 in Amsterdam or Antwerp will cost you \$4800 in New York. *Same diamonds, same number, same size, same quality, same setting, but \$1800 more price.*

This tax boosts the cost, but does not help the diamonds. You get no more for \$4800 in New York than you get for \$3000 in Europe.

"Overhead" Tax on Cars

Similar to the import tax on diamonds is the "overhead" tax on motor cars. The car maker himself *adds* this tax to the price of his cars. It has *nothing* to do with the quality or quantity of materials and workmanship in the car.

It simply *boosts the price*, and does *not* make the car look finer, run better, or last longer.

Escaping a \$602.38 Tax

"Overhead" is a tax on *you* for the maker's capital stock, funded debt, and plant depreciation.

It amounts to more or less according as the maker carries a heavy financial burden, or a light one.

Authentic commercial reports prove that, on six well-known makes of six-cylinder cars, the overhead tax is \$602.38 *per car higher* than on the famous 48 horse power Winton Six.

When you buy diamonds, you can't escape the import duty. But when you buy a motor car, you can escape excessive overhead tax by purchasing a Winton Six.

Look for Value Equal to Price

In the \$3000 Winton Six you get all the quality a maker can put into a motor car of class. You can pay more than \$3000 for a 48 horse power six-cylinder car if you want to, but in that higher-priced car you will find *no*

equivalent of the excess price. Keep that in mind. Compare the Winton Six point for point with cars of similar size costing as high as \$5000, and you will be able to realize this truth for yourself.

Why We Can Do It

The Winton Company can sell you this first-quality Six at a price that stops competition because the Winton Company is *not* over-capitalized, is under *no* burden of funded debt, and has *not* over-expanded its plant to a point where the plant becomes a hindrance rather than an advantage.

Vital Facts For You

If you consider it unwise to give away \$602.38 of your money for no equivalent value, you will be interested in the "overhead tax" figures printed in our catalog. These figures are based on commercial reports, compiled for us by Haskins & Sells, leading certified public accountants. The catalog also gives complete information about the Winton Six—the car that put Sixes on the map. Write for a copy today.

The Winton Motor Car Co.

103 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.

Branch Houses in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Seattle.

The Electric Equipment

Of the
1913

Peerless

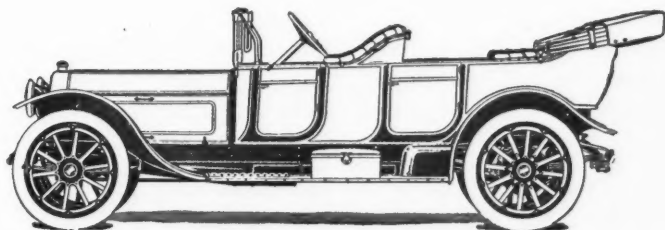
includes the

Peerless Electric Starter and the
Dynamo Lighting System

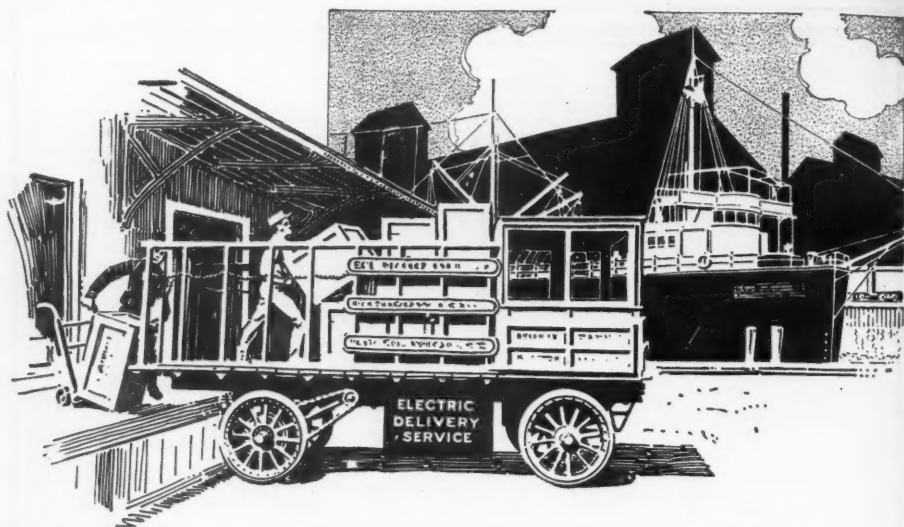
JUST as the Dynamo Electric Lighting System, first installed on Peerless Cars for 1912, has become the most widely approved means of illumination for motor cars, so the Electric Starter, with separate electric motor, will be the ultimate solution of the starter problem.

Ask for a Peerless Electric Starter Booklet

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO



"48-Six" Seven-Passenger Touring



Reduce Your Haulage Cost

ELECTRIC Commercial Vehicles are less expensive to operate than any other type of vehicle—and the cost is on the *decrease*. The operating cost of other types of vehicles is gradually *increasing*.

Electric Commercial Vehicles do not consume power when not in operation—they can be started and stopped almost instantly. There is no dangerous, time-wasting cranking—no shifting of gears—no back-firing.

The perfect simplicity of mechanical parts means fewer repairs, less attention—eliminates the need for elaborate repair tools. The perfect ease of control allows any intelligent horse driver to run an Electric—no need to school a chauffeur into learning new routes.

With Electric Vehicles there is no risk of fire or explosion—you can keep them anywhere without affecting your insurance. You can run them on wharves, etc., where other types of motor cars are barred. The Electric Vehicle will do far more for you than any other type and at less expense.

Interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles sent gladly upon request. Write today.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric



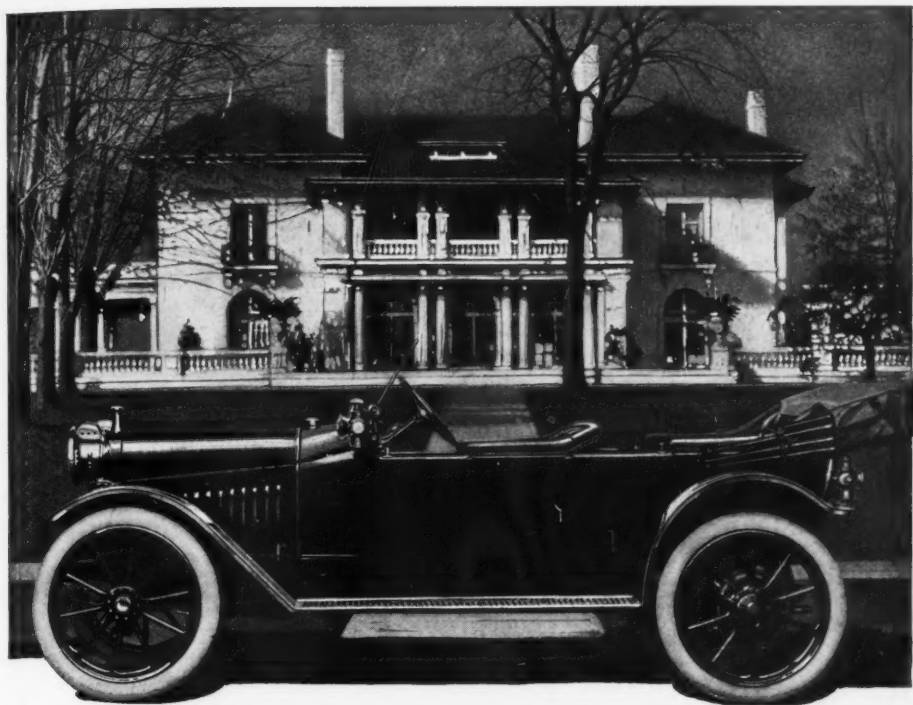
ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BOSTON

NEW YORK, 124 W. 42nd St.

CHICAGO

[5]



This Car Seeks First Honors in Its Class for 1913

Long-stroke motor, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Enclosed valves
Three bearing crankshaft
Unit power plant
Multiple disc clutch

Three speeds forward
Sliding gears
Full floating axle
Center control
Zenith carburetor
Bosch magneto

106-inch wheelbase
32 x $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch tires
Quick detachable rims
Mohair top, with envelope
Windshield
Rear shock absorber

Prest-o-lite tank
Gas headlights
Oil side and tail lamps
Tools—horn
Trimmings, black and nickel
Standard color, black

Magneto and camshaft driven by silent Coventry chain

Hupmobile—\$975

Here is a car at \$975 built in accordance with the high code of honor which marks the manufacture of the best cars—cars far above it in price.

It claims close relationship with those cars—not in size, because it is a car of lesser dimensions, of course—but in all of the ingredients which constitute integrity of construction.

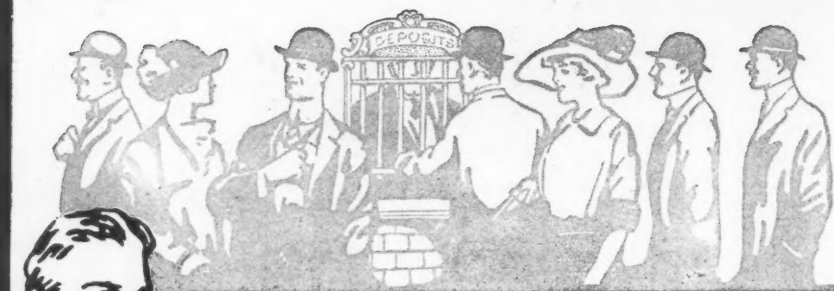
It asks to be set apart and judged, not by the standards its price would suggest,

but by that more microscopic analysis you would apply were a larger monetary investment involved.

We have pictured in book form some of the processes which justify our belief that this Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world; and we want you to see and read it.

We also want you to see and ride in the car—**samples are now in the hands of Hupmobile dealers.**

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1265 Milwaukee Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Join the MoneyMakers

YOU ought to join this organization because it has enabled thousands of men and women from all walks of life to increase their incomes yearly by spare time effort. Hundreds have found it so profitable that they devote all of their time to it. You can do the same, as the wonderful growth of our publications guarantees your success. Here are a few letters, selected at random, which show conclusively what can be done:

Lots of Women Succeed.

Mrs. E. L. Funston makes \$300.00 a month. Mrs. Hassell has earned a salary cheque for \$150.00 for only 30 days' work. Miss Eva Sherwood has earned salary cheques for \$150.00 for four consecutive months. Mrs. G. H. Kentgen earns \$100.00 a month.

Earned \$2,134.80.

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"I entered the subscription business to earn some extra money, but I found it so profitable that I resigned my inside position, and now give the work all of my time. I am getting along fine and this season was much better than last."

E. Schwartz.

A Postal Clerk Earns \$50.00 Extra Monthly.

F. M. Dolson secures enough subscriptions for our magazines during his spare time to draw from \$50.00 to \$75.00 a month extra.

Beginner Made \$272.00 First Month.

Edward Hunter of Pa., a railroad man, took up the work as "spare time recreation." He found it so easy that his earnings the first

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To Earn \$3,000.00 a Year.

"I expect soon to have my business to the point where I shall have 1000 customers. I will then earn \$3,000.00 a year. Any person can, in a short time, work up a fine paying business that will easily pay him twice or thrice the wages possible to earn as a clerk, bookkeeper, etc."

I. B. Sussman.

\$25.00 to \$30.00 a Week.

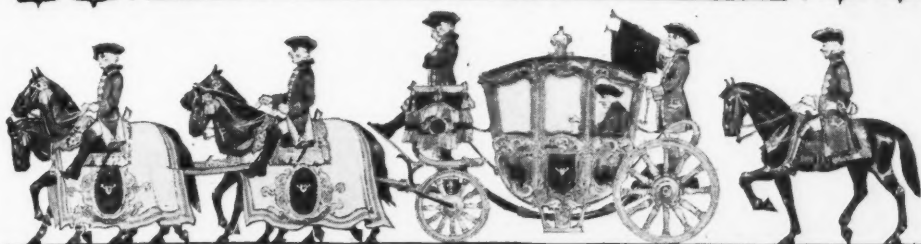
C. C. Mayer, a very successful representative, says: "Any person who takes advantage of your generous offers can easily make from \$25.00 to \$30.00 a week. Cosmopolitan is a magazine that every four out of five persons want to subscribe for."

If you want to get into a business that will make money for you right at the start—that will bring you in touch with the best people of your community—that will easily be worth several hundred dollars a month to you—sign the coupon and mail it to us today. No previous experience is necessary and only spare time is essential. No time should be lost in getting started, as this is the very best season for this work, hence an early start will give you a decided advantage. Send us the coupon now!

The Cosmopolitan Group

331 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

THE COSMOPOLITAN GROUP, Desk 0
 Send me 331 First Avenue, New York
 become one of the Money-Makers plan, so I can
 Name.....
 Town.....
 State.....



State Coach of Frederick the Great

The Modern Brougham After Sixty Years of Experience

The royal coaches of every nation have been handed down to succeeding generations, their exquisite workmanship and wonderful durability keeping alive tradition and sentiment.

We, as coach builders for over sixty years, built the Rauch & Lang Electric with all the exquisite care only coach builders know, that each vehicle may last beyond its generation and be always prized for its family association and sentiment.

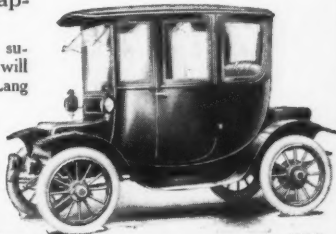
The difference between a coach builder's masterpiece and a "factory" product is the difference between the Rauch & Lang Electric and cars which are made in a hurry.

The Rauch & Lang Electric never can be "common"—it will always be the car of social prestige, and appeal to those who know that in electrics cheapness is not a matter of price.

Our latest models are too distinctively superior to appeal to any but those who will always buy the best. Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.

**The Rauch & Lang
Carriage Company**

2370 W. 25th Street **Cleveland**
South City



(127)





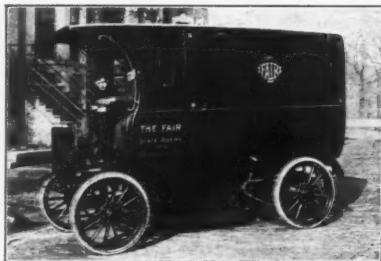
"Aw! those big corporations buy motor trucks just for the free advertising they get out of it. They can afford it. I can't."

That's what the small merchant used to say. But he has gotten over it. Now he is buying G. V. Electrics—just as the corporations do.

A year ago, Zampieri Brothers, *Italian bakers of New York*, bought a G. V. 750 lb. wagon. They had no garage, so stored it under a shed in their yard, charging it from a small charging panel. Three months ago they ordered a 1000 lb. wagon, and recently still another.

Adolph Gobel, *a retail butcher*, had a similar experience. So don't say "Only the big firms can make electrics pay."

A Denver piano firm is moving 200 pianos a month from 1-2 mile to 38 miles with a 2000 lb. G. V. Wagon. The Jewelers, Florists, and Millinery houses are buying them. Who couldn't save money when the current for a G. V. 1000 lb. wagon costs as low as 7-8 cent per mile?



REORDERS AND REORDERS FOR

G. V. ELECTRIC TRUCKS

We are now building G. V. trucks and wagons for eight different Department Stores in a single city.

Marshall Field & Co. have reordered three times in the last six months.

The Jacob Ruppert Brewing Company ordered this way:—4-3-35-2-1-35-3, or 83 to date—and more coming.

The American Express Company:—2-1-31-23-8, or 65 to date.

The Adams Express Company:—1-19-26-15-25-1-5-12-25, or 129 to date, and so on into the thousands.

Twenty-five Customers have already purchased 793 G. V. Electrics, or an average of almost 32 per customer. G. V.

Electrics are being used in 103 different lines of trade.

If we could only take you to see the thousands of G. V. trucks in daily service, you wouldn't have any further doubt as to their efficiency. Let us do the next best thing and tell you about our 12-year-old product, and why G. V. Electric Trucks can most economically handle 85% of city work. If your work needs gasoline machines (and we will know if you give us particulars), you couldn't buy a G. V. Electric from us for love or money—we wouldn't sell it to you.

Don't rack your brain over the technical side of motor truck operation until you get the essentials of motor truck economy.

Our book, "The Electric Truck as An Investment," will help. Write for it, or for illustrated Catalogue 98.

GENERAL VEHICLE COMPANY

Principal Office and Factory

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

ST. LOUIS

PHILADELPHIA



Arrived!

Model 42

IT'S here—the electric automobile for which you have been waiting. *The Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham.*

It is driven from the front seat, all seats facing forward. You not only have a clear vision of the road ahead, but in addition you have a clear view at either side or the rear, as there are no corner panels to obstruct the view. Glass has even replaced these rear corners, formerly made of wood.

After years of effort, we have solved the problem of a standard body design that is destined to be a classic of the body builder's art—always in style. For comfort, ease of handling and appearance, *The Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham* must appeal to you as being *fundamentally* right. It's the most logical, common sense, practical—yes, and lawful—electric automobile for the congested traffic of city streets.

It's not too large, not too small; not too heavy, not too light. It's compact and unusually comfortable. A new and clever seating arrangement permits all of the occupants to face forward and still enjoy the privacy, sociability and dignity characteristic of electric automobiles. The driver's seat is not in an isolated position—way up in front. It's centrally located,

thus ensuring an appearance of easy grace and balance, even when one person is using the car. The beautiful body panels, the graceful roof, and sweeping full-skirted fenders are ALL made of pure aluminum. Even all glass is set in hand-hammered aluminum mouldings which will not check or crack.

Larger wheels will be used in 1913—34"x4" Pneumatic or 36"x4" Cushion Tires being optional.

The battery capacity has been increased. This applies to both the Edison and Detroit Electric Guaranteed Lead Batteries. All battery cells are immediately accessible.

Our motors, controllers, bodies—even our Guaranteed Lead Batteries—are all made in our own factory, the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electric automobiles. *We do not assemble—we build.*

For 1913 we also offer a selection of seven other Models which includes Gentlemen's Roadsters, Victorias, Coupes and Limousines.

Our new illustrated catalog is now ready. Write us or call on any of our branches.

Anderson Electric Car Co., 404 Clay Avenue, Detroit, U.S.A.

Boston
Brooklyn
Buffalo

Branches:
New York: Broadway at 80th Street
(Also Branch at Evanston)
Chicago: 2416 Michigan Ave.

Cleveland
Kansas City
Minneapolis

Selling representatives in all leading cities

Two 1913 Style Books Free

"Women's Motoring Apparel" is a handsome, illustrated booklet giving you the latest styles in motoring modes for women. We will gladly send you a copy of this style book free. It gives you the correct fashions in all kinds of women's motoring apparel procured exclusively by us from a world famed authority on styles.

Write for this style book at once, as the edition is limited. We will send it to you along with our Motor Car Style Book which gives you the most advanced information on motor car construction and finish.

This offer is with the compliments of the builders of the National "40" motor cars. Stock Champion and International Champion. Four models, \$2600 to \$3000.

Women's Motoring Apparel



GET OUR FREE BOOKLET on

Domestic VACUUM CLEANERS

We want every home in the country to have our Free Booklet on DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANERS. It's full of valuable information on Modern Housecleaning Methods. It is impossible to keep a sanitary, healthful home if you clean house thoroughly but once or twice a year. One week after you have cleaned house by the old methods, disease-breeding dust is collecting in the texture of your carpets and rugs, beyond the reach of the broom and sweeper. The only safe, absolutely clean and SANITARY method is to have a

DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANER



Run an easy-running Domestic over your carpets and rugs every day or two as you would a carpet sweeper and you have them as clean and bright as new every day in the year. You keep the surface clean—you keep every thread of the texture clean, and, what is more, you keep the floor beneath the carpet as clean as your kitchen table. The DOMESTIC is the ONLY Vacuum Cleaner with full ball-bearings. The Domestic is the only vacuum cleaner with a ball-bearing roller adjustment to support the nozzle—causing the nozzle to roll and not drag and wear the carpets as others do. The DOMESTIC is wonderfully well made and will last a lifetime.

See that ball-bearing roller. This is an exclusive DOMESTIC feature. It rolls over the carpet and does not permit the nozzle to drag and wear the nap of the carpet as others do.

The DOMESTIC is made in the largest and best equipped factory in the world devoted to the ex-

ELECTRIC Commercial Vehicles are less expensive to operate than any other type of vehicle—and the cost is on the *decrease*. The operating cost of other types of vehicles is gradually *increasing*.

Electric Commercial Vehicles do not consume power when not in operation—they can be started and stopped almost instantly. There is no dangerous, time-wasting cranking—no shifting of gears—no back-firing.

The perfect simplicity of mechanical parts means fewer repairs, less attention—eliminates the need for elaborate repair tools. The perfect ease of control allows any intelligent horse driver to run an Electric—no need to school a chauffeur into learning new routes.

With Electric Vehicles there is no risk of fire or explosion—you can keep them anywhere without affecting your insurance. You can run them on wharves, etc., where other types of motor cars are barred. The Electric Vehicle will do far more for you than any other type and at less expense.

Interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles sent gladly upon request. Write today.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric



ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BOSTON

NEW YORK, 124 W. 42nd St.

CHICAGO

[5]

TIMKEN

AXLES & BEARINGS

Getting Maximum Power from Engine to Wheels

It isn't only the size or rated horse-power of your engine—
It's how *much* of that power gets to the *wheels*.
Right here is where good gears count—and count mighty strong.

Gears that are good enough to meet Timken ideals of efficiency can't be completely made by any gear-cutting machine—even the finest.

They have to be *ground* to perfect accuracy. This increases expense, but Timken does it because it makes for quietness and efficiency.

What's more—we couldn't find a gear-grinding machine or method in existence that would remove *all* the little inaccuracies left by even the finest cutters.

So we invented a process—designed and built a special machine.

Two other important facts—

Timken Gears are combined into a unit driving-plant assembled and tested before it is bolted to the axle-housing.

And they are kept always in perfect mesh by Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, which are adjustable.

These things are all necessary—not one could be left out of the top value car. They mean getting the full mileage from every last drop of gasoline.

This Car Seeks First Honors in Its Class for 1913

Long-stroke motor, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Enclosed valves
Three bearing crankshaft
Unit power plant
Multiple disc clutch

Three speeds forward
Sliding gears
Full floating axle
Center control
Zenith carburetor
Bosch magneto

106-inch wheelbase
32 x $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch tires
Quick detachable rims
Mohair top, with envelope
Windshield
Rear shock absorber

Prest-o-lite tank
Gas headlights
Oil side and tail lamps
Tools—horn
Trimnings, black and nickel
Standard color, black

Magneto and camshaft driven by silent Coventry chain

Hupmobile—\$975

Here is a car at \$975 built in accordance with the high code of honor which marks the manufacture of the best cars—cars far above it in price.

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It asks to be set apart and judged, not by the standards its price would suggest,

but by that more microscopic analysis you would apply were a larger monetary investment involved.

We have pictured in book form some of the processes which justify our belief that this Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world; and we want you to see and read it.

We also want you to see and ride in the car—**samples are now in the hands of Hupmobile dealers.**

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1265 Milwaukee Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Join the MoneyMakers

YOU ought to join this organization because it has enabled thousands of men and women from all walks of life to increase their incomes yearly by spare time effort. Hundreds have found it so profitable that they devote all of their time to it. You can do the same, as the wonderful growth of our publications guarantees your success. Here are a few letters, selected at random, which show conclusively what can be done:

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O. E. Woodward, by specializing on one magazine exclusively, has established a permanent business which he renews year after year. He recently built a new home with some of his profits.

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"I entered the subscription business to earn some extra money, but I found it so profitable that I resigned my inside position, and now give the work all of my time. I am getting along fine and this season was much better than last."

E. Schwartz.

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I. B. Sussman.

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C. C. Myer, a very successful representative, says: "Any person who takes advantage of our generous offers can easily make from \$25.00 to \$30.00 a week. Cosmopolitan is a magazine that every, four out of five persons want to subscribe for."

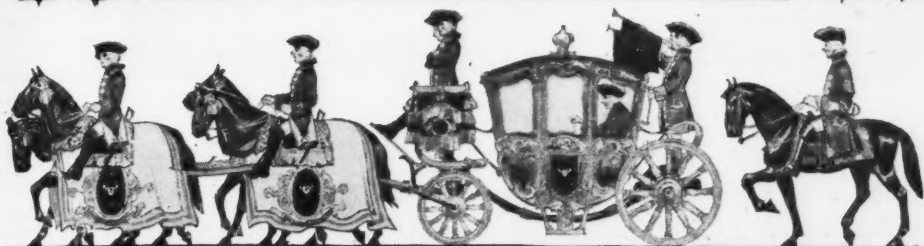
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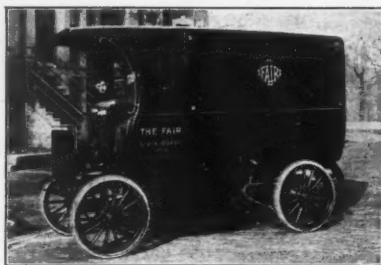
"Aw! those big corporations buy motor trucks just for the free advertising they get out of it. They can afford it. I can't."

That's what the small merchant used to say. But he has gotten over it. Now he is buying G. V. Electrics—just as the corporations do.

A year ago, Zampieri Brothers, *Italian bakers of New York*, bought a G. V. 750 lb. wagon. They had no garage, so stored it under a shed in their yard, charging it from a small charging panel. Three months ago they ordered a 1000 lb. wagon, and recently still another.

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We are now building G. V. trucks and wagons for eight different Department Stores in a single city.

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Twenty-five Customers have already purchased 793 G. V. Electrics, or an average of almost 32 per customer. G. V.

Electrics are being used in 103 different lines of trade.

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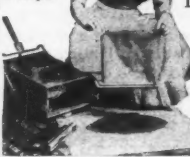
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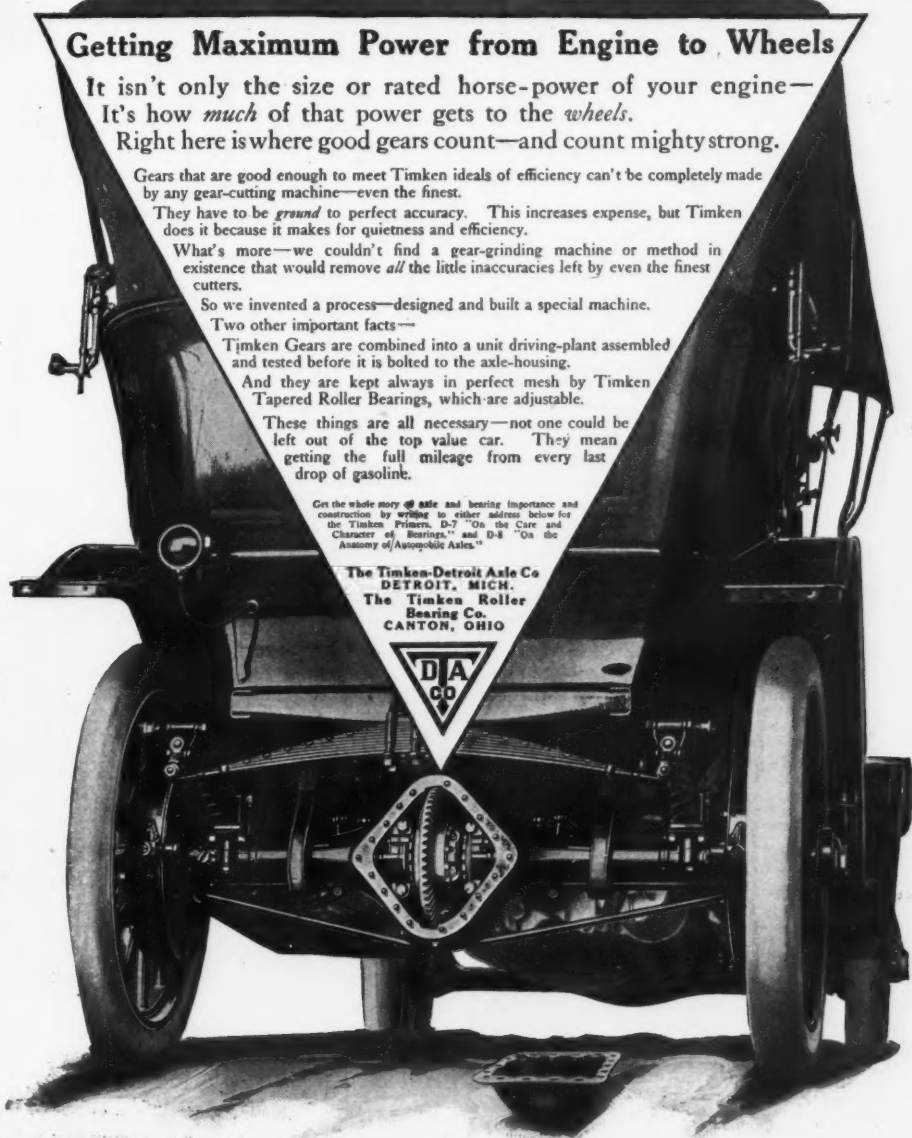
Timken Gears are combined into a unit driving-plant assembled and tested before it is bolted to the axle-housing.

And they are kept always in perfect mesh by Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, which are adjustable.

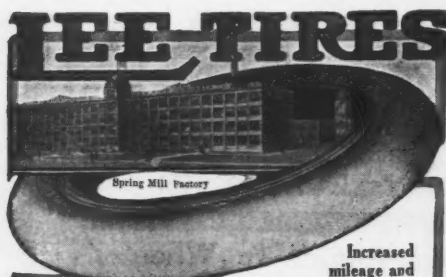
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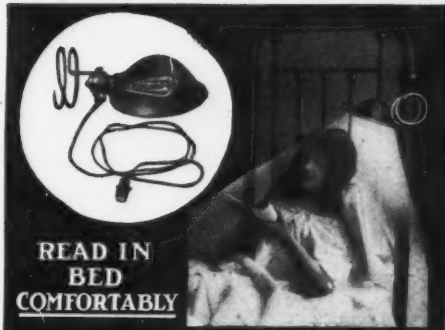
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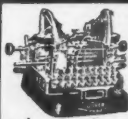
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Only a misanthrope can read these deliciously funny adventures of Torch, without being convulsed with laughter. Every page bubbles with mirth-provoking incidents. The book—in short—is a perpetual source of enjoyment, a veritable grouch-dispeller. Illustrated. \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.38.

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Novelizing Sir Arthur W. Pinero's comedy, now playing to crowded houses on Broadway. A delightful romance that eventually marries the heroine—a charming actress, the daughter of humble parents—to a nobleman of wealth. \$1.25 net. By mail, \$1.38.

You will be interested in our advertisement on page 120F
EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, 156 Fifth Ave., New York

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\$5.00
For This
14 K. SOLID
GOLD RING

The Wonderful Synthetic Gems

You can be proud to wear a Durbar Gem—the remarkable product of the Oxy-Hydrogen Furnace. Pure white. Finest diamond cut, entirely without foil or backing. Set only in 14-K Gold Mountings. Durbar Gems will cut glass, stand acid and fire tests like a real diamond. Brilliance and quality guaranteed 25 years.

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Durbar Gems furnished in all styles of mountings. Sent on Approval—or by registered mail upon receipt of price. If not entirely satisfactory, money cheerfully refunded. Send for free booklet.

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I WILL HELP YOU EARN \$40 TO \$80 PER WEEK

We need men in every part of the U.S. to represent Ann Arbor Lamps and Lighting Systems. Best chance ever to earn big money! A sure winner. One man recently made \$85 in four days. You can do as well.

Known everywhere as the cheapest and best light made. A short demonstration clinches the sale. No argument necessary. Every lamp and system guaranteed. We give you exclusive territory, and start you right. Besides your regular earnings, we give big cash bonuses every month to our good men. No chance to lose—every chance to win. Start right in making big money right away. Write me to-day—don't wait until tomorrow—and let me tell you how you can get started at once in this big money-making business.

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A remarkable little device that fits in tube between reproducer and horn of any make of machine. It renders the sound loud, clear, lifelike, and eliminates that unpleasant metallic effect. Scientific filtration of sound waves. It delights and satisfies. Easily inserted and everlasting. \$1.00 Mailed Prepaid. Send dollar bill, 2c stamps, money order, or check at our risk. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory or money refunded. References any bank in Minneapolis.

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Morse Bros., Mfrs. and Distributors, 457 N. W. F. & M. Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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In order to make thousands of new customers and acquaint everybody with our wonderful Watch and Jewelry bargains, we will give absolutely free a certificate good for \$1.00 to those who will write at once for our new Catalog No. 22. We guarantee it the greatest money saving Watch and Jewelry Catalog ever issued—send for a copy today—do it right away—and get \$1.00 free.

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**"Health
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Round Out the Shoulders, Neck and Arms. Have a beautiful complexion. Send the coupon for Free Book that tells you how.

The White Cross Electric Vibrator

No woman need have a poor figure, nor poor health. Any part of the body may be developed, built up and rounded out perfectly and permanently by the use of the wonderful White Cross Electric Vibrator. It gives you both Vibration and Galvanic and Faradic Electricity all at the same time or separately as you wish.

You Can Relieve Pain, Stiffness and Weakness, and you can make the body plump. Just use it a few minutes and the health-giving red blood is sent dashing through every vein and artery.

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With our attachments you can convert any chair into a perfect vibrating chair without extra cost, getting the genuine Swedish Movement for which you would have to pay at least \$2.00 each in a physician's office.

White Cross Vibrator Is Fully Guaranteed

This great instrument gives you thousands of health-producing vibrations a minute, and Medical Electricity at the same time if you want it. No other vibrator can do this. Our vibrators run on their own powerful dry cells or may be attached to ordinary electric lights.

We refer you to dozens of leading actresses, many past the age of 50, who are healthy and have eyes as brilliant as a school girl, whose cheeks are plump and pretty, and whose figures are rounded perfectly. The reason: Massage and Vibration.

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Get full details of our great introductory offer. The price of our vibrators greatly reduced. Take advantage of this splendid offer. Sign the coupon and learn about this extraordinary offer. Also get our Free Book "Health and Beauty." You should have this book anyway. SEND NOW.

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Please send me your free book "Health and Beauty" and special reduced price offer on White Cross Vibrators.

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When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

EXTRA!!

Evening  Report

"Fake it" said the Editor

"She's a Ghetto woman, hey? Make her a society woman, a settlement worker. Hint that the man is a Yale graduate."

This is the creed of a master-faker of the American newspaper business, whose secrets are now told by a newspaper writer after twelve years' service under him.

It is a matter of pretty vital interest to every newspaper reader in this country. You'll find the article—"Faking as a Fine Art"—in

The November
American
Magazine

Get a copy from any news-stand or send 15 cents to The American Magazine, New York

Have
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Panama Canal?
We have increased our
service this season to the

PANAMA CANAL

West Indies, Bermuda
and the Spanish Main
to 8 CRUISES

by the S.S. Moltke, January 4, 23, Feb-
ruary 25, March 29, 1913 and S.S. Vic-
toria Luise, January 15, February 8, March
11, April 10, 1913.

Comprehensive Tour of the

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from New York, January 28, 1913, by Steam-
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NILE SERVICE by superb steamers of the
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Sailing from San Francisco, February 6, 1913, by
S. S. Cleveland (17,000 Tons), duration 110
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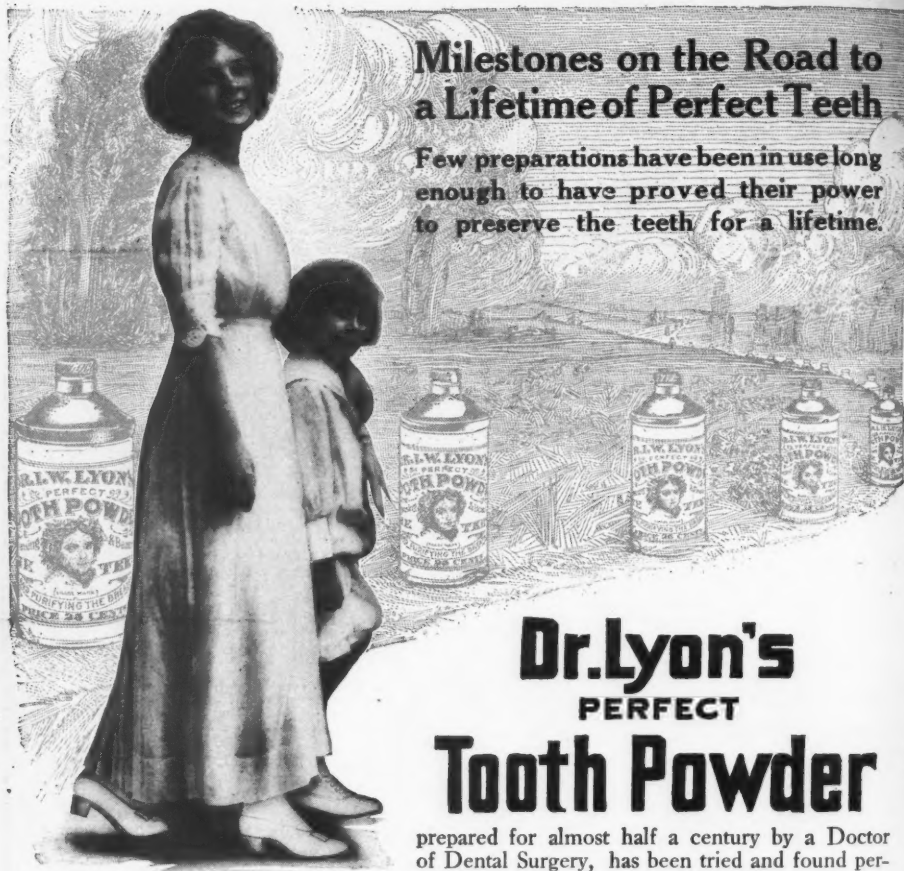
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Few preparations have been in use long enough to have proved their power to preserve the teeth for a lifetime.

**Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
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This Feature Once Appreciated



Never Forgotten or Ignored

prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery, has been tried and found perfect by three generations of its users.

Hale and hearty people everywhere testify that the harmless, cleansing action of Dr. Lyon's has preserved their teeth from childhood, that their well preserved health is largely the result of their well preserved teeth.

Dr. Lyon's, the standard dentifrice, is a pure, gritless powder of velvet smoothness containing no glycerine, gelatine or saccharine.

It cannot produce chemical action or the slightest injury but cleanses the teeth by polishing them. The only *safe* way.

Teach the use of Dr. Lyon's in your household. Make the children use it night and morning, *especially at night*. Start your family on the road to dental health, which means the safeguarding of general health.

Only your dentist is competent to do what Dr. Lyon's will not do.

Sold Everywhere

Woodrow Wilson

has written for Woman's Home Companion a brilliant article that tells the women of America about keeping house for the whole people. Governor Wilson calls it "The New Meaning of Government." You will find it in the November number.

The Woman's Home Companion is built upon this idea of "keeping house for the whole people." Each issue touches every side of the American home, meets every problem and helps every reader in a thousand different ways.

Here are a few other "keeping house" features in the November issue:

Good Stories



AN exciting story of Washington life is "Old Lucy," by Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Woman from Wolverton." Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," contributes "Shandon Waters," a beautiful story of mother love. "Through the Open Door" is a new novel by Justus Miles Forman, author of "Buchanan's Wife" and "The Stumbling Block." It is an absorbing love story.

1500 Helpful Home Ideas

THE best experts in America will help you to dress, cook, entertain and live well. The November number has all the regular departments that make the Woman's Home Companion indispensable in every home. Ideas about clothes, cookery, pleasure, children, housekeeping, help, entertainments, clubs, photography; ideas for boys and girls as well as mothers and fathers.



Christmas Ideas

THE November Woman's Home Companion will solve your Christmas gift problems. It contains fifteen pages of ideas for Christmas gifts: ideas for boys and girls, bachelors and maiden aunts and mothers and fathers. Every idea can be worked out by our readers.

The Kewpie Kutouts

THE Kewpie Kutouts for November, printed in many colors, give Dotty Darling's mother and the Kewpie Cook; and there is also a page of verse and pictures by Rose O'Neill, portraying the newest adventures of Dotty Darling, Dotty's baby brother and their fairy play-fellows, the cute little Kewpies. The Kutouts, remember, have both fronts and backs, so that when cut out they make real dolls.



Klip off this Kewpie Kewpon



Woman's Home Companion
381 4th Ave., N. Y.

Here is 15 cents which I am sending you so you will send me—right off—the November Woman's Home Companion, containing the second of the Kewpie Kutouts.

Get it at news-stands—15 cents, or send 15 cents to
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Name

Address



This Underwear gives warmth in all weathers—comfort at all times—

WINTER is the real season of good health—when the blood tingles in the veins—when the joy of living is at its height. But you must be dressed to suit it. Not heavily dressed—but correctly dressed. Right underwear is the most important item.

Wright's

Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

is built on the right principle to give the utmost in comfort, warmth and wear. It keeps the cold out and the body heat in. Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear is knitted on machines that give it a wonderful elasticity. The fabric stretches to fit any form and when taken off springs back to shape again—and keeps that shape even under extreme hard usage. Our patented collarette never sags or stretches out of shape. Ask your dealer to show you this perfect-fitting, long-wearing, comfortable underwear, and know it by this label, in red.

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The Underwear that is good to the skin—with the soft fleece inside that lets the pores breathe and carries off all perspiration. The fleece holds an air space between the skin and the woven fabric which forms a non-conductor, keeping the body heat in and the cold out. Wright's Health Underwear is knitted so as to give the elastic properties that make it fit perfectly and hold its shape. Ask your dealer to show you Wright's Health Underwear—the real healthful underwear.

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Why Not Give the Family a Real Billiard Table?

Let the "home-folks" play the greatest of all indoor games on a genuine BRUNSWICK Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table.

It will act as a "Home Magnet," keeping everybody royally entertained during the long evenings. Every member of the family will share in the joys of its possession. Famous educators, clergymen, physicians, Y. M. C. A. directors play and commend Home Billiards as the ideal pastime and finest mental and physical exercise.

Brunswick "Baby Grand" Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

These beautiful tables are made of genuine mahogany, inlaid design, richly finished. Designed and constructed in the same scientific manner as our regulation tables. Vermont Slate Bed, covered with Imported Billiard Cloth. Baby Monarch Quick-Acting Cushions. Concealed Drawer to hold Cues, Balls, Bridge and all Accessories.

Brunswick "Convertible" Home Billiard Table

Can't spare an extra room for billiards? Then you will be interested in these unique tables which, when not in use for billiard playing, serve as Davenport and Dining or Library Tables. Same playing qualities as our "Baby Grand" styles. Instantly convertible to different uses. Not "toys," but strong, substantial tables on which real billiards can be played.



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Write for Richly Illustrated Book, "The Home Magnet" and "A-Year-to-Pay" Plan

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"THE CRISIS"

From the Publishing by C. Everett Johnson

Complete Playing Outfit Free

Complete playing equipment and all accessories furnished free with each table, also valuable book on "How to Play."

November 1912

Cosmopolitan Magazine

The importance of oil that wears.

A man in the automobile business recently said to us: "After an extended run with some lubricating oils, I have let out a little, and found it almost as thin as gasoline."

The explanation is simple.

The oils did not wear.

They were too thin at the start.

With anything but a good-wearing oil this thinning-out under the heat of service is inevitable. Unfortunately it is seldom discovered promptly.

When the body of the oil is gone, destructive friction starts. The evidence of damage may not be immediate. But a grinding away of the moving parts in the motor is certain to follow.

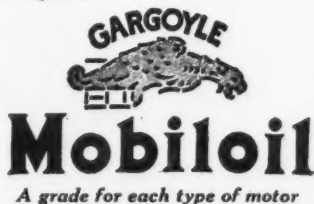
Only a long-wearing oil can minimize this destructive friction. There are few such oils.

Among them, in sheer wearing quality, Gargoyl Mobiloils stand alone.

By the gallon they cost a little more than most lubricating oils. But their wearing quality makes them actually lowest in cost per mile—to say nothing of the lengthened life that they will give your motor.

Gargoyl Mobiloils are produced by an organization recognized as the world-leaders in scientific lubrication—the Vacuum Oil Company.

The chart on the right shows the correct grade of oil for 111 cars. Our complete chart, covering 400 cars, will be mailed you on request.



The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyl Mobiloil "A" Gargoyl Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyl Mobiloil "B" Gargoyl Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyl Mobiloil "Artic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon sealed white cans, in half-barrels and barrels.

All are branded with the Gargoyl, which is our mark of manufacture.

They are handled by the higher class garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.



A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyl Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyl Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyl Mobiloil Artic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyl Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
CARS	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
Albion Detroit	A	A	A	A	A
Alco	A	A	A	A	A
American	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A
Atlas	A	A	A	A	A
Com	A	A	A	A	A
Austin	A	A	A	A	A
(12 cyl) Com	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Bent	A	A	A	A	A
Burgault	A	A	A	A	A
Bruch	A	A	A	A	A
Black (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Carter	A	A	A	A	A
Com	A	A	A	A	A
Coe	A	A	A	A	A
Chadwick	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia	A	A	A	A	A
Cummins Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A
Crosley-Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	A	A	A	A
De Dion	A	A	A	A	A
DeSoto	A	A	A	A	A
DeSoto-Bellefonte	A	A	A	A	A
Emery	A	A	A	A	A
E. M. F.	A	A	A	A	A
Ford	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A
Com	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm-Logan	A	A	A	A	A
Herritt (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Herritt (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A
International	A	A	A	A	A
International	A	A	A	A	A
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Kelley-Kear	A	A	A	A	A
Com	A	A	A	A	A
Elmer Kar	A	A	A	A	A
Kear	A	A	A	A	A
Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Langley	A	A	A	A	A
Com	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	A	A	A	A	A
Leocomobile	A	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A
Macle	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A
Matheson	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
(4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Minerva	A	A	A	A	A
Nissan	A	A	A	A	A
Nissan	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A
Pennsylvania	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A
Com	A	A	A	A	A
Pope Hartford	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A
Reno	A	A	A	A	A
Rennell	A	A	A	A	A
Reno	A	A	A	A	A
Royal Tourist	A	A	A	A	A
Selden	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Duryea	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Duryea Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Thomson	A	A	A	A	A
Walter	A	A	A	A	A
Wick	A	A	A	A	A
White Detroit	A	A	A	A	A
White (Gas)	A	A	A	A	A
(Steam)	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	A	A	A	A	A

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120Q

This Family Group at 15% Saving-Special Offer

By acting promptly you can save money on this famous magazine club. This offer is made specially to Cosmopolitan readers for one month.

Cosmopolitan Magazine will run a great new serial by Robert W. Chambers. More of the elements which made his "Common Law" such a sensation are in it. It's illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

In Good Housekeeping, Mrs. Humphry Ward's new serial, "The Victory of Lydia Penfold," starts soon, and there will be fashion news, embroidery hints and recipes for delicious dishes—a most helpful magazine.

Hearst's is a review magazine conducted along popular lines. No field of endeavor is left uncovered. The Standard Oil letters will continue to expose the vile use of corporate money. There will be a new serial, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine.

Don't miss these fine stories, world's news and household hints. It means a complete monthly library—36 magazines for only \$3. Send your order now before the price goes 15% higher. Write for them to-day.

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

FOURTH AVENUE BLDG.

NEW YORK CITY



No orders postmarked later than
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Hardware

Quality comes first in Sargent Hardware. The mechanism is designed for strength and perfect action. The workmanship is of the accurate kind that considers every detail.




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Shall we send you a copy of our Book of Designs? We also have a special book of Colonial Designs.

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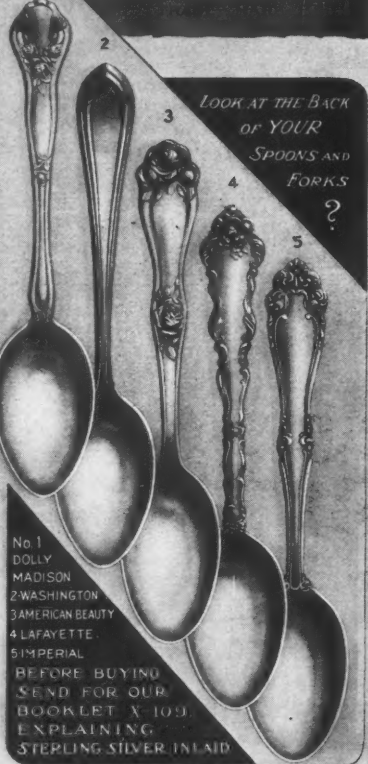
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BEYER & COMPANY
"The Hundred Dollar Bond House"
32 William St., New York

A Letter Carrier Draws \$75.00 "Extra" Every Month

This member of Uncle Sam's New York City staff had more time than money on his hands. And being a married man in a big city, he felt the longing for more money and more independence.

He became a spare time representative for the Cosmopolitan Group many months ago, and from that day his fortunes changed. His subscription business nets him about \$75.00 extra each month, which, with his salary from the Government, gives him a mighty comfortable income. He and his wife now enjoy life.

He does all of his subscription work during his "off hours" so that it never interferes with his job as a letter carrier. And best of all, his subscription business is a protection for the future—a safe-guard against the adversities of old age.

If you have a few hours that you can give to a "side line," we will make an arrangement with you to look after our subscription interests in your community on a Salary and a Commission basis.

You can make as much money as you want, as our magazines are known everywhere and they have the reputation and prestige that guarantee you success.

Ask us to explain our "Business Opportunity" and we will show you how to establish a profitable business of your own in your "off hours" without expense or previous experience. NOW is the time to write.

The Cosmopolitan Group
381 Fourth Avenue - New York City



Inter-phone Your Dictation

This shows one of the many everyday ways of saving time and trouble in your office by the use of

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The stenographer, in a room apart from you, wearing a head receiver, has her hand free to take dictation from any part of the office. You simply push a button and begin to dictate. Your dictation takes an easy, conversational tone—your letters are more readable. Western Electric Inter-phones are time economizers in office and factory. Their cost put in is from \$6 per station up. Maintenance cost is negligible. Write for Booklet No. 7725.

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This Trial Model  Mailed Free

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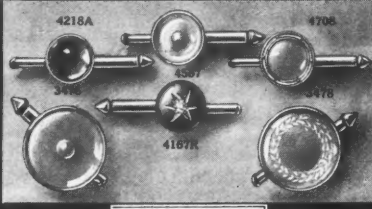
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Larter shirt studs are just as "dressy" and distinctive in negligee shirts as in dress shirts.


Guarantee—If an accident happens to the back of a Larter stud or button, a new one given in exchange.

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Write for Trial Model and Booklet illustrating the large variety of Larter studs and buttons. Larter & Sons, 30 Maiden Lane, New York



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THE richest virgin soil is waiting for you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Go where you can prosper, earn a farm home in a few years—farmers have paid for their farms with one crop. First prize of \$1000.00, for best wheat in the world, was awarded by American judges, at the New York Land Show, to a western Canadian farmer. Anyone can own land in Western Canada.

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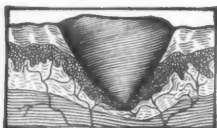
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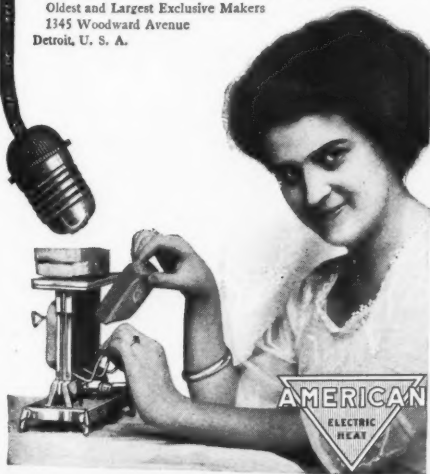
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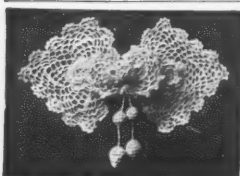


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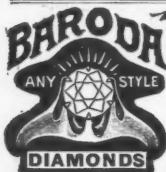
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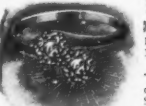
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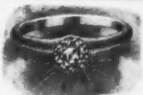
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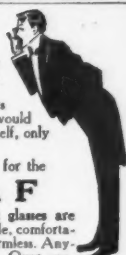
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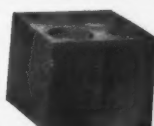
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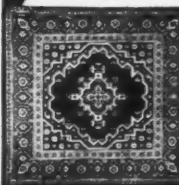
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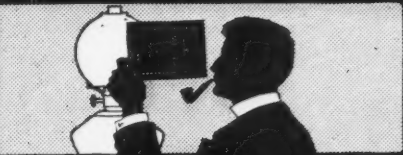
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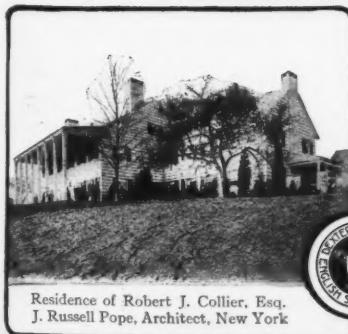
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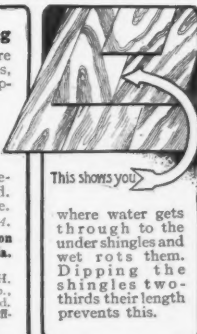
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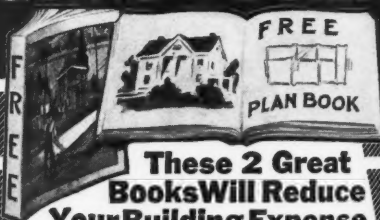
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are the result of a skin that is clean and healthful, first of all. You have seen women with a skin like velvet—with that elusive pink-and-white tinge that painters can't "get" entirely. It's no secret. Lots of them simply wet a cloth and squeeze on it a little of

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But they make it a daily habit. The fine oil in D & R Perfect Cold Cream dissolves and brings out the dust and dirt from the innermost pores. It keeps the skin soft and pliable—brings complexion content and banishes fear of premature wrinkles.

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Inexpensive grades of hard and soft coal which would smother fire in other heaters, burn freely, evenly and completely in the Underfeed—saving \$2 to \$3 a ton—producing more heat per ton than top-feed heaters do with expensive grades.

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TAKE a sponge out of water. The water doesn't all run out, unless you squeeze it out. A sponge is full of tiny tubes, and each holds onto its drop or two of water.

Now, there is a tiny tube leading to the pen point of a fountain pen, called the feed tube. In an ordinary fountain pen some ink is always held in the feed tube, like water in the sponge, even though the pen is placed point up in your pocket.

When your body heat—98 degrees—gets to the air in the pen, the air expands. It expands up through the inky feed tube; pushes ink up and out below the pen point; inks the writing end of pen, and inks you when you remove the cap to write.

Now, instead of a straight or blunt feed tube, as in other pens, the Parker Pen has a curved feed tube. One end touches the barrel wall. See X-ray photo. That touch starts Capillary Attraction, which pulls all ink down out of the Parker feed tube before the warm air ascends. This is the famous Parker Lucky Curve.

Thus an every-day principle of Physics, ingeniously used, keeps the Parker Pen from leaking and smearing your fingers.

14k gold pens with hardest Iridium points, keep the Parker from scratching; Parker Spear Head Ink Controller keeps it from blotting or skipping.

Standard style Parker Pens \$1.50 to \$250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

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New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen can be safely carried in any position in any pocket. Also pen knife size for ladies. \$2.50 up.

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Get one today and you'll be mighty glad you didn't put it off.

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YOU should know the joys of this quick-as-a-wink electric coffee percolator.

The new "Royal-Rochester" is by far the quickest-acting electric percolator made.

In record time it gives you a rich, clear, wholesome brew—such coffee as cannot be made by any other method.

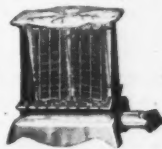
In 30 seconds percolation begins.

In 15 minutes—serve the coffee.

The "Royal-Rochester" electric heating device comes into direct contact with the liquid. This patented feature saves both time and current.

For a slice of toast to go with the coffee, use the "Royal-Rochester" Electric Toaster.

It gives you toast in two minutes—crisp and tasty—browned right on the table.



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New York Show Rooms, Fifth Avenue Building, cor. 23d Street

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Your special training—or lack of it—hits you right in the money pocket. With everything going up but the salaries of *untrained* men you've got to decide mighty quick how you can win a better position and earn more.

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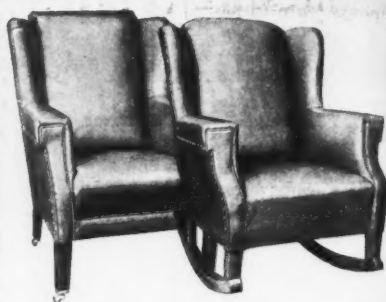
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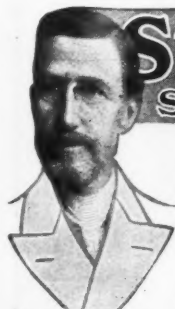
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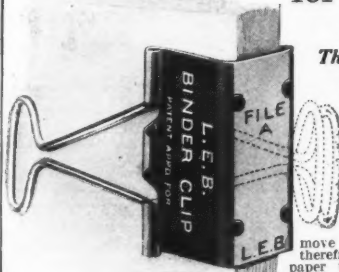
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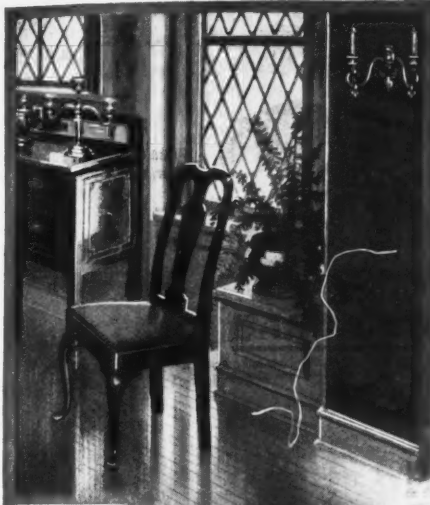
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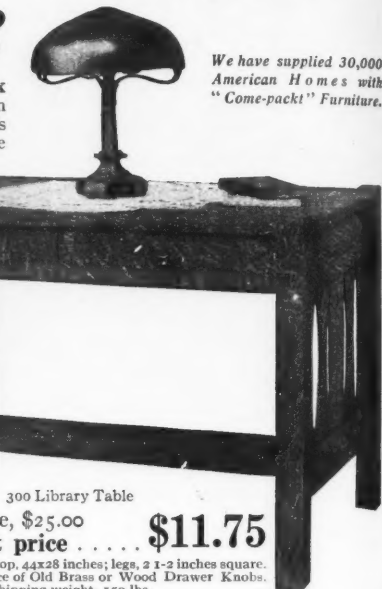
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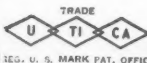
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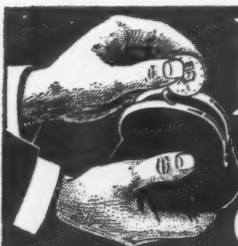


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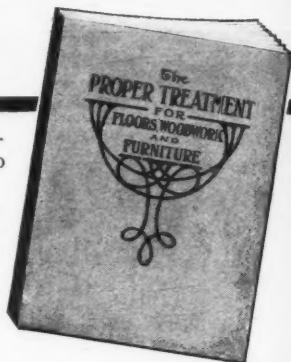
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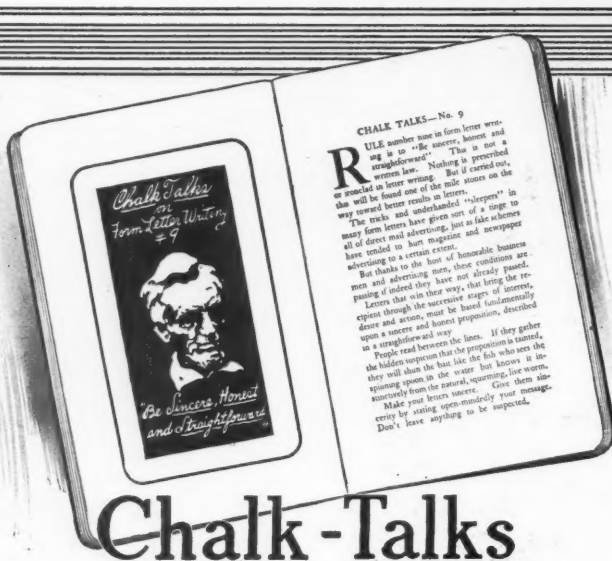
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EVERY business man should read this free booklet. In ten short talks it tells how to write form-letters that *pull*—bringing business direct, or increasing the efficiency of your salesmen. Write today for your copy.

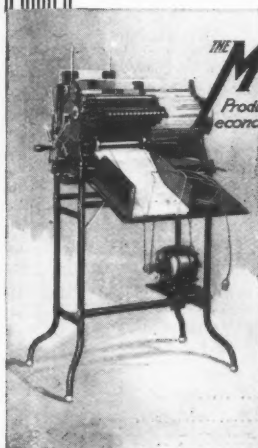
To be perfectly frank, we'd like you to have this book because it was printed on the Multigraph—*printed*, mind you; not typewritten. While it is brimful of the knowledge gained in ten years of form-letter writing, it is a convincing example of the high quality of real printing that the Multigraph can now turn out at 25% to 75% less than customary printing-costs.

With the Multigraph operated in the privacy of your own office, your own employees can print your advertising, stationery and system-forms in quantities as small

or as large as you like. No technical skill is required—just a little instruction, backed by good common-sense.

You save the space required for large stocks of printing. You save the waste of soiled and out-of-date forms. The machine is always ready for the sudden emergency; and when it is idle it isn't eating its head off.

You could doubtless use the Multigraph to the distinct betterment of your business. The extent of the benefit can only be determined by investigation.



THE MULTIGRAPH
Produces real printing and form-typewriting, rapidly,
economically, privately, in your own establishment

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it. We shall be glad, however, to co-operate with you in a thorough investigation. Ask us for literature, specimens, data. Write today. Use the coupon.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES **Cleveland**
1824 East Fortieth Street

Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory
European Representatives: The International Multigraph
Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng.;
Berlin, W-8 Krausenstr. 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, written on your business stationery. We'll show you what others are doing.

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH
SALES CO.

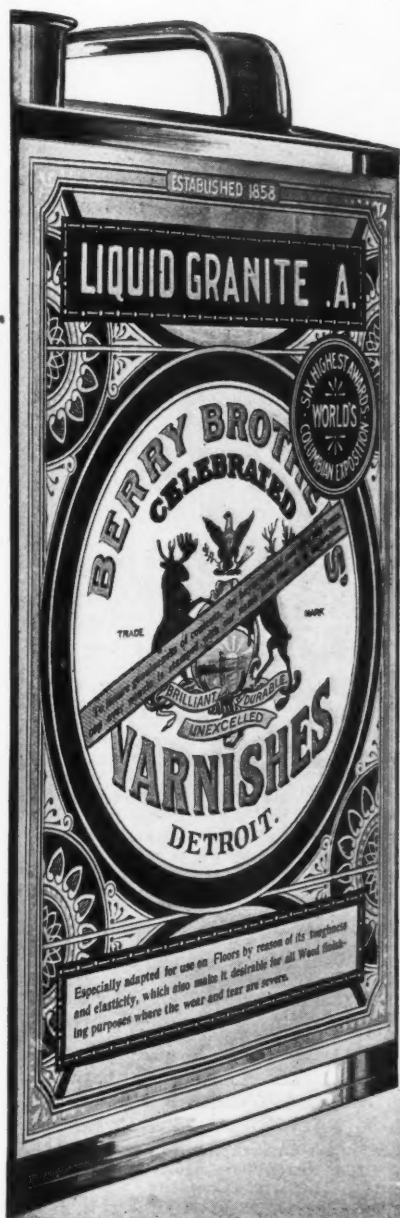
1824 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:

- ☐ Booklets
- ☐ Folders
- ☐ Envelope-Stuffers
- ☐ House-Organ
- ☐ Dealers' Imprints
- ☐ Label Imprints
- ☐ System-Forms
- ☐ Letter-Heads
- ☐ Bill-Heads and Statements
- ☐ Receipts, Checks, etc.
- ☐ Envelopes

Typewriting:

- ☐ Circular Letters
- ☐ Booklets
- ☐ Envelope-Stuffers
- ☐ Price-Lists
- ☐ Reports
- ☐ Notices
- ☐ Bulletins to Employees
- ☐ Inside System-Forms



**Tell your dealer—
Tell your painter—
Tell your architect—
that *this* is the label you
want.**

The way to buy varnishing is
to buy varnish—

Whether you do the work your-
self or hire someone else—

Whether you have one floor or
an entire building to be varnished.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

The varnish itself is the important factor in a
good or bad job of varnishing.

So don't neglect it.

Make sure of a good job by demanding good
varnishes only.

You Can Afford to Use the Best Varnish

The better the varnish the less frequent your need to re-varnish.
That is what makes Berry Brothers' Varnish the best "buy" for
the man economically inclined.

That is why a little saving in the gallon-cost of cheaper varnish
is really no saving at all—but an added expense in the end.

And you cannot measure in dollars and cents the annoyance
that comes with the use of cheap varnish.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes
and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in
stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on
the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our
trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

Start your active interest in Varnish by sending today
for a copy of "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Established 1858

Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia,
Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati,
St. Louis, San Francisco.

WE INVITE Every Thin Man and Woman



This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We invite you to try a new treatment called "Sargol" that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good solid flesh on people that are thin and under weight.

How can "Sargol" do this? We will tell you. This new treatment is a scientific, assimilative agent. It increases cell growth, the very substance of which your bodies are made—puts red corpuscles in the blood, which every thin person so sadly needs, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of food gives out its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

Women who never appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men under weight or lacking in nerve force or energy, have been made to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of which you can justly be proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Co., 10 Y Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., to-day, for 50c box "Sargol," absolutely free, and use with every meal.

But you say that you want proof! Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried, been convinced, and will swear to the virtues of this preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained 20 pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so this makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age, and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

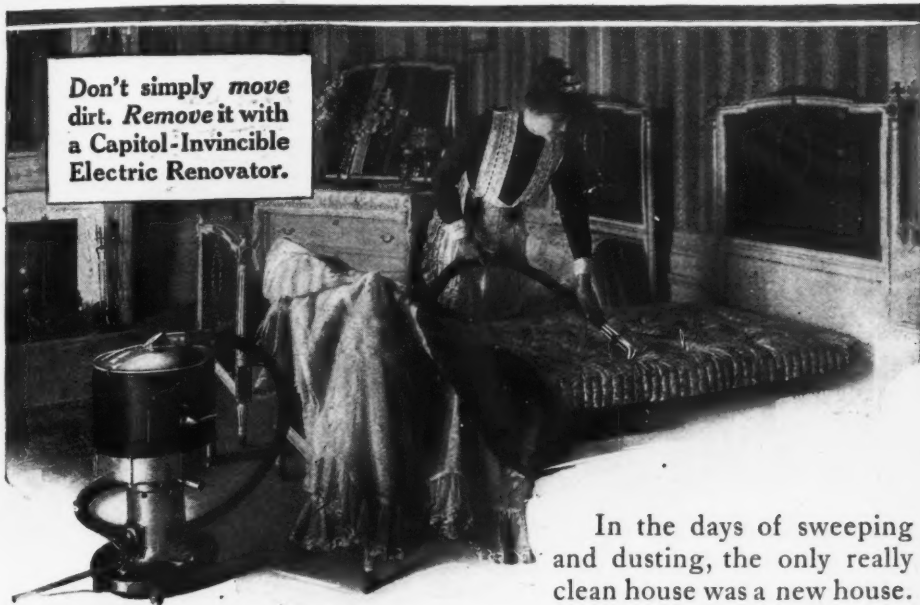
"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Sargol does make thin people add flesh. But we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us today and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package for trial. **Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter.**

**THIS COUPON GOOD FOR 50c
PACKAGE "SARGOL"**

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package "Sargol" (provided you have never tried it.) The Sargol Company, 10 Y Herald Building, Binghamton, New York.



In the days of sweeping and dusting, the only really clean house was a new house.



Capitol-Invincible ELECTRIC RENOVATOR

THE United States Radiator Corporation are manufacturers of The Complete Line of Boilers, Radiators and Heating Specialties—designed and built by experts for efficient and economic heating of any building from cottage to skyscraper.

THE beautiful book, "A Modern House-warming," which will enable you to decide the system best adapted to your own home or property, will be sent free on request.

Where the situation demands a stationary installation, the CAPITOL-INVINCIBLE turbine and the CAPITOL-CON- NERSVILLE—positive rotary types—The Complete Line as manufactured by us will meet every demand.

not only banishes dirt from your home but it *saves you*. Germ laden dust stirred up by sweeping is dangerous to health. You, your maids or your children can keep your home and everything in it free from dust with little effort.

Your Babies can play upon the floor and breathe air as clean and wholesome as that of the healthy country.

The Capitol-Invincible Electric Renovator has a steady continuous suction which gathers up every particle of dust from your floor, rugs and furniture.

The Capitol-Invincible obtains its wonderful non-fluctuating suction from noiseless centrifugal fans which run evenly and smoothly. It has no valves, bel- lows or gears to vibrate or wear out. It has only two bearings and these run with- out wear in a bath of oil. Its suction is adapted automatically to the heaviest rugs or the daintiest draperies. It will give perfect service for a lifetime.

Every machine made is in successful continuous use.

Use your own judgment in buying a vacuum cleaner. Our booklet, which we will send you free, entitled "How to Buy a Vacuum Cleaner," is written by an eminent electrical and mechanical engineer and will advise you of the merits of all the principles used in vacuum cleaners. If you would have a clean and sanitary home, you need this book.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

39 East Grand River Avenue

Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES AND SHOW ROOMS

NEW YORK 3-5-7 West 29th Street
PHILADELPHIA 122 North 13th Street
PITTSBURGH 34 Ave. and Wood Street
DETROIT 139 Jefferson Avenue

ST. LOUIS 14th and Pine Streets
BOSTON 236 Congress Street
BALTIMORE 709 North Howard Street
CHICAGO 184 North Dearborn Street

MINNEAPOLIS, 901 Washington Ave., South
OMAHA 916 Farnam Street
KANSAS CITY 220 East 10th Street

ÆTNA-IZED?



\$3,250 INSURANCE FOR \$10

LIFE and ACCIDENT Insurance under the famous ÆTNA TEN DOLLAR COMBINATION

Issued by the **ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**, of
Hartford, Connecticut—the largest company in the world
writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.

In extent and variety of protection this policy is without
a rival.

For \$10 a Year (in "Preferred" Occupations) this Policy pays:—

\$2,000 for death from Travel, Elevator or Burning Building Accident.

\$1,000 for death from Ordinary Accident.

\$2,000 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Travel Accident.

\$1,000 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Ordinary Accident.

The above amounts accumulate Ten Per Cent. each year for five years,
without additional cost.

\$250 FOR DEATH FROM ANY CAUSE—No Medical Examination Required.

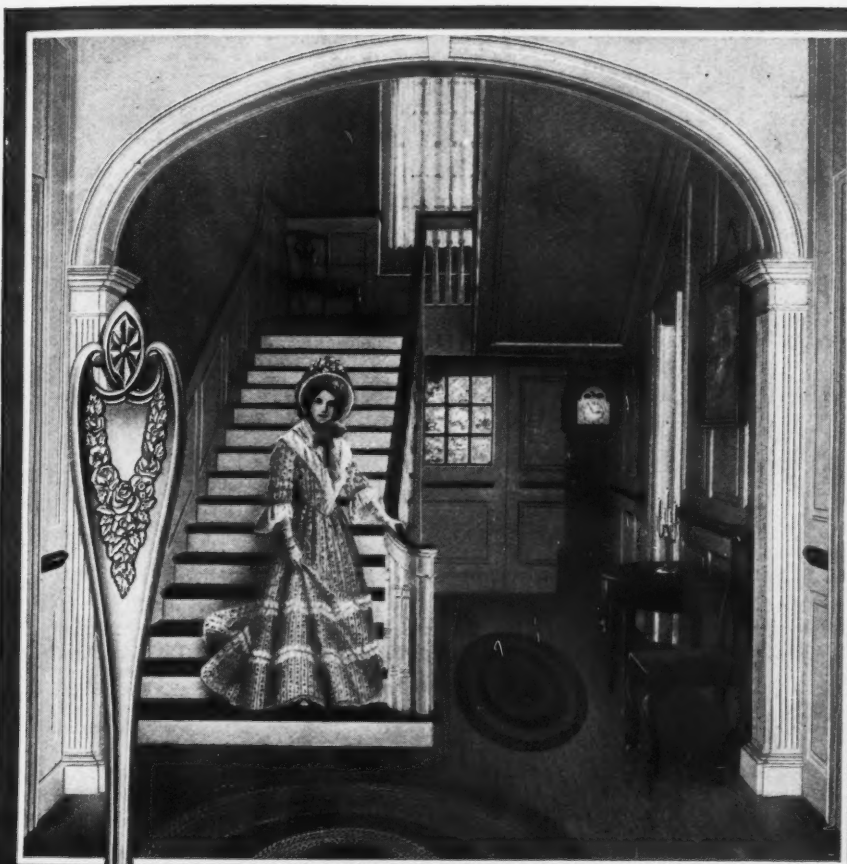
The Accumulations, Double Benefits and Life Insurance provided by this
Ten Dollar Combination make possible the payment of \$3,250 at a
cost of less than **THREE CENTS A DAY** in addition to weekly
indemnity for total or partial disability from accident.

SEND IN THE COUPON TO-DAY

Aetna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn. Cosmopolitan—Tear off

I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about **ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination**.

My name, business address and occupation are written below.



OLD
COLONY
BEEF
FORK

The Old Colony Pattern

The very spirit of Colonial days is typified in the Old Colony pattern. In addition to the quality and simplicity that were characteristic of the old-time designs, it possesses the poise and beauty that result from skill and experience joined with modern methods.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

is backed by the world's largest makers with an unqualified guarantee which an actual test of 65 years makes possible. It is the heaviest grade of silver plate.

Most Popular for Gifts.

The unvarying quality and richness of design make this silverware especially favored for gifts. Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Y-9."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

HAMILTON, CANADA

You will be interested in seeing this beautiful advertisement, printed in colors, the third of a series now appearing on the back covers of many of the leading publications.



New Motor Boat Designs

In every issue of Motor Boating Magazine you will find the latest improvements and most modern new models in motor boats. Even the smallest details are considered. These are not mere theoretical points, but practical, common sense, tried and proved ideas. In

MOTOR BOATING

you get the plans and designs of expert naval architects, skilled in the principles and methods of motor boat building.

Every kind of construction is treated, including the limousine runabouts, the V bottom runabouts, cruisers, speed boats and luxurious pleasure crafts. You keep abreast of the times, the races, the winners and all the details of their equipment and design through Motor Boating Magazine. A year's subscription costs only \$1.00 and you get a really wonderful motor book, "From Novice to Pilot," absolutely free if you subscribe this month.

MOTOR BOATING
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

MB-10

MOTOR BOATING
381 Fourth Ave.
New York City

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me Motor Boating Magazine for a year and "From Novice to Pilot" free.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Quality
Is
Economy

*Do you figure Varnish Cost
By the Gallon?
By the Job?
By the Year?*

The first is the stupid way.
The second is the getting-wise way.
The third is the wise way.

"By the Gallon" you take account simply of the Price; which is only the *beginning* of the Cost.

"By the Job" you consider the price per gallon and the *number* of gallons and the *labor cost*.

Murphy Varnish does the job with *fewer gallons* and *fewer days' work* than lower-price varnish.

"By the Year" you calculate the *Re-Varnishing* Costs. There's the *big saving* in Murphy Varnish.

It *lives* 2 or 3 or 5 or 10 times as long as the lower-price and much lower-price varnishes.

Murphy Railway and Marine and Carriage and Automobile and Architectural and Furniture and Piano Varnishes, Murphy Surfacers and Colors and Stains and Enamels and Konkreto, all have these Economies.

The Varnish
That Lasts
Longest

Murphy Varnish Company

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President

Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK,
N. J.
CHICAGO,
ILL.



Half Size
ALCOVE TATTOO, \$3.25



Half Size
BUREAU TATTOO, \$4.50



Half Size
TRAVELER TATTOO, \$3.50

The Surprising Fact About These Clocks

When you see the graceful designs and rich finishes of these clocks, you will probably be surprised to learn that they are *alarm clocks*.

Because most people think of an alarm clock as a "tin pan" affair.

But the Junior Tattoo Family clocks are beautiful as well as useful. They do everything that alarm clocks are expected to do—and in addition, they are an ornament to the room and a pleasure to the eye.

JUNIOR TATTOO

New Haven Clock Co.

FAMILY

Alarm Clocks Beautiful

There are nine patterns—all different. A style for every taste, a design for every room.

The tuneful intermittent alarm awakens you pleasantly but surely. If you do not arise at the first summons, it continues to ring every twenty seconds for five minutes—unless you turn the silent switch.

Prices, \$1.75 to \$4.50

Next time you buy an alarm clock, tell the jeweler to show you the Junior Tattoo Family clocks. You will find one that just suits your fancy.

If you cannot conveniently buy them in your town, we will ship, prepaid, upon receipt of price and jeweler's name.

Write for booklet picturing the styles of the Junior Tattoo Family clocks in rich gold finish, satin silver, French bronze, solid mahogany, golden oak, old brass, gun-metal, leather and nickel.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.

136 HAMILTON STREET

Established 1817

Makers of clocks for all purposes

R. WALLACE SILVER

Washington
Pattern

Laurel
Pattern



TRADE MARK
RW & S
STERLING

THE Boudoir table of milade of two centuries ago, boasted no finer or more classic toilet ware than that of our No. 9,000 pattern in Sterling Silver.

It includes Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Combs and all toilet accessories.

Our Washington pattern Sterling Silver Table Service rivals the past in purity of design and perfection of workmanship.

— 1835 —
R. WALLACE

Silver plate that **RESISTS** wear

The Laurel pattern in silver plate offers an artistic value and a durability seldom found in any but the finest Sterling patterns. Triply reinforced with pure silver at all wearing points it lasts three times as long as ordinary plate.

We guarantee to replace any of our plate or sterling which does not give positive satisfaction.

A delightful little book, "Table Decorations for Celebrations" and "How to Set the Table" by Mrs. Rorer, will be sent free to anyone interested in Wallace Silver.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. COMPANY
BOX 20 WALLINGFORD, CONN.

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

London



Huyler's Nation-Wide Guarantee of Freshness

simply means that we do not want anybody to keep any of our candy that in any way falls short of perfection. Send it back.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Our organization of 14 different candy-making establishments, over 4000 *Huyler's* Sales Agents, and 56 *Huyler's* stores, enables us to guarantee the perfect condition of every package of *Huyler's* no matter where purchased. Our Sales Agents are the most reliable retail druggists in the country.

We instruct all *Huyler's* Sales Agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of *Huyler's* not in perfect condition.

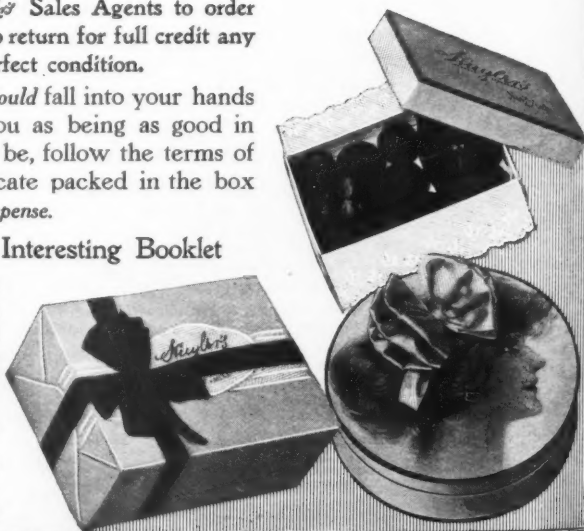
If a box of *Huyler's* should fall into your hands and fail to impress you as being as good in every way as it should be, follow the terms of the Guarantee Certificate packed in the box and return it at our expense.

Write for *Huyler's* Interesting Booklet

It tells how purity, quality and freshness are insured in all *Huyler's* products. We send with the book the name of the nearest *Huyler's* Sales Agent.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place
New York City
FRANK DeK. HUYLER, President

Leading grocers sell *Huyler's*
Cocoa and Chocolate—ask yours



Here is a business story that reads like a romance.

It has a message for you. Read it.

The story begins with my father, Dr. Wm. L. Johnson. He was a lover of all humanity.

During his practice of forty-two years, he observed that many, many people were suffering from the lack of food elements which their bodies needed.

He knew that all the elements—necessary to sustain physical and mental energy—are stored away in the grain of wheat.

But most of these elements are milled out in the making of white flour—while human bodies deteriorate for want of them.

Then my father reasoned that if all the elements of the **whole wheat** were made into a food of delicate texture, exquisite crispness and delicious flavor—every appetite would be satisfied—and people greatly benefited.

He hit upon the cracker as the most practical form of food for this purpose—and after long experiment, succeeded beyond his greatest dreams. This was the idea that resulted in

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

My father first made these crackers for his own family and friends. He had no thought of selling them. But the news spread so rapidly that many others began to ask for them also. Then, and only then, did he consent to make **Educator Crackers** on a commercial basis—so that all the people who wanted them—in every part of the world—could be supplied.

The benefits of my father's idea to mankind are increasing year by year. I, who helped him in the beginning, and know best his wishes and ideals, am carrying on his work—constantly developing the old-time-honored methods—to meet the changing needs of present-day conditions.



The **Educator Flour** is still freshly ground by good old-fashioned millstones. Then, under my supervision, **Educator Crackers** are baked in the old-style ovens—just as they were twenty-seven years ago.

And I personally sample each day's bake—to make sure that my father's standard of pure food excellence is strictly maintained.

Now I ask you—for your own and your children's sake—to get acquainted with **Educator Wafers**, **Educator Toasterettes**, **Educator Water Crackers**, and the **Fruited Educator**—four wonderfully popular kinds of **Educator Crackers**. Taste the flavor that's so sweet and nut-like. Then you'll realize that the most nutritious food can be delicious as well.

If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular kinds you want, send 10 cents and his name for large trial assorted box.

Norah Johnson Redden

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY

19 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.

The BOY'S OWN PAGE

EVERY natural boy wants to own a gun, and so of course you do.

You want it to be a real gun, too, that'll look and feel the way a gun ought, and will shoot far and straight.

That's just why the KING Air Rifle was invented—so that every boy could have a real gun of his own—not dangerous like a powder rifle, but one your parents are perfectly willing you should have.

And a gun that you don't have to be ashamed of—strong and handsome, an accurate shooter, a gun that will test dad's marksmanship as well as yours.

What KING Target Practice Does for a Boy

It makes you a good marksman—and that's an accomplishment every true American ought to have.

Better still, it does a lot of things you don't at first think of.

It takes practice to shoot well with a rifle, and that means patience—the resolute, determined sticking-to-it that counts—the boy who learns that wins out in baseball and football, too.

Then it teaches you to act quick—but to think first. A cool head and a quick aim go together, you know.

When it comes to sailing a boat in a squall, or carrying an important message, or separating two dogs that are fighting, folks look for the boy with the quick eye and hand, and the cool head.

How to Go at It

First, you want the right gun for your size and age. Look over the whole list of Kings in the third column and choose wisely. Take good care of your gun, and keep it clean. Put it away carefully after every target practice.

Little things like these are important, and show who's the boy that's fit to be trusted with a bigger gun when he's older.

Be sure when you buy the gun to look for the name KING on the side-plate or barrel. It's no use to practice unless you have a gun you can depend on for accuracy, and this is the only way to be sure.



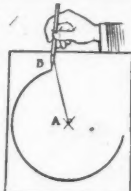
Side-plate of a King Air Rifle showing the name.

Making the Target for KING Practice

Get a piece of smooth board and paste or tack carefully on it a piece of tough white paper about 12 inches square. Now drive a tack into the center of the board.

You can find the center by laying a ruler across from corner to corner of the paper and making a mark where the two lines cross. Then tie a piece of string to a lead pencil and tie the other end to the tack, so that it's just six inches from the tack to pencil.

By moving the pencil over the paper—with the string taut—you will mark the outside circle of the target.



Marking the first circle. From A to B should be six inches.



"S" shows where to put the screw-eye. Make the rings each an inch wide and the center two inches.

Be careful in painting not to get too much paint on the brush.



The other rings can easily be made by shortening the string, and the job finished by painting the center and rings with red or black paint or ink.

Now put a screw-eye in the edge of the board and you can hang your target anywhere.

Keep at It

Don't be discouraged if your first shots go wide of the target.

Keep at it, don't waste your shots, don't hurry, don't stand too far away.

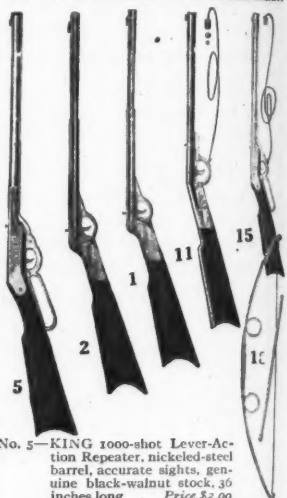
Soon you will be surprised at your own proficiency.

Anybody can shoot well with a KING. It only needs faithful practice.

A KING Catalog—Read It Carefully

From the guns listed below you can select just the right one for your age and experience. Look them over carefully, then go to the nearest sporting-goods, hardware or toy-store and see the guns themselves.

Always look for the name KING on side-plate or barrel. It's the one way to be sure of the very best and latest air-rifle models made.



No. 5—KING 1000-shot Lever-Action Repeater, nickle-plated barrel, accurate sights, genuine black-walnut stock, 36 inches long. Price \$2.00

No. 5-B, Same, in Gun-Metal Finish. Price \$2.50

No. 4, Exactly like above, but is 1 inches shorter and holds 500 shot instead of 1000. Price \$1.75

No. 2—KING 350-shot, Hammerless Magazine Repeater, nickle-plated barrel, black-walnut stock, 31 inches long. Price \$1.25

No. 1—KING Single-Shot—nickle-plated barrel, black-walnut stock, 31 inches long, shoots air-rifle shot or feathered darts. Price \$1.00

No. 11—KING "Three-in-One"—nickle-plated barrel, black-walnut stock, shoots air-rifle shot, rubber ball or cork, 29 inches long. Price \$0.75

No. 13—KING "Safety-Lever" Pop-Gun—looks just like the big 1000-shot, shoots cork on a string, 17 inches. Price \$0.25

No. 12—KING Pop-Gun, shoots cork on a string, 15½ inches. Price \$0.25

No. 18—"Sioux Chief"—Steel Spring Bow and hardwood, rubber-tipped Arrow, safe for indoors or out, indestructible. Price \$0.25

* If you don't find the gun you want in your town, send us the money and we'll ship one from the factory, express prepaid. (For Nos. 15 and 18 add 15c. to price for express.)

The Markham Air-Rifle Co.

Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.
Inventors and Oldest Manufacturers of the Air-Rifle
Pacific Coast Office, 717 Market St., San Francisco
PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., Managers

GE

—Read

you can select
and experience,
then go to the
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models made.



15
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36
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Total Finish,
Price \$2.50
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destructive
Price \$0.25
it in your
ship one
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express.)
le Co.
r-Rifle
Francisco
gers



No matter who "takes"
The Youth's Companion
all hands read it.

EVERY TIME THE YOUTH'S COMPANION ENTERS A
HOME IT DOES THAT HOME A GENUINE SERVICE.

How To Get the Free Issues.

Every new subscriber who at once cuts out and sends this coupon or the
name of this publication with \$2.00 for the new 1913 volume will receive:

1. All the issues for the remaining weeks of 1912, free, including the Holiday Numbers.
2. The Companion's Window Transparency and Calendar for 1913, the most beautiful novelty ever given Companion readers — Free.
3. Then the fifty-two issues of 1913 — long hours of companionship with the wise, the adventurous, the entertaining — all for less than four cents a week.

AM30

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Stop Drugging The Babies

Thousands of dollars are spent annually on the reckless doping of infant children. The thoughtless and ignorant use of deadly morphine, chloroform and other injurious ingredients sold in solution as "soothing syrups for baby" are a constant threat to its young life.

Doctor Harvey W. Wiley

has written an indicting article on these habit-forming drugged concoctions for the October Good Housekeeping Magazine. It's better to listen to baby's cry for a while than to have it forever hushed.

Dr. Wiley names 14 of these drugging "baby quieters" and tells in a constructive way what you should do. The coupon below will bring it all to you.

Good Housekeeping Magazine

381 Fourth Avenue
New York City



This special coupon trial price is made to induce you to let Good Housekeeping prove its worth. You save almost half the cost in this way. Send the coupon today and read about the babies and household helps.

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Because it is sweetest and purest, it is also the most economical—as thousands of housewives have learned.

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Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet, sent on request. Address Dept. P.



We Advise Serving as Follows:

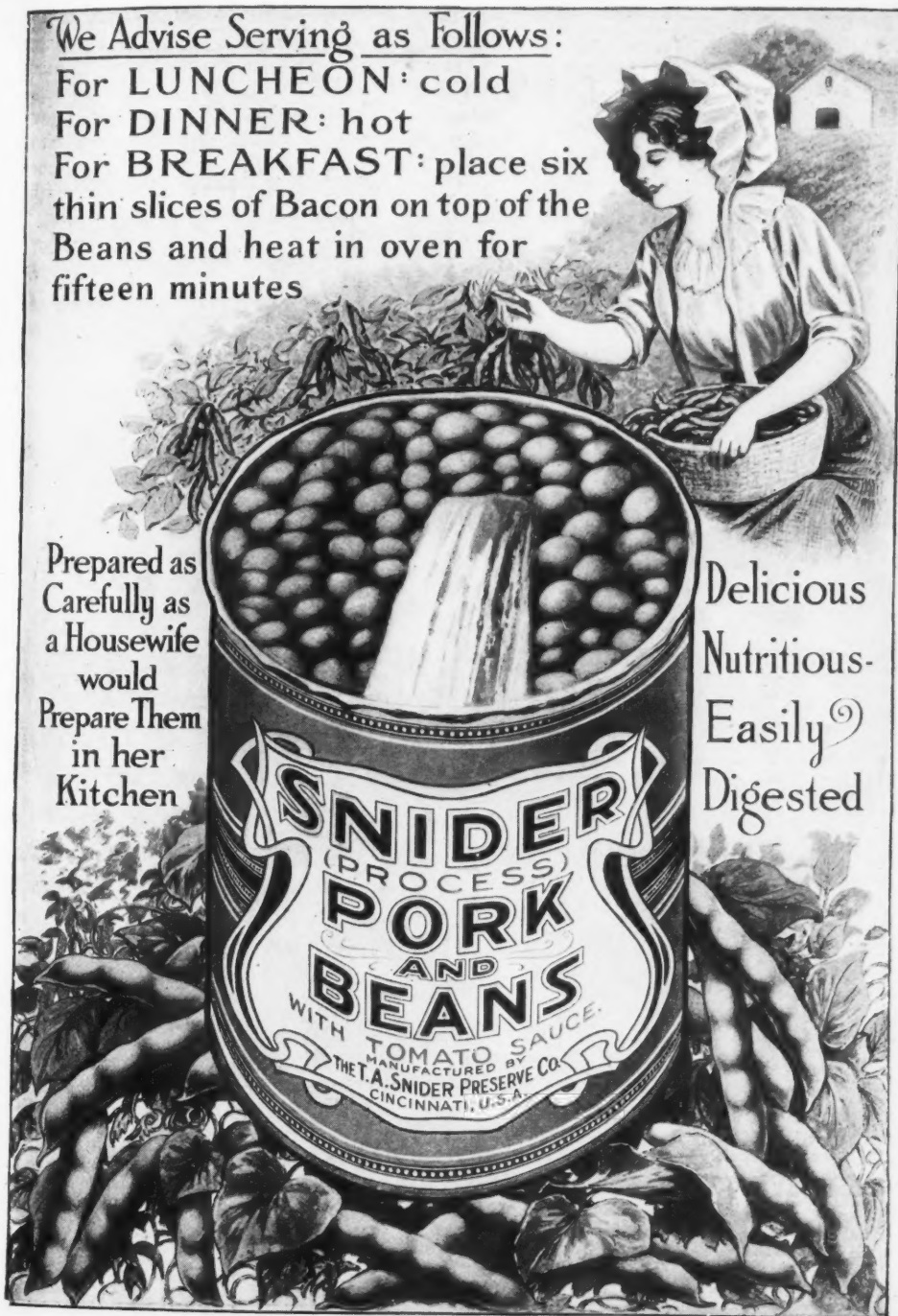
For LUNCHEON: cold

For DINNER: hot

For BREAKFAST: place six thin slices of Bacon on top of the Beans and heat in oven for fifteen minutes

Prepared as
Carefully as
a Housewife
would
Prepare Them
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Delicious
Nutritious-
Easily
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Over 3,000,000 men are happy users of the EVER-READY. The EVER-READY guarantee is a liberal—sincere guarantee in which the makers insure your complete satisfaction. There's a 10-year guarantee for the frame; a guarantee for each of the 12 blades; a guarantee that the EVER-READY will shave you best of any razor that ever touched your beard. Your money back from the makers if any part of this guarantee fails.

Extra EVER-READY Blades 10 for 50c.

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Complete \$
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*12 Bladed Out-
fit (as pictured)
\$1.00 complete.*

Hardware, Drug, Cutlery, Department, Sporting Goods Stores and General Stores sell the EVER-READY.

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THE BEST BLADES EVER MADE

If not at your dealer's—Don't accept a substitute, but send direct to the makers—just the retail price.

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guarantee
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Here's A Wageless, Worriless Wonder Worker
It will Steam, Stew, Boil, Bake and Roast Anything But—YOU.

Men save labor with devices. Why not women. Your kitchen is your work shop. If you can save two hours a day, fourteen a week, and money with the bargain you will make your home more attractive to all. Your tired arms, red face, over wrought nerves mean misery to the home. Stop it Now. Save actual money, save time, save everything that a woman ought to save and most of all her ability to charm. Now READ ON. We want to give you the best fireless cooker ever made and we want to give you with the bargain a saving of from \$8 to \$10.

The Faithful Fireless Cooker, begins where other cookers stop. We make no exceptions. We give **an iron clad money back guarantee.** Our offer is the greatest ever made on any household article. You must write for this offer. We back it up with references good for \$1,000,000 if you want them. Certainly worth a two cent stamp from you. Look at the Faithful Fireless Cooker the only real genuine pure aluminum cooker on the market. Read its description.

All Linings, Cooking Vessels, Covers and Pans are Pure Aluminum.



Sixty Day Offer

It is our intention to sell fifty thousand Faithful Fireless Cookers during the next 60 days. And we intend to do it. This company is one of the largest of its kind in the world. We have many things we are selling American families and we sell by the car load lot. Our offer is one that is seldom made. It will come to you perhaps for the last time. From factory to family that is what it means. Direct to you with a money back solid as rock guarantee, no "ifs nor ands." We want a nation wide distribution quick. We want this cooker in your kitchen. Then we will sell ten of your friends. Read the description. Sign the coupon below.

The Faithful Fireless Cooker

Always sweet, easily cleaned because all aluminum, handy as a clock, neat as a sewing machine, indestructible, being steel framed and packed with all mineral wool. Cooks 30% faster than any known cooker.

Here is What Interests You Most

The Faithful Fireless Cooker is equipped with the following solid Aluminum cooking utensils. One 8 qt. kettle, two 4 qt. kettles, 1 pudding pan 3 qts. There are also 2 pie or cake racks, 4 soap stone radiators, and tongs for handling same. The covers of all utensils are aluminum and so are the plungers that hold the heat in. There is nothing to warp or crack. Everything is smooth jointed on the interior. Thus cleanly. All lids have patent hand clasps that make them air tight. Ball bearing rollers make movement of cooker so easy, a child can handle it. Every bit of frame is steel, all packing is mineral wool scientifically prepared, cooker lining is aluminum, all plungers and utensils the same. You receive one more utensil than other cookers give. Reference the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago or any other you ask for. Our money back guarantee is worth while. Don't delay, send for our offer now. Send us your dealer's name. Thousands endorse this cooker, why not you.

Western Merchandising Company

336 West Madison St., Chicago

Please send me your Faithful Fireless Cooker Offer, good for 60 days, with a saving if I use it of \$8. I do not agree to buy but I want your offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Western Merchandising Co.

336 West Madison St.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Unquestionably—a **DURHAM-DUPLEX** SAFE RAZOR IS THE CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR HIM

We've your attention here for ninety seconds only, and so we tell our story right in the headlines.

A million and a half sons, husbands and aspirants to the latter state own Durham-Demonstrator razors. They use them every day, like them, and some day they **intend** to get one of our standard sets.

Man-like, they put it off; you know this tendency better than we do. And so we'll have to work this proposition out together. Here's a plan:



Durham-Duplex, \$5

We'll pay you 50c for his Durham-Demonstrator Razor

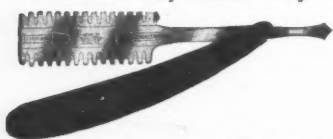
He paid 35c for it. Any dealer will take back the Demonstrator and allow you 50c on the price of any Durham razor set you select.

Thus you get a \$2.50 Durham-Derby set for \$2, or a \$5 Standard Durham-Duplex set for \$4.50. And each set, mind you, has six of the famous Durham-Duplex blades (twelve edges) that your husband likes so well.

If by any chance he is the one man in ten who hasn't yet **tried** the Durham-Duplex and doesn't know the real shaving luxury of the famous Durham-Duplex blades (double edged)—for goodness sake, give him the chance.

Fill out the coupon in lower left-hand corner, send 35c and let him try it for a month. The experiment won't cost you much and it'll help you to solve the vexatious question of what to get him for Christmas.

Do it today—**now**—or you'll forget it.



35c

Durham-Duplex Razor Co.

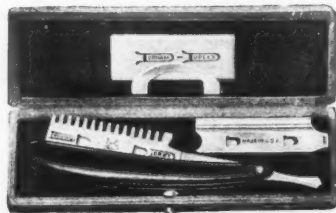
200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This is the razor you get for 35c if you take the coupon below to any of our dealers. It is equally as good a shaving instrument as our regular razor.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR COMPANY,
200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:
Enclosed find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense). Send Durham Demonstrating Razor with Durham-Duplex Blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.

Name
No. and Street
Town
State



Durham-Derby, \$2.50

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

Does six things—and does them well:

Checks the growth of decay germs.

Corrects an acid condition of the mouth.

Delights by its delicious flavor — a flavor made pleasant without the use of sugar, saccharin, glucose or honey.

Cleans the teeth thoroughly without injurious chemicals.

Polishes them to whiteness without harmful grit.

Leaves the mouth wholesome and the breath pure.

A preparation which does less than this is not a complete dentifrice.

Purchase a tube at your dealer's—or send 2c in stamps for a generous trial tube, and our booklet, "Oral Hygiene."

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*Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—
luxurious, lasting, refined.*



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Get in the game with a jimmy pipe

Hit the top notch of tobacco delight by jamming your jimmy brimful of Prince Albert. *Right there* is first-water pipe joy, because P. A. simply can't bite your tongue. The "broil" is cut out by a patented process.

PRINCE ALBERT

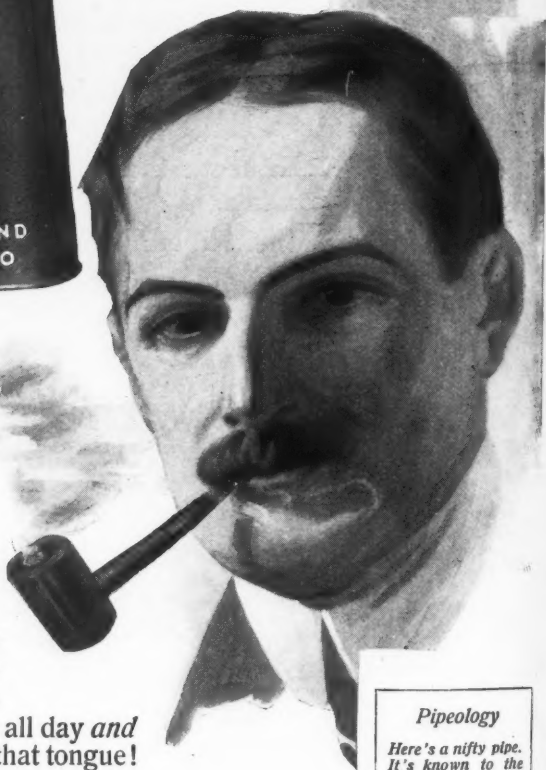
the national joy smoke

Got everything you or any other pipe enthusiast ever yearned for—flavor, aroma, and long-burning qualities. You can smoke it all day *and all night*, too! Never a tingle on that tongue!

As a cigarette P. A. is a revelation. Roll one up and see how quickly you cross your fingers on the *dust-brands* and *fire-brands*!

Buy P. A. everywhere in toppy 5c red bags, 10c tidy red tins and handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

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Pipeology

Here's a nifty pipe. It's known to the wise men of the sea as the "mess" pipe. Its bowl is round, with a flat bottom and "stays put," no matter how high the waves are running. Made of all grades briar with hard rubber, bone and amber bits.

The Most Exquisite New Ideas in Watch Cases



Take your choice of these superb new style watches sent without a cent down—on approval (^{Payable at} \$2.50 a Month)

The Movement — In connection with our sweeping fight on trust methods we have selected our *finest* highest grade watch for a special offer direct to the people. **Material:** The best that money can buy. **Workmen:** World renowned experts in their line. **The Jewels:** 19 finest grade selected genuine imported rubies and sapphires, absolutely flawless. (It is well understood in the railroad business that 19 jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency.) **Factory Fitted** and factory tested. **Adjustment:** Adjusted to temperature, isochronism and positions. The most rigid tests.

Since the \$1,000 Challenge

was made to the giant factories four years ago, why have they not answered? Why have not these factories produced a watch equal to the Burlington? This challenge did not ask our competitors to produce a watch better than the Burlington. NO. If they should produce a watch equal to the Burlington we should be the losers. Our \$1,000 still lies in the bank for competitors to cover.

No Money Down

We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of ladies' or gentlemen's open face or hunting case.) You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent unless you want the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

Burlington Watch Co. 19th St. & Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 1048 Chicago

Startling Watch Offer

READ! A Watch Offer Without Parallel

Write for our free book on watches; a book that posts you on watches and watch values—explains reasons for our most remarkable rock-bottom-price offer **DIRECT TO YOU** on the highest grade Burlington.

\$2.50 a Month at the Rock-Bottom Price

To assure us that everybody will quickly accept this introductory offer, we allow cash or easy payments, as preferred. You get the watch at the rock-bottom price, the same price that even the wholesale dealer must pay.

Now Write for the free book. It

will tell you what you ought to know before you even examine a watch. It tells all the inside facts about watch prices, and will explain the many superior points of the Burlington over the double-priced products. Just send your name and address today.

No letter necessary just the coupon will do.

Name

Address

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Dept. 1048 Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me absolutely free and prepaid one of your new watch books explaining about your anti-trust fight, and giving the inside facts about the watch industry. Also give full particulars of how I may obtain a fully adjusted 19-jewel gold strata genuine Burlington Special, on approval, at the rock-bottom price, on terms of \$2.50 a month. No obligations on me.



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The whole family prefer

Peter's Milk Chocolate

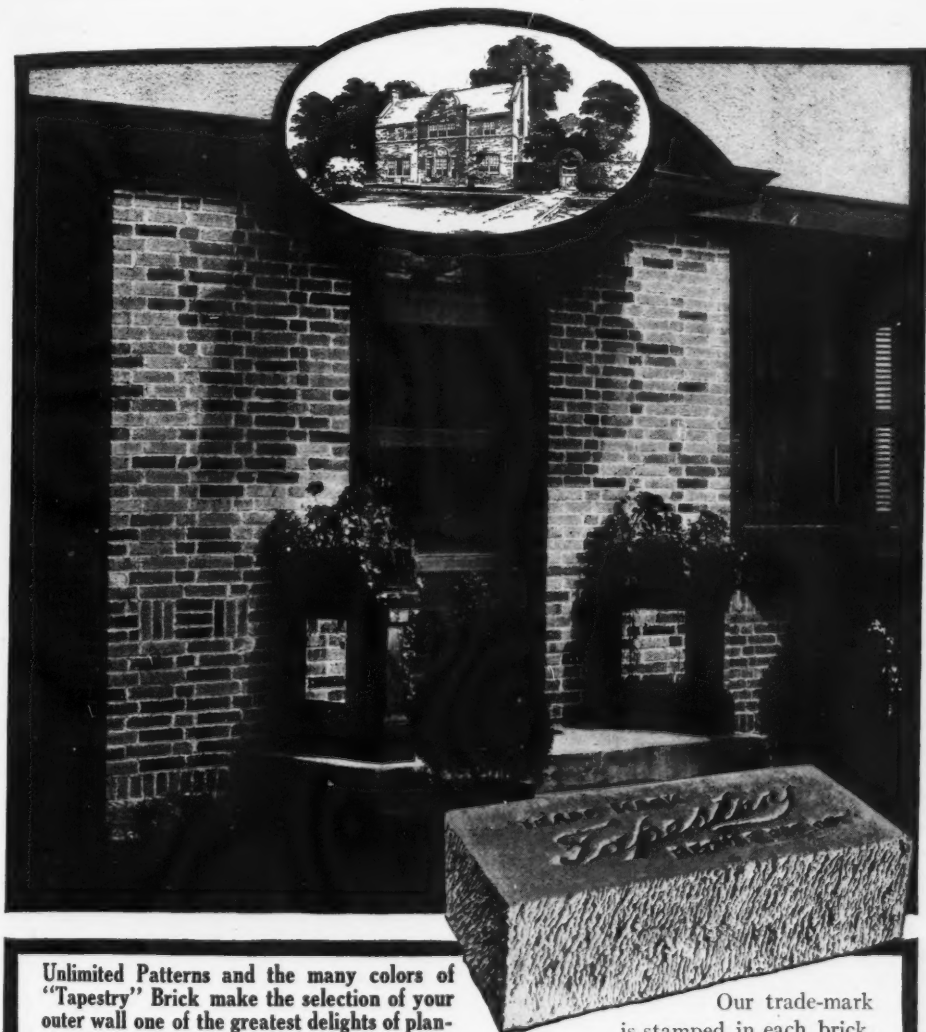
because it tastes so good.

It is made of the best of cocoa beans, with pure milk and a little sugar.

Peter's is as wholesome as it is delicious.



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Unlimited Patterns and the many colors of "Tapestry" Brick make the selection of your outer wall one of the greatest delights of planning the new home.

There is
ONLY ONE

TRADE-MARK
Tapestry Brick
REG'D U. S. PAT. OFF.

Our trade-mark
is stamped in each brick.

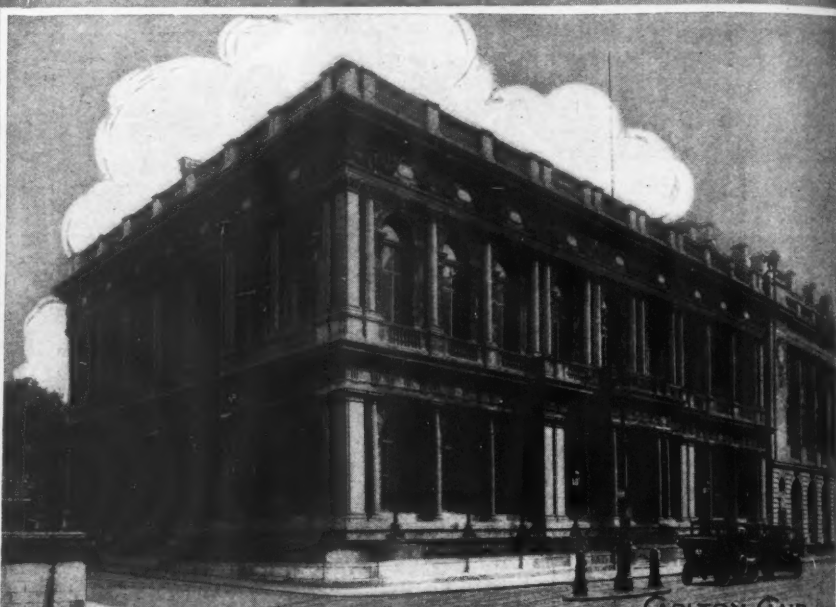
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Every home builder can afford "Tapestry" Brick because it is really cheaper than wood. Write and tell us what you are planning to build, send architect's elevations, and our Designing and Color Department will help you. Ask for our free books beautifully illustrated in colors.

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CARLTON CLUB
LONDON ENGLAND
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Made of the Purest Turkish Tobaccos Only

THE "standby" of smokers in every land—PHILIP MORRIS Cigarettes never vary in the delightful aroma and taste insured by the careful selection of each leaf from the choicest Turkish Tobaccos.

Take no substitute for "The Little Brown Box"—send us your remittance for desired quantity when dealer can not supply.

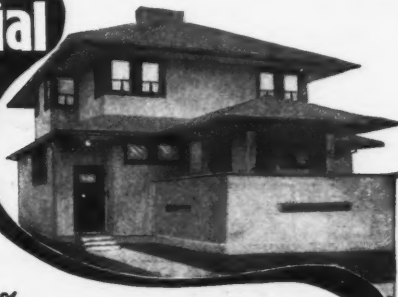
Plain or Cork Tip	Per Box of 10
CAMBRIDGE	2 1/4 in. 25c
MORISSETTE (Gold Tip)	2 1/4 in. 25c
BLUES	2 1/4 in. 30c
EMBASSADOR	3 1/4 in. 35c
BANQUET	5 1/4 in. \$1.00

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\$960 Seven Rooms, Bath, Large Living and Main Bedroom, Modern in every respect. Size 27 x 35 ft.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. would not dare ship you a carload of building material, valued anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 *without one cent* down, if we misrepresented one single item. You are perfectly safe, we take all the risk.

No one else in all the world can make such low prices on new Building Material. Our reputation as cash buyers places at our command, first—every bargain worth having. We are satisfied with one small profit—let the in-between profits remain in your pocket—means an immense saving—that means all previous

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Seven rooms and bath, modern, up-to-date interior, a beautiful home, \$2x28.

New Building Material Prices S-M-A-S-H-E-D

Then, when our expert knowledge of what to buy and how to buy at the right prices is combined with the expert knowledge of our most complete Architectural Department, the result is practical, modern, beautiful buildings, constructed absolutely without waste—to satisfy all tastes and all pocketbooks.

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Compare our offers and you will be satisfied that none can compete with our price—and none can equal our service.

\$10,000 BOOK OF PLANS FREE
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A truly wonderful book given away Free. One hundred pages of modern, up-to-date designs. Free to all parts of the United States. Other points upon receipt of 25c.

\$2 Brings Complete \$50 Set Blue Prints and Specifications for Any of These Beautiful Homes

The object of this advertisement is not to sell plans, but if you are interested in any of the designs shown on this page, we will, to save time, send a complete set of Plans. Specifications and full descriptive Material List, showing sizes, style, quality and catalog number of the material that we furnish. The best part of it is, that the entire \$2 will be credited on your order, or if plans do not suit, you may return them and all but 50c will be refunded. In addition, we will also name, upon request, delivered prices for complete Plumbing Outfit and Heating Plant of any kind and furnish complete specifications free of charge.

FREE Price Wrecking Catalogs

Send for our Special Building Material Catalog No. 100, Plumbing Catalog No. 133 and Heating Catalog No. 120 showing a complete line of construction of house, barn, or any other building. The newest and latest features in each line at low prices.

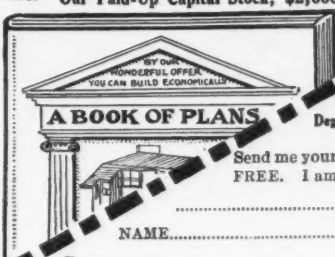
Read Our Guarantee—It Is Your Protection

Our guaranteed proposition to you is to furnish the material as specified in the Material List in *all brand new stock*, of the grade, sizes, style, quality and catalog number mentioned, and in quantities sufficient to complete the design strictly according to the plans. We also guarantee prompt shipment of order. All material loaded in one car from our plant here.

Our Paid-Up Capital Stock, \$2,000,000

Heating Plants
Write for our prices on our complete bathroom outfit. We guarantee a saving of 30% to 50%.

Plumbing Material
Steam, Hot Water and Warm Air. Let us estimate on your requirements. Big saving.



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Send me your \$10,000 Plan Book FREE. I am also interested in

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Chicago House Wrecking Company, Dept. F-6 CHICAGO

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Welsbach

LIGHTING SERVICE

BUY THE GAS MANTLE WITH THIS SHIELD OF QUALITY ON THE BOX

A quarter of a century ago we commenced the manufacture of Welsbach Mantles, and have been at it ever since—constantly improving the qualities essential to illuminating power, gas economy, and durability—so that to-day the Welsbach Mantles possess an undisputed reputation as the best and cheapest light in the world.

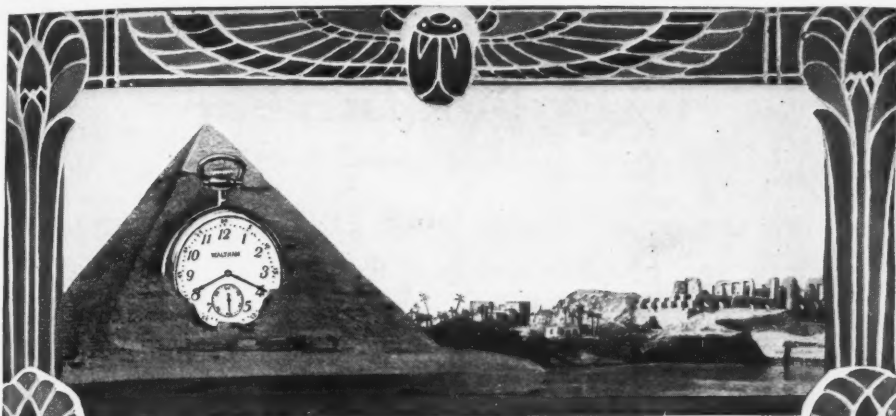
¶ A *discriminating* buyer accepts only the genuine Welsbach.

FOR UPRIGHT AND INVERTED LAMPS
BEST QUALITY, 30c. OTHERS, 25c, 15c, 10c.

SOLD BY ALL GAS COMPANIES
AND RELIABLE DEALERS

WELSBACH COMPANY, Gloucester, N.J.





Lasting Reliability—that is the quality which has made the great Waltham Riverside movement famous the world around. That is the essential of a good timepiece. And it is lasting reliability which makes the Riverside a lifetime investment and in the end, the most economical watch to buy.

WALTHAM *Riverside*

Sixty years ago a watch was a costly possession. And the best watch of that time was an inferior timekeeper, measured by Waltham-Riverside standards. In those days all watches were made in Europe, chiefly in Switzerland. But Waltham has pioneered a wonderful change in the watch industry. Waltham inventions and methods have been revolutionary. Now, everyone can afford a good watch—a better watch than was known sixty years ago. Now, the world looks to America for its watch supply.

Today, as little as forty dollars will purchase the distinguished Waltham Riverside. The Waltham Riverside is made in various sizes for ladies and gentlemen—in 17 or 19 jewel grades, carefully timed and adjusted at the factory.

It is a watch of "style" and exquisite beauty—the favorite of people who know, in every civilized country. Sold by all Jewelers.

Write for the Riverside Booklet

before buying a watch of any kind. It may save you from a costly mistake. It certainly will help you to make a satisfactory investment in a watch. It describes and illustrates Waltham Riversides for ladies and gentlemen. Write today. Use the coupon. It's FREE.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham Riverside."

WALTHAM WATCH CO. Waltham, Mass.

1 Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.
Gentlemen: Send me the Riverside Booklet.
Name _____

Cosmopolitan Magazine

6% Gold Bonds

Now Open for Subscription in Denominations
of \$500 and \$1,000 at Par.

These ten-year bonds are issued by the International Magazine Company, which owns and publishes the **Cosmopolitan Magazine, Motor and Motor Boating**, the three leading publications in their lines, on which this Million Dollar Bond issue is a first lien.

These 6% gold bonds are also guaranteed by **William R. Hearst**, and are protected by **Twenty Million Dollars** of assets.

The earnings of the **Cosmopolitan Magazine, Motor and Motor Boating** last year on which taxes were paid to the United States Government, were over *five times the annual interest* on this bond issue.

The **Cosmopolitan** Bond Subscription was opened on June 1, 1912, and as many have been subscribed for since that date, and inasmuch as they will probably be oversubscribed, the **Cosmopolitan** wishes to state that in case of such oversubscription the preference will be given to the regular subscribers and readers of the **Cosmopolitan**. After that the preference will be given in the order of the date of the subscriptions to the bond issue. The **Cosmopolitan** reserves the right, however, to reject any or all subscriptions.

These bonds offer as safe and solid an investment as can be found in the United States, and at the same time pay 6% interest.

Address subscriptions to

S. S. Carvalho, Treasurer,
238 William Street, New York City

When you write, please mention the **Cosmopolitan**



THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
36 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin)
for a trial jar of Pompeian and 1913 Pompeian
Beauty Art Calendar.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Isn't this a Lesson for You?



Exercise your face! It is nature's way to overcome a pale, sallow, lifeless complexion, or a flabby, sagging skin. Such things work against one constantly in business or social circles today.

Supposing you tied your arm in a sling for a week or two. Circulation in that arm would become slow; the muscles would weaken and do their duty only in part. Why? Lack of exercise. So with the facial muscles. They must be exercised; the blood must flow freely through the face if you want a clear, fresh, healthy skin. Otherwise, a skin that is sallow, lifeless and flabby from unexercised muscles may result. A face massage with

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

does exercise the muscles, does strengthen the tissues and thus prevents flabbiness. A Pompeian massage also stimulates the circulation through mild friction. This brings the rosy blood to pale, sallow, lifeless cheeks.

Are these our ideas? No, indeed. Greek and Roman history offer many records of the practice and benefits of the massage idea, beginning with Homer about 1,000 B. C. From those ancient days to our modern Olympics, athletes have constantly employed massage to keep the muscles young and strong, and the circulation active and effective.

For a clear, fresh, wholesome complexion use Pompeian Massage Cream. It rubs in and rubs out in a way that always surprises the new user. In short, "Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one." Exercise your neglected facial muscles. Good looks will follow.

IMPORTANT You can't be too careful what you put on your face. Stick to a safe, standard massage cream. Do you realize why a cheaply-made imitation or substitute is offered? Because it costs the dealer less and he makes more—at your expense. Get the original and standard massage cream. Get Pompeian. 50,000 dealers sell it, 50c, 75c and \$1.

Trial Jar and Art Calendar



sent for 10c (coin or stamps, but a 10c piece, please, if convenient). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it, but have delayed. Each day that you delay you make it just so much harder to preserve or regain your youthful good looks.

1913 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar is 32x8 inches. (Arm not in sling in calendar you will receive.) No advertising on front. Reproduced in exquisite colors, pink and dark green. In four years "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendars have become most popular of all. (Don't hesitate about sending 10c if convenient.) Clip coupon now.



"Our Treat"



We want to send you this Sunshine Revelation Box—14 kinds of tempting biscuits different from anything you ever tasted.

Imagine finger biscuits so deliciously crispy that you want all finger biscuits and no tea—wafer sticks with crisp walls and creamy centers that melt in the mouth—chocolate cream biscuits that are as good as they sound—that's only half the goodness of

Sunshine Specialties

Send for Your Sunshine "Revelation Box"

Send us your name and address with 10c (stamps or coin) for postage only and we will send this Sunshine "Revelation Box" of Sunshine Specialties, Free. Or, if you prefer, send a postal for the "Sunshine Taste Box," containing five kinds, Free and post-paid. Send us the name of your grocer, please.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
 566 CAUSEWAY ST., BOSTON, MASS.



This is the Box
 we send you Free



What Cora Manning Says.

"And, oh, Jack! we're out of Jell-O again. Order a dozen and bring a package of Strawberry Jell-O with you. The Mannings are coming for dinner and Cora Manning says there's nothing so lovely as my

JELL-O

desserts."

The Mannings and their friends, like other sensible people who can afford expensive luxuries, do not deprive themselves of good things because they are cheap.

The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home, and it only costs ten cents!

Plain but delicious desserts and elaborate and delicious desserts are made of Jell-O—and most of them can be made in a minute.

There are seven delightful Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

10 cents each at any grocer's.

If you will write and ask us for it we will send you the splendid recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.





“Standard”

GUARANTEED
PLUMBING
FIXTURES



HE love of cleanliness should be developed in children by making cleanliness a pleasure rather than a duty.

“Standard” Fixtures by appealing to the child’s mind through its love of the beautiful make cleanliness attractive. Every member of the household feels the refining influence of “Standard” Fixtures.

Genuine “Standard” fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the re-

quirements of those who demand “Standard” quality at less expense. All “Standard” fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine unless it bears the guarantee label. In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify “Standard” goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. F

PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York . . . 35 West 31st Street
Chicago . . . 900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia . . . 1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. . . 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh . . . 106 Federal Street
St. Louis . . . 100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati . . . 633 Walnut Street

Nashville . . . 315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can. . . 215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston . . . John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville . . . 319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland . . . 648 Huron Road, S.E.
Hamilton, Can. . . 20-28 Jackson St., W.

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Washington, D.C. . . Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio . . . 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex. . . Front and Jones Sts.



"The Style-Best Man Is
The Royal Dressed Man"

Copyright 1912

"that Royal-Tailored Look"

At the foremost men's wear
store in your town — where

you buy your choicest cravats and shirts—you can order
your Royal Fall Suit or O'coat—to be tailored to your
measure in our New York or Chicago custom shops.

Perhaps this dealer carries a well-chosen, ready-made
stock—for those whom stock clothes content. But for
you men who want your clothes built exactly to your

lines and liking; for you men
who insist on "made-to-

order individuality"—he has a
Royal Tailor corner. At \$20, \$25,
\$30 and \$35 your local Royal dealer
can give you your selection from half
a thousand of the latest and richest
Fall Woolen Exclusives.

And for even as little as \$16 you can
order a Royal built-to-measure suit from
a generous assortment of patterns.
Backed by all the Royal features of guar-
antee, too. Call on your dealer to-day.

**SIX BIG FEATURES
of Royal Tailor's Clothing**
• Made to Your Measure
• All Pure Wool
• A Legal Guarantee
With Each Garment
• 100% Process Shrink
• Cost No More Than
Ready-Made
• Six Day Schedule
Deliveries

**This Garment
is Guaranteed
to Satisfy and
Please You in
every Respect
or We Ask
You Not to
Pay One
Penny**

\$1 A Day Cash Forfeit When A Garment Isn't Finished On Schedule.



Royal Tailored-to-Your-Order Clothes

The Royal Tailors

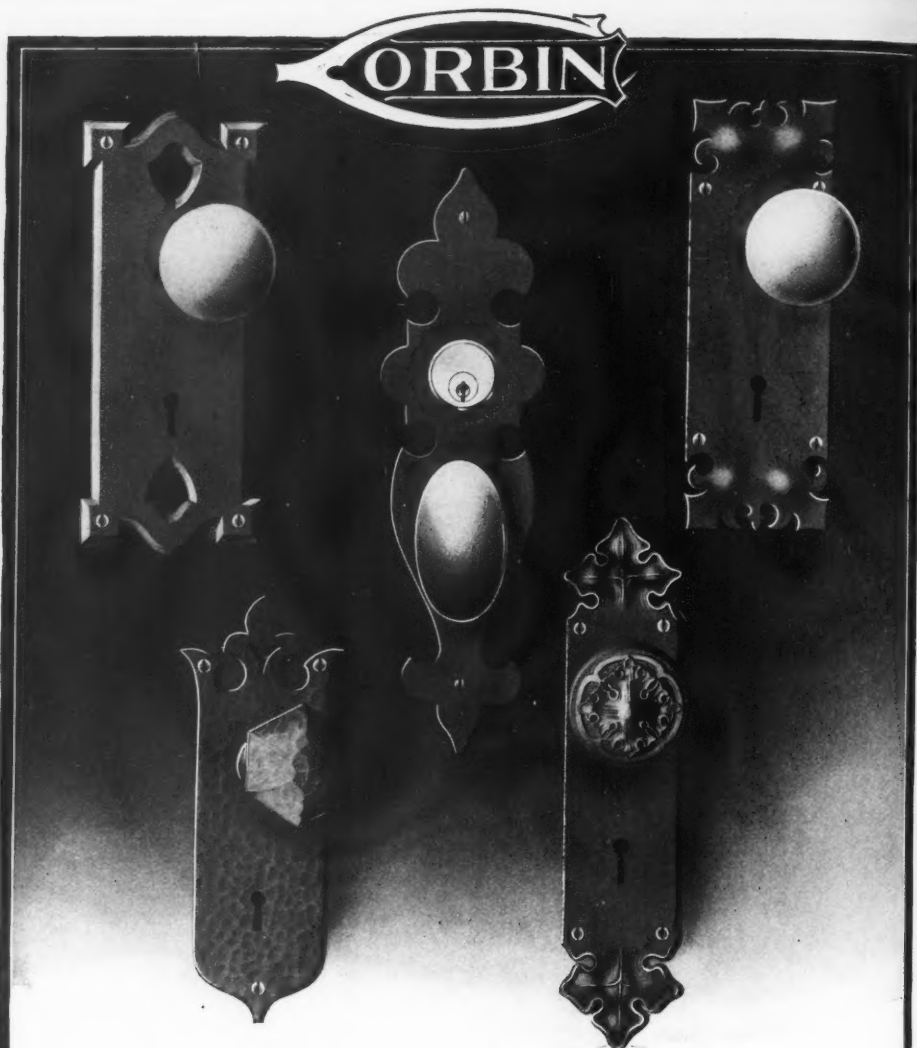
Chicago

Joseph Nelson President

New York



The Clothes That Real Men Wear



Distinctive Hardware

For Homes of Refinement. Special designs in harmony with the architect's motives give an effect of individuality and good taste. The illustrations show a few special Corbin designs appropriate for mission and colonial homes and bungalows. We have every facility for making designs from architect's sketches.

P. & F. CORBIN

Division

The American Hardware Corporation
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

P. & F. CORBIN of Chicago

P. & F. CORBIN of New York

P. & F. CORBIN Division, Philadelphia



Franklin Little Six

Thirty Horse Power

The first automobile of its type built—weighs 25% less than the average four-cylinder car of the same power.

Built for the man who wants the best in motor car construction—but who does not want a big, heavy machine.

Light and compact, it is a real "little six"; able as big cars with big motors and vastly more convenient, safe and economical.

It gives all the acknowledged advantages of six-cylinder construction—smooth, flexible, silent running—at a low operating cost.

The direct cooled motor eliminates complication, adds to service and reliability. No freezing in winter, no boiling or overheating in summer.

Cylinders are 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ x4"; Franklin force feed re-circulating oiling system. 400 miles per gallon of oil and no smoking.

Made in two body types—a five-passenger touring and a two-passenger Victoria-phaeton with folding auxiliary seat for two passengers.

Price \$2800 at the factory. You can order direct or through the nearest Franklin dealer.

*Booklet describing the Victoria-phaeton and
the touring car mailed on request*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse N Y



Your Telephone Horizon

The horizon of vision, the circle which bounds our sight, has not changed.

It is best observed at sea. Though the ships of today are larger than the ships of fifty years ago, you cannot see them until they come up over the edge of the world, fifteen or twenty miles away.

A generation ago the horizon of speech was very limited. When your grandfather was a young man, his voice could be heard on a still day for perhaps a mile. Even though he used a speaking trumpet, he could not be heard nearly so far as he could be seen.

Today all this has been changed. The telephone has vastly extended the horizon of speech.

Talking two thousand miles is an everyday occurrence; while in order to see this distance, you would need to mount your telescope on a platform approximately 560 miles high.

As a man is followed by his shadow, so is he followed by the horizon of telephone communication. When he travels across the continent his telephone horizon travels with him, and wherever he may be he is always at the center of a great circle of telephone neighbors.

What is true of one man is true of the whole public. In order to provide a telephone horizon for each member of the nation, the Bell System has been established.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

**Darby
and
Joan**

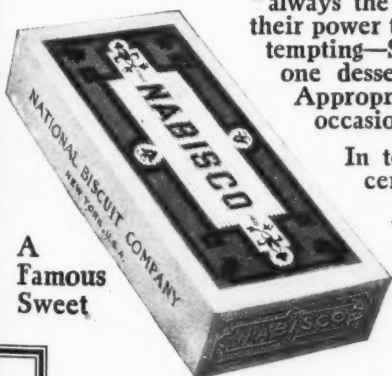
"Always the same,
Darby, my own,
Always the same to
your old wife, Joan."



**Famous
Sweethearts**

Like Darby, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are "always the same"—invariably constant in their power to please. Sweet, crisp, fragile, tempting—Summer or Winter they are the one dessert confection without a peer. Appropriate at all times and on all occasions.

In ten cent tins, also in twenty-five cent tins.



**A
Famous
Sweet**

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Chocolate coated outside, honeyed sweetness inside. Another ideal dessert confection.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

The ANGELUS

*The Angelus Grand Player-Piano
of 1896*



E VOLUTION is a law of mechanics as well as of nature. The telephone and the automobile are far different in form and efficiency from the original creations. So, also, is the player-piano, one of the most beneficent inventions of the age, for it has brought into the home, as no other instrument has, music with all its boundless pleasure and refining influence.

Proud as we were of introducing the first successful pneumatic piano-playing mechanism in 1895, we did not rest upon our laurels, but with the genius of the inventor, the talent of the musician and the experience of the practical and successful manufacturer, we have by infinite labor and pains continuously developed the ANGELUS to its present point of artistic supremacy and mechanical excellence. We have achieved our steadfast purpose to make the ANGELUS a means for the personal production of artistic music.

In 1896 we brought out our first GRAND player-piano in a form which at that time was welcomed both by the trade and the public. A comparison of that instrument with our GRAND player-piano of today will most impressively show the progress we have made through years of deep study, careful experimenting and the successful working out of different problems arising from the wedding of mechanics and art. We now incorporate the ANGELUS entirely within the GRAND piano without appreciably enlarging the case or breaking its graceful lines. It is the harmonious union of the highest type of piano—the GRAND—with the ANGELUS, which is conceded to be the best means for playing the piano with the possible exception of the human fingers. It is the most graceful, compact and artistic form in which

GRAND PLAYER-PIANO



The Angelus Grand Player-Piano of 1912

any GRAND containing a better mechanism has been presented; indeed, the ANGELUS-GRAND Player-piano of today is a musical and mechanical triumph. This superb instrument is most satisfactory, both to the trained musician as well as to the untrained music lover, for it is always ready to be played, either from the keyboard or by means of the perforated music rolls.

THE KNABE-ANGELUS GRAND is the union of the Angelus with the Knabe, a piano of international reputation for more than half a century. It has the celebrated tone and touch which have earned for the Knabe the proud title of "the world's best piano."

Only ANGELUS instruments have the following devices and aids which enable you to produce musical effects equal to those of the most accomplished pianist:

THE PHRASING LEVER, which gives you absolute control of tempo and enables you to instill into the music your own individuality. With no other tempo device is it possible to obtain the same beautiful results.

THE MELODANT, which brings out the melody of the composition, note for note, against a subordinated accompaniment.

THE GRADUATING ACCOMPANIMENT, which gives you control of the accompanying notes, independent of the melody,

thus enabling you to swell or diminish them at your pleasure.

THE ARTISTYLE MUSIC ROLL, on which is only one single expression line, giving an authoritative interpretation of the composition.

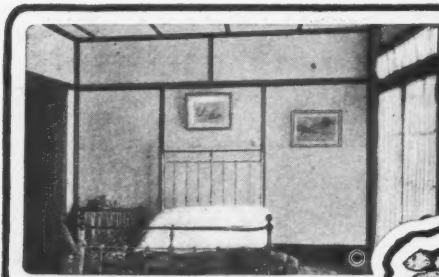
THE VOLTEM RECORD ROLL, which is an accurate and complete record of the playing of a master pianist, and which enables you to give an exact repetition of the artist's rendition.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY

Business Established 1877 — Pioneers in the Player-Piano Industry

233 Regent St., London
Agencies all over the World.

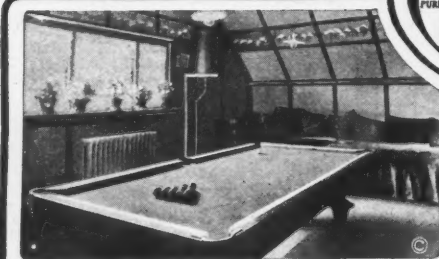
Meriden, Conn.



Mr. E. L. Tunis of Baltimore, Md., has found Beaver Board walls and ceilings admit variety of design to suit any room in the house.



At Memphis, Tenn., is the bungalow of P. R. Friedel in which is this and other strikingly beautiful Beaver Board rooms.



Mr. H. G. Lewis of Beaver Falls, N. Y., built this Beaver Board billiard-room in his attic quickly and economically.



Mr. E. R. Knott of Boston, Mass., has made his kitchen more sanitary as well as attractive with Beaver Board walls and ceilings.

Always in Good Taste—Always Practical and Convenient

THESE are among the greatest of the forty-one reasons why Beaver Board is rapidly displacing all other wall and ceiling materials. They apply to any room in the house—they apply to any school of architecture.

They apply to any type or size of building, cottage, bungalow, mansion, residence, store, office, garage, school, theatre, church, warehouse—it matters not what—new or remodeled.

BEAVER BOARD

PURE-WOOD-FIBRE WALLS AND CEILINGS

The panel treatment can be varied to suit all possible artistic requirements.

The unique pebbled surface offers the widest range for originality and beauty of design and color in painting.

In all cases you have the practical advantages of a material that is light and yet strong; very durable; easily handled, cut, fitted, put up and decorated; economical; resist-

ant to heat, cold and sound; highly sanitary; and free from the cracking, checking, and deterioration of plaster and other materials.

Send for free illustrated booklet "Beaver Board and its Uses" and for details of our free designing service, very helpful in planning, estimating, etc.

Sold by builders' supply, lumber, hardware and paint dealers and

decorators in sizes to meet all average requirements.

GENUINE BEAVER BOARD has our registered trade-mark on the back of each panel and sample. It has also a light-cream color all the way through, that comes only by the use of sanitary, durable **PURE WOOD FIBRE**. Insist on seeing both trade-mark and color before buying.

The Beaver Companies

United States: 614 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y. Canada: 714 Wall St., Beaverdale, Ottawa.
Great Britain: 4 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.



Really the Ready Codfish

No cooking—it's all ready cooked Ready to use instantly. No soaking—just add potatoes for making Fish Balls. No Bones—No Waste—No Spoilage—No Fussing—just from the tin and there's the fresh, large, tender, firm pieces of the finest Codfish from Old Ocean's deeps.

Caught—Immediately Cooked—Placed in Parchment Lined Tins

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

Two sizes—10c and 15c

(Except in the far West)

Has just the right salty taste that reminds one of the Sea, No Picking—No Trouble

Cod Fish Balls Fish Hash Creamed Fish

and many other ways of serving—Tempt the appetite—It's good for you—nourishing and tissue building—more economical than expensive meats or chicken.

Maintains health and strength, too.

A 10c Tin is Plenty for 4 Persons

Try one tin of B & M Fish Flakes—your grocer will gladly endorse and supply it. If he is out of it, mail us 10c and we will send you a full size 10c tin, all charges prepaid.



Free Book of Recipes—Every housewife should write for Good Eating, a little volume containing many new recipes, menus and valuable table information by the well-known domestic scientist, Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the "Boston Cooking School Magazine." It is free on request.

Burnham & Morrill Co.

Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—New packing now ready—tender, sweet, creamy—a revelation in canned corn. Order a case from your grocer today.



Heinz Baked Beans

The Name "Heinz" and the Word "Baked" On the Label Are Double Proof of Real Quality and Real Baking.

THE United States Government forbids the use of the word "Baked" on the label of beans that are not baked.

But the word "Baked" is never omitted from a tin of Heinz Beans.

It's oven-baking that develops the full, rich flavor of *Bakea* Beans. It is oven-baking that drives out the excess moisture and *concentrates* the nutriment.

Heinz *Baked* Beans are baked, like pies and biscuits, under direct heat.

That's why they offer such perfect flavor, so much more satisfaction than beans that are simply boiled or steamed, as are most of the brands sold in tins.

Slices of choicest pork and rich tomato sauce give added snap and savor to Heinz Baked Beans. There are four kinds to meet every taste:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans without Tomato Sauce (Boston Style)

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork (Vegetarian)

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Other delicious Heinz Food Products are Heinz Preserves, Jellies, Tomato Ketchup, Tomato Soup, Peanut Butter, Spaghetti, Pure Vinegars, etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties





THE best judges of clothes—wearers and dealers—say that our Varsity suits and overcoats for young men are the best yet produced; distinction, smartness of style, finish—the highest point of clothes-perfection.

You ought to see them

Lively new models; the belt feature in overcoats is dealt with in a variety of ways. Be sure to see the Varsity line this fall.

A glance at your local newspaper will tell you who in your locality can show them. The merchant who has our goods wants you to know it.

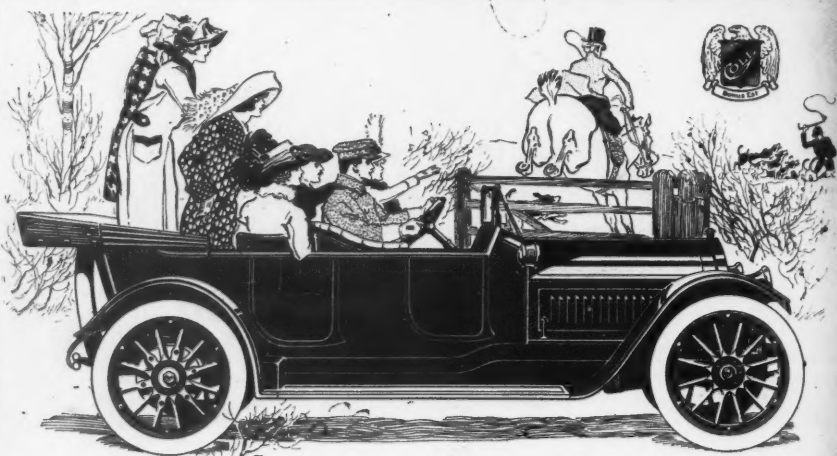
Send six cents for the Fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York



You said—"When I find a gasoline motor car my wife can start every time from the driver's seat by simply pressing an electric button—I'll buy it then and there."

"I want a powerful, silent motor—a car that I can light all around from the driver's seat, by electric buttons. I must have three-point suspension, over-size tires, long wheel base, unit power plant, enclosed valves, Timken full floating rear axle, demountable rims, Gemmer steering gear, Delco unit starting, lighting and ignition system. In the tonneau there must be lots of sprawl room and deep upholstery.

"I want a speedometer on the dash, right under my eye, together with starting and lighting switch, sight oil feed and carburetor air adjustment. I want a gasoline pressure tank in the rear, with sight gauge and air pump, gear

driven by motor, augmented by auxiliary air hand pump. Furthermore, I only want to buy *one* car, and such a car as I have described above will save me buying a second car—an electric for my family.

"And now to price—if you can sell me this car at a price my *business* judgment can endorse, I'm your customer."

All right, we've agreed to every one of your demands—we have taken you absolutely at your word—the name of the car you specify is the COLE.

FREE — COLE BLUE BOOK **A 64-Page Education on all types of gasoline driven motor cars.**

The Cole Blue Book is packed from cover to cover with money-saving information—besides it enables you to spot the inferior car at sight. No man can ever hand you a mechanical "lemon" after you have read the Cole Blue Book. This book is not confined to information about the Cole. It handles the subject of automobile construction in a broad, truthful way. In sending us the coupon below you promise nothing—obligate yourself in no way. A limited number of these valuable books are for immediate distribution—send for your free copy now.

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FREE BOOK COUPON



**Cole Motor Car Co.,
Indianapolis, Ind.**

Without obligation on my part,
send me immediately copy of your
Cole Blue Book.

I am now driving a car.
I do not own a car, but may buy one.

Name

Address



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